April 26, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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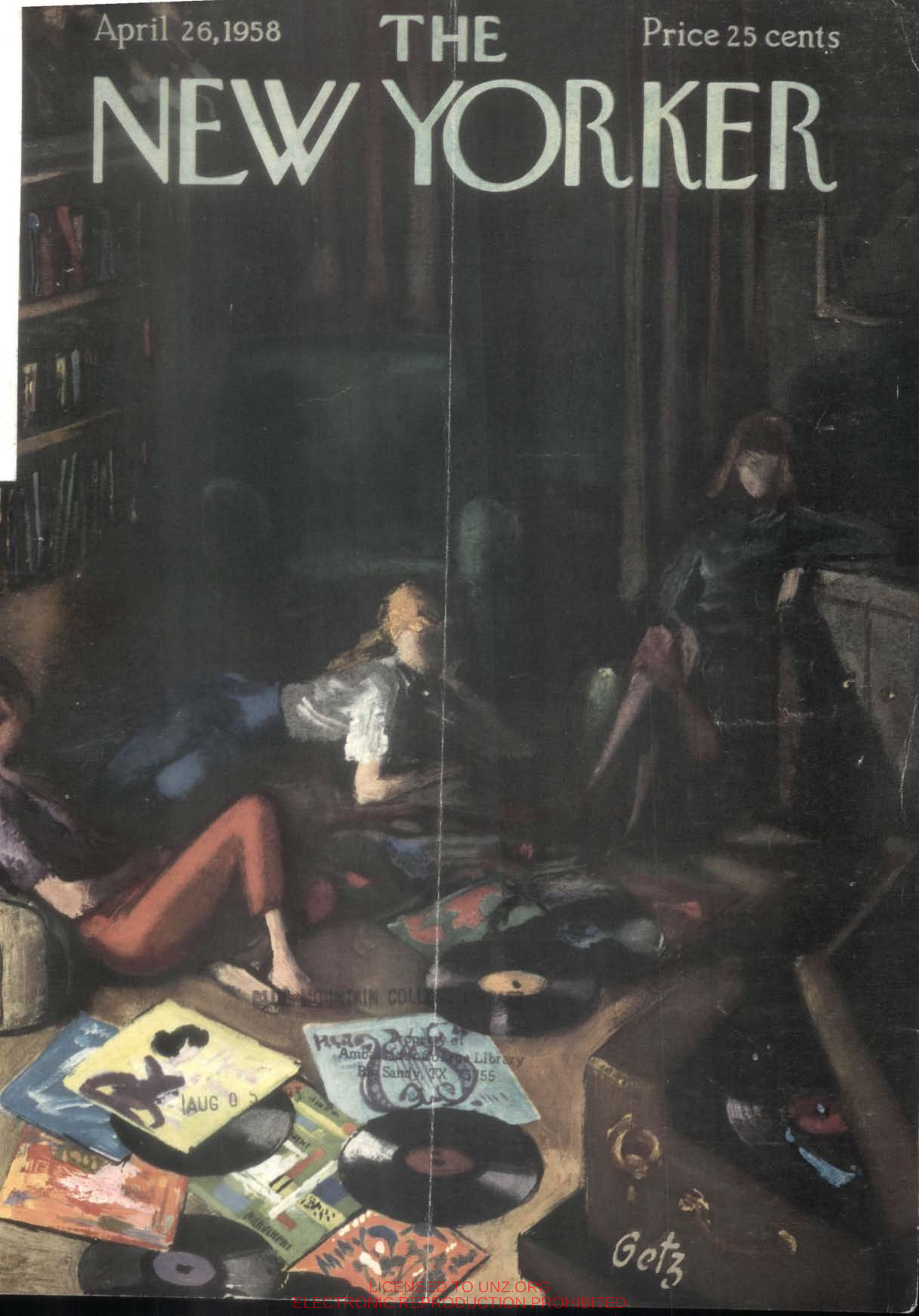

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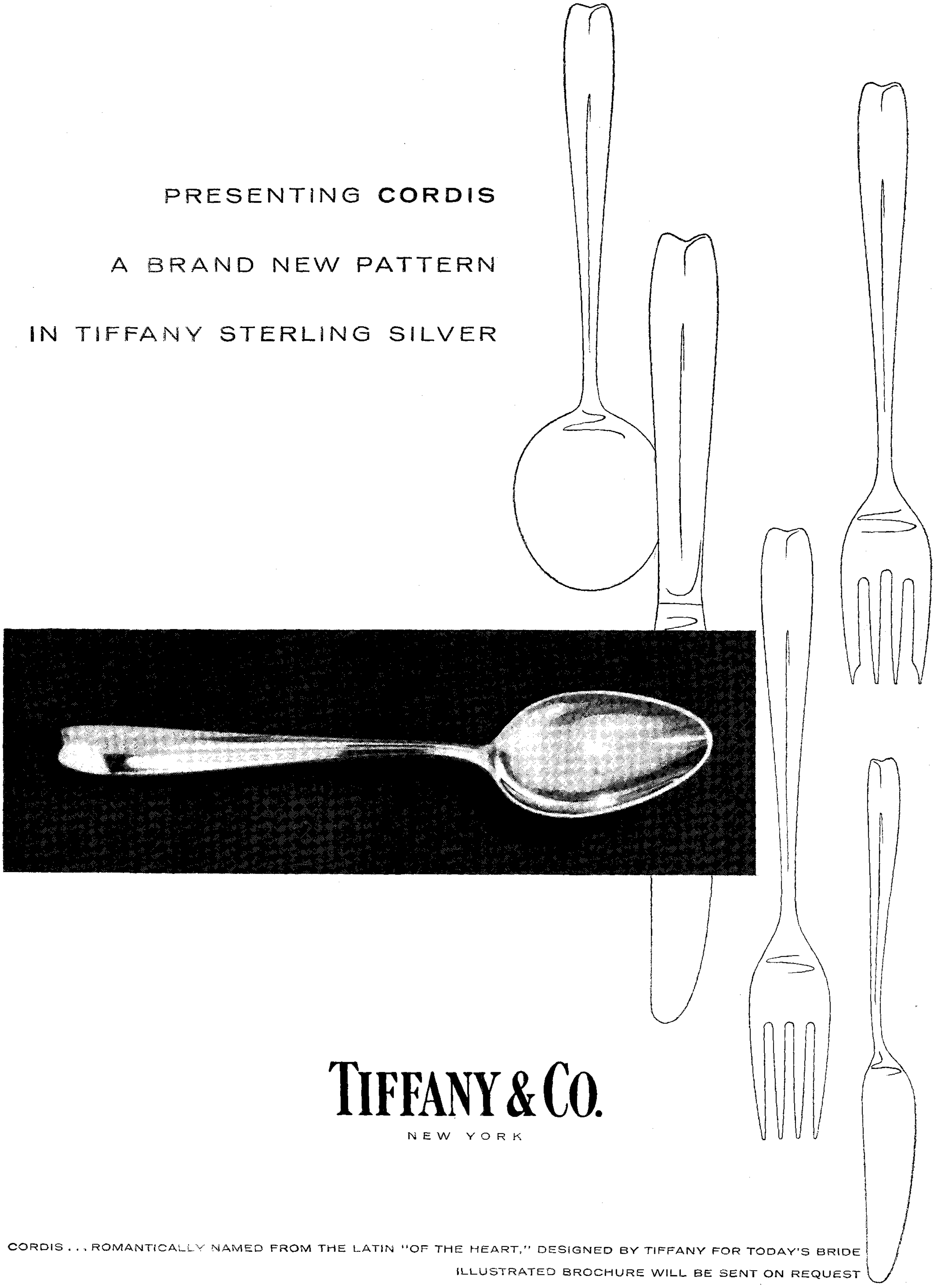

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a memorable and wonderfully versatile performance as a seedy music-hall artist in John Osborne's somewhat vacant tragedy. The cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Fair Game—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcee, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are first-rate as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play, and Arthur Hill and Florence Sundstrom are very satisfactory in supplementary roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Rope Dancers—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are convincing in leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian *Blaine, and Johnny* Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with enormous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy about a *delightful collection of lunatics and lovers* is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—auntie mame: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Greer Garson now is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Also with Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" that may lack some of the humor of the original but is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at* 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway

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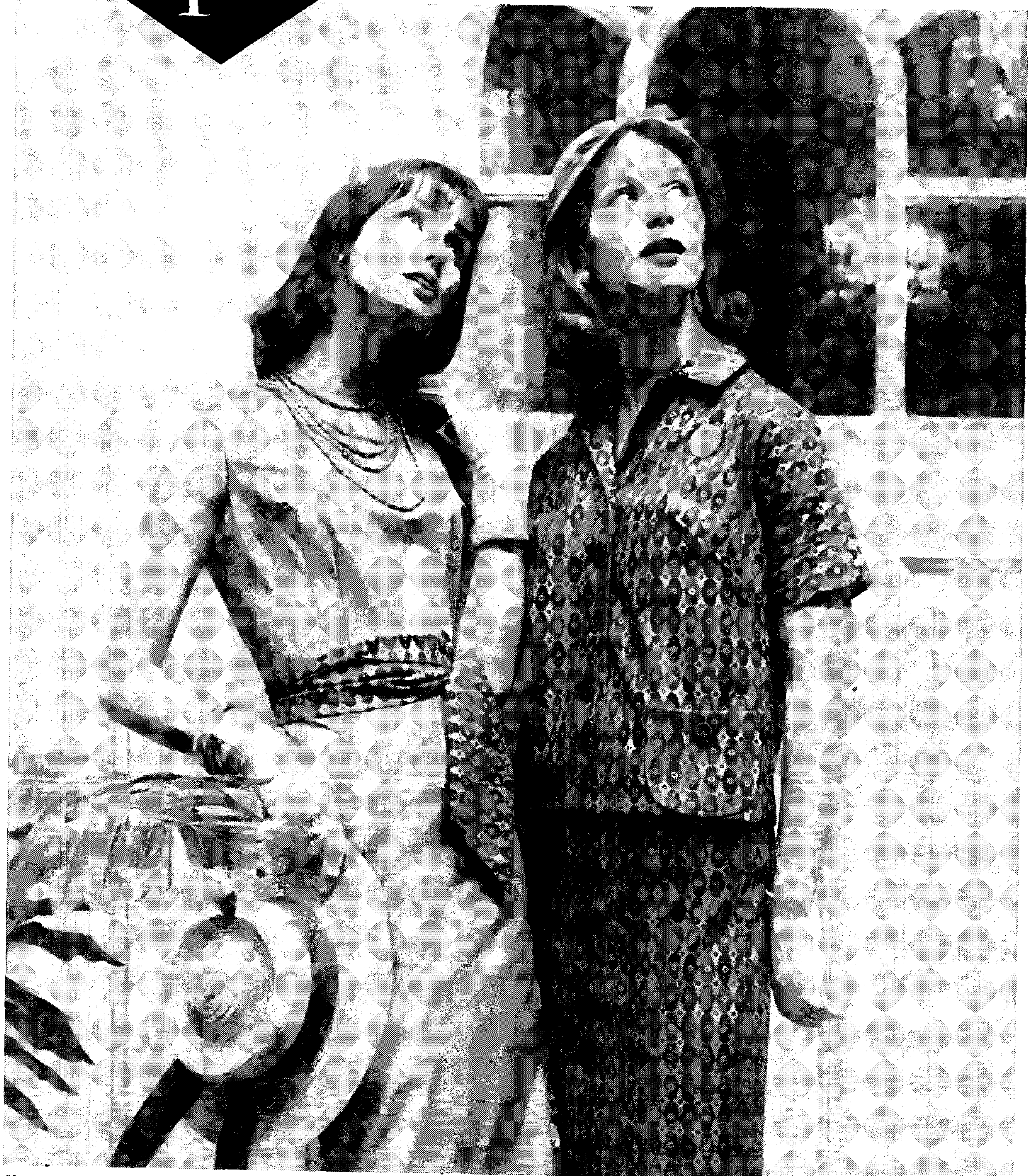

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes in a musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** George Abbott's rearrangement of O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Bob Merrill did the songs, and Thelma Ritter heads the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Firstborn—Christopher Fry's Biblical verse drama, starring Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle, Mildred Natwick, and Torin Thatcher. Presented by Miss Cornell and Roger L. Stevens, and directed by Mr. Quayle. Opens Tuesday, April 29, and will run through Saturday, June 7. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Jane Eyre—Eric Portman and Blanche Yurka in an adaptation by Huntington Hartford of Charlotte Brontë's novel. Directed by Demetrios Vilan and produced by Courtney Burr, in association with Sterling Productions. Opens Thursday, May 1. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Federico García Lorca's "Blood Wedding," directed by Patricia Newhall and with Margot Lassner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Jay Gerber. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Circle in the Square—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cricket Theatre—A new version of Jean Anouilh's comedy "Ardele," with William LeMassena, Gertrude Corey, and David Hooks. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Moves on Tuesday, April 29, to the Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St., CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Gate Theatre—"The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

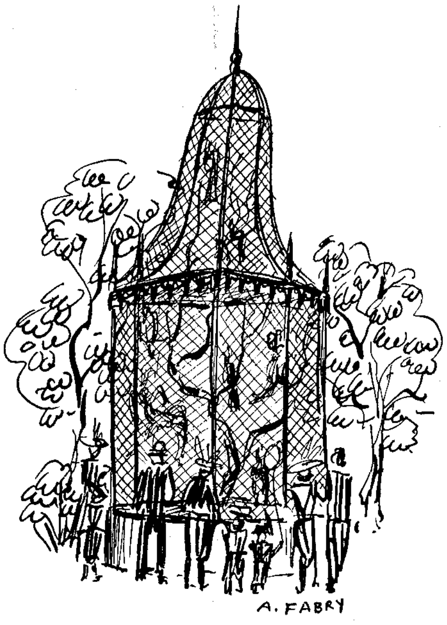
Martinique Theatre—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Phoenix Theatre—Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire" will be the first production in a two-week American-début engagement presented by Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, from Montreal. Opens Tuesday, April 29, and will run through Sunday, May 4. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin and Frances Reid in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 6:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-7209. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 3.)

Les Ballets de Paris—A company headed by Jeanmaire and Roland Petit. Three of four new ballets ("La Dame dans la Lune," "Counter Point," "La Rose des Vents," and "La Chambre"), plus "Carmen," are being offered at each performance. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 17.)

Irene Gabriel and Her Company—With members of the Brooklyn Philharmonia, under the direction of Siegfried Landau. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Paul Draper—In a dance program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 26, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Joyce Grenfell—The British comedienne in a one-woman show of new monologues and songs, with music by Richard Addinsell. (Lyceum, 45th St. E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 26.)

The Circus—The annual Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey basket party. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

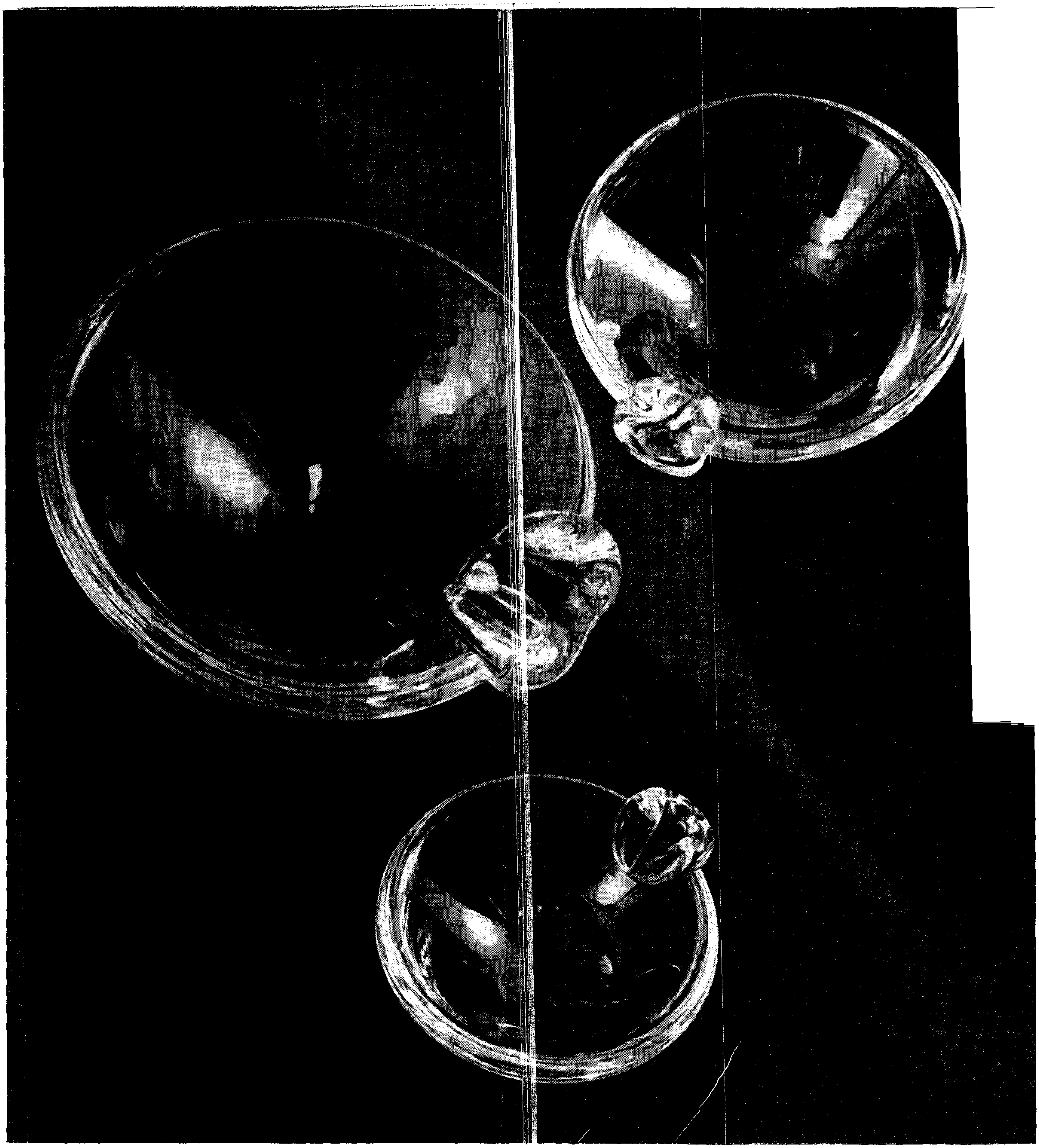
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Mink-ranching right in the heart of this great big city. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Benee, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there is Jane Powell, an emissary from Hollywood movies. Her orchestrations come not to praise her songs but to bury them. The engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys will be good until well into the spring. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Sammy Kaye's orchestra, dividing its time between audience participation (which you can get on television almost any old time) and dance



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music, some of it with a touch of Dixie. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or even sitting in the lap of luxury, can be practiced in the Maisonette, where one can also prance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. During dinner and supper, Florence Henderson and Bill Hayes, a couple of prepossessing graduates of musical comedy, turn their voices loose. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's dance orchestra just keeps rolling along.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave., at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—This is what has become of the Ambassador Hotel after a recent name-calling contest. The Embassy Club, happily intact, goes right on being one of the stately homes of Park Avenue. There's dinner music until ten, and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's big dance band is having a heat wave, Caribbean style, in the colossal Café Rouge. The boys blow intermittently for both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

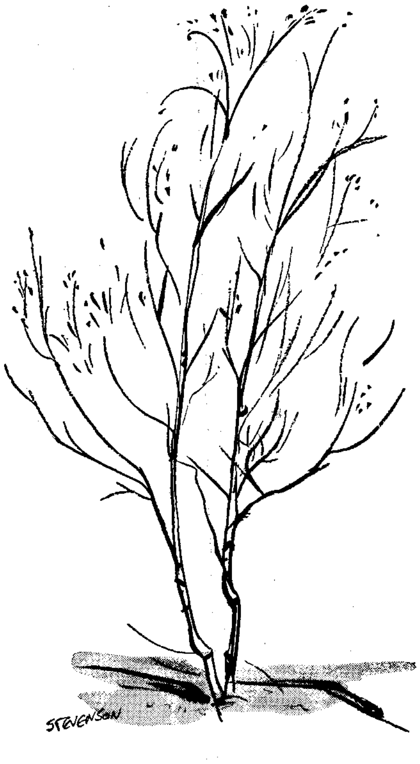
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Maurice Chevalier, for two generations the spiritual leader of the straw-hat circuit, is tossing his favorite headgear and his favorite songs into the ring at ten Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. It is without question one of the finest rites of spring. The thunder of Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keeps the customers on the move all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trios of Jozsi Ribari and the eminent Cy Walter plunk down genuine handmade New York dance music from eight until one. Now and then, seated at the piano, Mr. W. calls in his outfielders and strikes out the whole side with a few passes at the keys. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and the piano of Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper with tunes that bring back fond memories. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is Jack Banan's *sous-cloche* jazz piano, which is in the ancient-and-honorable groove. It starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at six. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Holiday in Rome, under the guidance of veteran chefs; holiday with strings, under the guidance of Teo Fanidi, whose lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists go, go, go all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards having a good, tense, hot-blooded, folksy old time, which leads to plenty of native singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Comic-opera Camelot, with armor plate, halberds, and round tables, but no knights. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. The décor is Iberian midsummer night's dream. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is likely to sing at its work, occupies this odd little art gallery. The sound begins at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way Mitteleuropa should be at night—sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint regional artifacts. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, there's rambling piano by George Feyer all the way from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL**, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Things are looking up, now that Hamish Menzies is fooling around at the piano after ten and Freddie Lamb, entrepreneur emeritus, is in charge. Mr. Menzies' songs (or fragments thereof) would have you believe that he's a black sheep from way back, but he's pretty comical about the whole deal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Casanova, the original fun-loving Rover Boy, would have liked this fashionable boudoir. The music—table-to-table violin all evening and heartfelt outbursts of operatic duet around suppertime—is hand in glove with the scenery. Closed Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, still throwing haymakers while the moon shines, is once again guilty of disturbing what little peace is available in this grotto. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The first chance, for most of us, to hear Sallie Blair, who on records sounds like a young panther wondering what goes on outside her cage. The Bernard Brothers, who don't sound like anything, because they let records speak for them, are up to their good old pantomime tricks. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a thoroughly disaffected trumpeter swan, sings her swan song in dispraise of everything on Sunday, April 27; Anita Ellis, possibly the sweetest skylark this side of paradise, sings her last ballad on Wednesday, April 30. The parapets will still be manned, though, by George Matson, whose mimicry of American womanhood would be libel if it weren't so funny, and Mae Barnes, a barely portable Vesuvius that spouts words and music, of a sort. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Lyons trio runs riot. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue is a graphic demonstration of what happens when you don't put big-city children to bed early. The children are Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Jean Arnold, and Gerry Matthews. Their bellwether, Ronny Graham, is just as irresponsible. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, which offers, amid some prankish décor, a steady diet of melodic line. Norman Paris and his short-hair chamber-music trio (Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia are his lifelong sidemen) take turns with the romantic piano and voice of Warren Vaughn. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, who began life as a singer of Roman-candle torch songs, has now added whoop-de-do merriment to her choice of weapons. There is other merriment by Jane Dulo, who is ending a long sabbatical from night life, and by Larry Storch, another stranger in town. The Three Flames, musicians specializing in all-out extroversion, and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties, not unreasonably consider themselves the founding fathers of this institution. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a pedestal for Phyllis Diller, a girl with many problems

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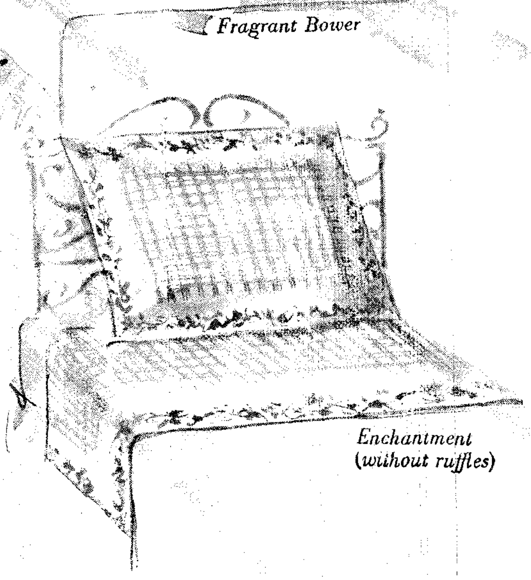
and something to say for and against all of them, and Dean Sheldon, an odd fellow (ditties of his own contriving, and a bongo drum) but a diverting one. She is off Sundays; he is off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): An infant industry that has branched out, with occasionally faltering steps, into the revue form. Two of the principals in this venture are Mary Harmon, an owlish child, and Jean Shepherd, an early-morning philosopher of the airwaves. Mickey Leonard's quartet provides the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Astern of the wholly improbable Midtown Café lies this little-known port on the seacoast of Bohemia, without any modern inconveniences, such as chromium and microphones. Janice Mars sings with vast simplicity some of the best-put-together words you ever heard, and Baldwin Bergerson, who writes the sort of music that goes with these words, assists at the piano. No action Sundays. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Not quite the Casbah, not quite the clubhouse at Roosevelt Raceway, but a very near miss. The item of note is Monique Van Vooren, a truly luxurious bit of upholstery, whose songs indicate (1) no fear of the big bad wolves and (2) a devil-may-care sense of humor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHERRY LANE**, 42 Commerce St. (CH 3-3484): Curiosity about "Compass," a baby revue that has cruised the Midwest for a couple of years, is now being satisfied. Best of the five performers is a portly cherub named Severn Darden. The authors are guilty of several foot faults on that thin line between precocity and preciosity. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (in which Mousie Alexander is encased) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ben Webster, who drives a hot, firm, fully packed tenor sax, is at last back in our midst with a quartet of very recent construction. The Kingston Trio, three bright boys from West Coast seats of learning, and also of recent construction, are delivering an engaging blend of voices. The soirée goes on every night but Monday, and from four to seven-thirty on Sundays, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith reliving the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Mary Lou Williams, first lady of the Land of Oo-bla-dee, and Bernard Peiffer, in whose active mind classicism and progressivism keep up a spectacular running fight. Each owns a trio. The last night for the Peiffers (who take Sunday off) is Wednesday, April 30; Billy Taylor's threesome arrives next evening. The Williamses stay away on Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done by Johnny Richards' orchestra and Roy Haynes' trio. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Hearings of the interesting case of Don Shirley, a pianist whose legerdemain is second to none but who can't quite decide between jazz and a trip to the moon on gossamer wings. Both his aides are bassists. Edna Corbett, the interlude pianist, turns in a good, steady performance. All this starts at nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, should be Jo Jones, Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar between your table and the podium, the players are the quartet of Bobby Hackett, the silver-tongued orator of the cornet, and the trio of Eddie Heywood. They stand the middle ground between Dixie and the American Newfoundland. Sunday nights are set aside for guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that Jimmy Giuffre's trio, whose solemn ritual is now and then illumined by a magic fire, will be around for a while, and that Wilbur Ware's trio will be available through Thursday, April 24. Miles Davis and his sextet should be checking in next evening. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A few nonconformists, headed by Lee Konitz, are in agreement on one point—that the farther out you get, the better. On Thursday, May 1, Charlie Mingus and his four little iconoclasts replace the Konitz crew. The Sunday hours are six to twelve; other nights are later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Pepper Adams (one of *Down Beat's* recent knightings), Donald Byrd, and three other guys named Bop. Kenneth Rexroth, not the most-at-ease platform lecturer, reads a wide-ranging collection of verse to a jazz background. Mondays, when they all take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The perfect name for the nave of the Hotel Duane, a room that is just right

Fragrant Bower



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

acoustically for music to cut rugs to. An ample supply of this is delivered from ten o'clock or so by Max Kaminsky's hand-hewn sextet, in which you'll discover Dick Cary, Charlie Queener, Bob Wilber, Joe Benjamin, and Bobby Donaldson. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Rafael Alberti—Bullfighting scenes, sensitively handled, by a contemporary Argentine poet and painter; through Saturday, May 3. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Renato Birolli—Paintings, suave in color and design, by an Italian artist; through Saturday, May 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Capogrossi—The first one-man show in America of one of the major Italian abstractionists; through Saturday, April 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Norman Carton—Abstractions, strong in color if a little loose in design; through Saturday, April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Marc Chagall—A loan show of paintings, some dating as far back as 1911; through Friday, April 25. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Jacob Epstein—Nineteen bronze portraits; through May 17. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Agenore Fabbri—Bronze sculptures, medieval in their suggestion, by a contemporary Italian. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures; through May 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothea Greenbaum—Sculptures, done in a wide variety of mediums, in her first showing in four years; through Friday, May 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Alexej and Andreas von Jawlensky—Oils by the early German Expressionist and by his son Andreas; through May 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Paul Klee—Water colors and drawings; through May 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henri Laurens—Bronze and terra-cotta sculptures; through May 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

André Lhote—The first full-scale exhibition in many years by a veteran of the early Cubist days; through Saturday, April 26. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St.)

Ezio Martinelli—Drawings; through May 10. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

André Masson—New paintings, plus some earlier ones, in his first exhibition here since 1953; through May 17. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Elie Nadelman—Fifteen small bronzes (all being shown for the first time) and a group of drawings; through Saturday, May 3. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City; through May 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Paintings; through Saturday, April 26. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Charles Shaw—Colorful abstractions (1957-58); through Saturday, May 3. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, May 3. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

William Thon—Oils and water colors of Italy, Spain, and Maine; through May 10. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

John Whorf—Water colors, mainly New England seashore and fishing scenes; through May 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Recent paintings, more or less totemic in subject, in his first exhibition in some years; through Saturday, May 3. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Paintings from the Adelaide Milton de Groot Collection—Among the school-of-Paris artists represented are Delacroix, Modigliani, Gris, and Soutine. For the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through Saturday, May 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Robert D'Arista, Jack Levine, Nathan Oliveira, and Reuben Tam, in a showing of oil, wash, ink, crayon, and pencil drawings; through Saturday, May 3. . . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Robert I. Russin, and others; through Saturday, April 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, mostly by Picasso and Braque, together with sculptures by Fred Farr, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others; through Saturday, April 26. . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Sculptures in various mediums by contemporary English and American artists, including Kenneth Armitage, Joseph Konzal, and Costantino Nivola; through Saturday, May 3.

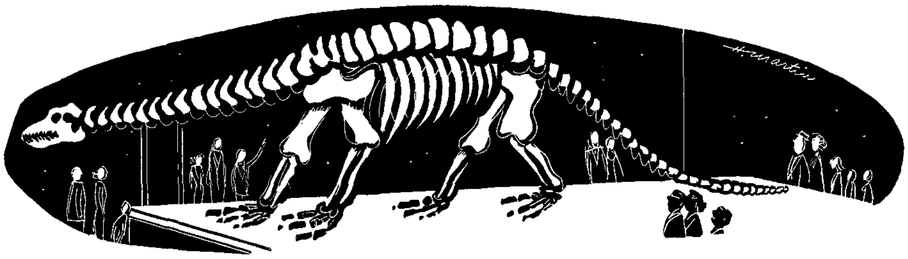
Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by Vlaminck, Chagall, Buffet, and others, along with sculptures by Archipenko, Marini, and Cappello; through Saturday, April 26. (Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

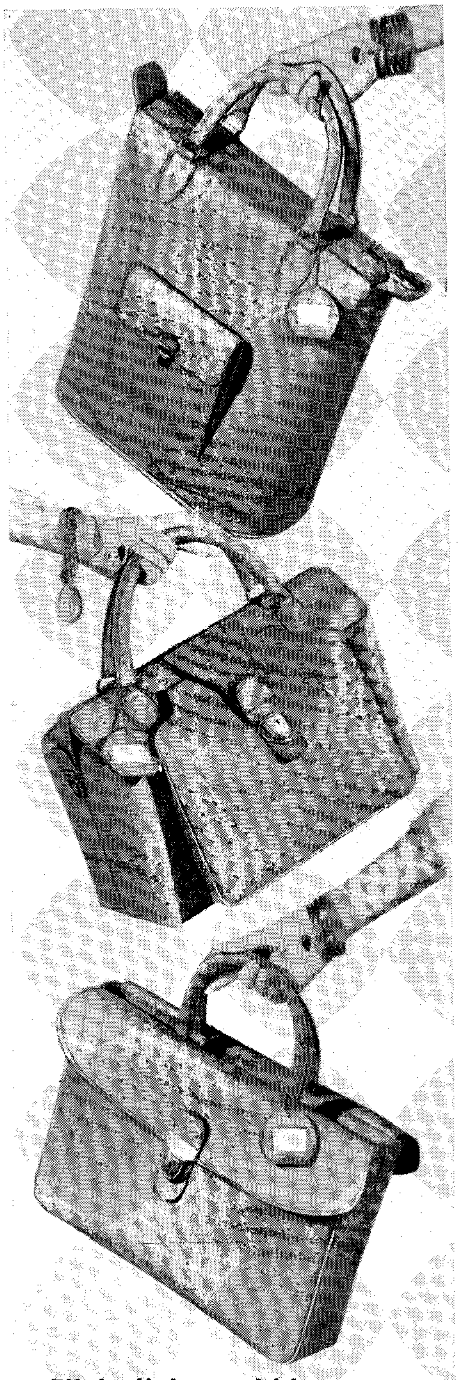
Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **barone**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: James Boynton; starting Monday, April 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **heller**, 63 E. 57th St.: Charles Alston; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Etienne Hajdu; starting Tuesday, April 29. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.; starting Tuesday, April 29. **white**, 42 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by European and American artists, among them Picasso, Matisse, John Sloan, and John Marin, at the Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St., on Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, from 7:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, from 1 to 11:30, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by about two hundred lower East Side artists, will be held at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., starting Monday, April 28. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and will be open daily from 3 to 9.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the





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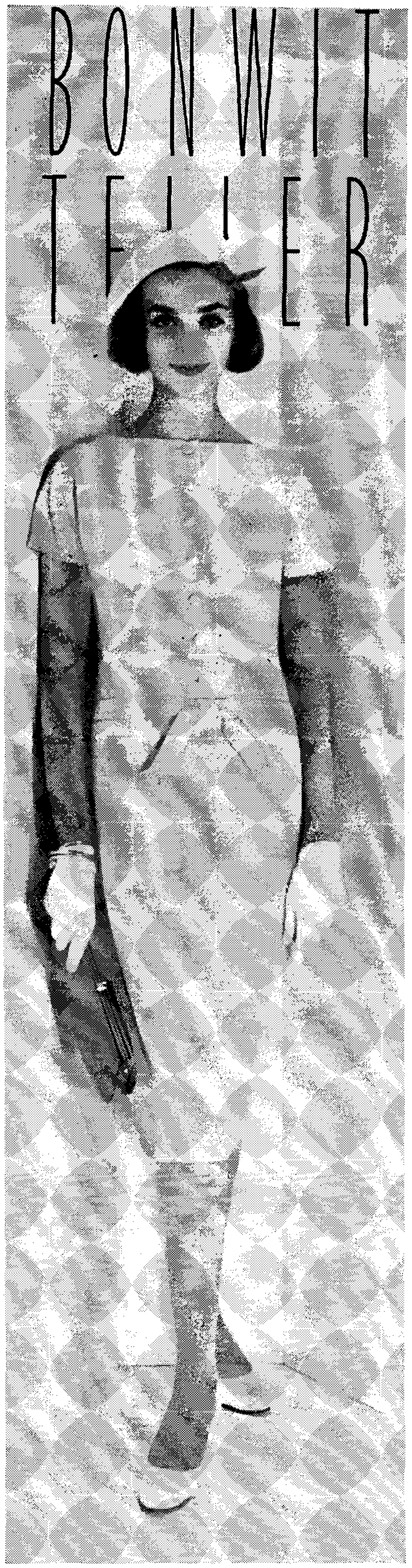

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Thursday, April 24, with the Seurat show again on view. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Guest House, 242 E. 52nd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings (ranging from Courbet and Corot to Motherwell and de Kooning), sculptures, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss, of Greenwich; through May 11. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; starting Monday, April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—The first full-scale showing of Picasso's ceramics in New York; through May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, as well as Thursday evening, April 24, and Tuesday evening, April 29, until 9.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Alicia Penalba, Shindo Tsuji, Michael Lekakis, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in an exhibit of sculptures and drawings. After Sunday, April 27, the Museum will be closed for two weeks. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some sixty oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred items (furniture, textiles, tapestries, silver, ceramics, stained glass, and so forth) by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards during the past ten years; starting Friday, April 25. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork. In addition, there are six pieces of pre-Columbian Mexican sculpture from the collection of Eugene Berman; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, enamels, and mosaics by Anna Walinska, Edith Bry, and others of the Manhattan Group. After Sunday, April 27, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, May 4, when there will be a new exhibition. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures (by, among others, George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; starting Wednesday, April 30. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, April 28-29, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday and Friday evenings, April 24-25: "Lost in the Stars."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 26: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 27: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 27: "Regina."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 29: "The Good Soldier Schweik."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 30: "Susannah."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 1: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium."... ¶ Friday evening, May 2: "Regina."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Lost in the Stars." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 11.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Final performances of the season—Leonard Bernstein directing performances of Honegger's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," with Felicia Montealegre and Martial Singher, narrators; Adele Addison and Leontyne Price, sopranos; Frances Bible, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; Lorenzo Alvary, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:45; Friday, April 25, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

City Symphony Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting, with Joan Brockway, cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Sunday, April 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Works by Erich Itor Kahn and Mozart—Frank Brieff conducting a chamber orchestra, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Giorgio Ciompi, violin; and other instrumental soloists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, April 29, at 8:40.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 2, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing a program of works by J. S. Bach and his forebears, with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Paul Matthen and Brayton Lewis, basses; and a baroque orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Brahms' Requiem, with Adele Addison, soprano; Edwin Steffe, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 27, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

Saturday Consort—Renaissance and baroque music performed by a group from Pittsburgh. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 2:30.)

Vienna on Parade—From Vienna, the Deutschmeister Band, the Singing Boys and Girls of the Vienna Woods, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30: Yankees vs. Detroit. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3: Yankees vs. Kansas City. (Games begin at 2.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 26.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, May 3.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 3.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 3.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27.)... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Sugartown, Pa. Saturday, May 3.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Club Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.)... ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 3.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 10. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 26, and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, May 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 3.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N. J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, May 3, through Saturday, May 31. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11:15 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, April 27, at 2.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 3, at 1.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAYS—By the **THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 3, at 11.) . . . **CRICKET THEATRE:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "The Willie Tree." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturday, April 26, at 2 and 3:30, and Sunday, April 27, at 3:30.)

CHILDREN'S ZOO—Barney the Goose is host again this year, assisted by Petunia the Skunk, Gretchen the Angora Goat, and a flock of newborn kids, ducks, chickens, rabbits, and kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. Through May 5. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

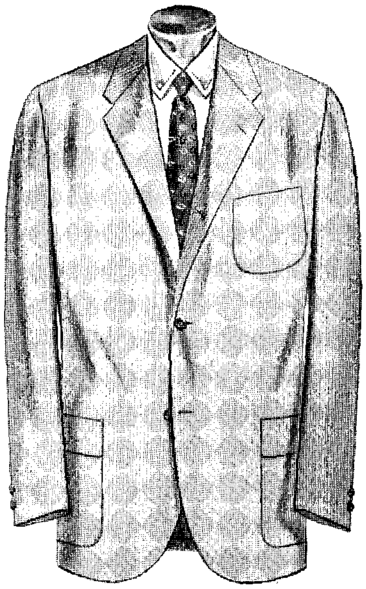
MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 1:45: French provincial and other cabinetwork; decorations, including porcelains, tapestries, and a Charles X Aubusson carpet; and Continental silver. From the estate of Louis A. Ewald and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, at 1:45: The James Lorimer Graham collection of autograph letters, manuscripts, and documents, together with other literary material from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 1:45: Chinese and Siamese art, belonging to several collectors, among them Alice Boney. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 26.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts this Sunday at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



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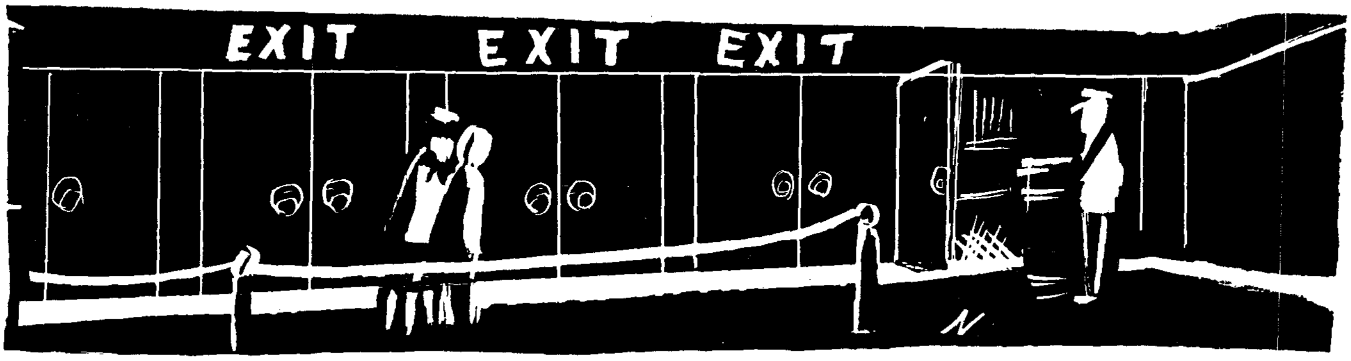
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS—René Clair's humane and hilarious description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris—in particular, a likable loafer, a melancholy artist, and a fugitive whom they befriend. Pierre Brasseur is superb as the loafer, and Georges Brassens and Henri Vidal are effective as the artist and the fugitive, respectively. Dany Carrel also contributes a nice portrayal of a girl for whom the gentlemen all set their caps. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 29, tentative.)

GERVAISE—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast that includes Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through April 25.)

OPERATION MAD BALL—Fun in the Army. The warriors involved are attached to a United States medical unit in France subsequent to the Second World War, and the nurses in the outfit are cuties one and all. You can guess the rest. The cast is entirely worth while, and is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 26.)

ROUGE ET NOIR—Maybe this isn't the best of all possible interpretations of Stendhal's celebrated novel, but quite a few of the author's ideas about life and love in the post-Napoleonic era in France come through entertainingly. Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi are all captivating in the principal roles. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. Daily at 2 and 8. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

MARCELINO (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. With English dialogue. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again enact the leading roles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 24.)

MISTER ROBERTS (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 24.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; April 27-29.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 29-30.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through April 27: "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.
From April 28: "The Deadly Decision" (in German), O. E. Hasse, Adrian Hoven.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 29 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.
From April 30 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 29 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.
From April 30 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 25: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.
April 26-29: "Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From April 30: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 27: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From April 28, at 8:30: "Uncle Vanya," Franchot Tone, Dolores Dorn-Heft. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 29 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.
From April 30 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 30: "All at Sea," Alec Guinness.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 29 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.
From April 30 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 29 (tentative): "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.
From April 30 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 25: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.
April 26-29: "Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From April 30: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 25: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "Doctor at Sea," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.
April 26-29: "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From April 30: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 29 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.
From April 30 (tentative): "The Mystery of Picasso" and "A Day in Moscow," both documentary films.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 25: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.
April 26-29: "Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From April 30: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 26: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
April 27-29: "The Snow Was Black" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Marie Mansart; and "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.
From April 30: "Scandal in Sorrento," revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Flesh Is Weak" (in Italian; formerly called "My Widow and I"), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
April 24: **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**, revival; and **MISTER ROBERTS**, revival.
April 25-26: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon; and "Crash Landing," Gary Merrill, Nancy Davis.
April 27-28: "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo; and "Three Violent People," revival, Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter.
April 29-30: **STAGE DOOR**, revival; and "I Remember Mama," revival, Irene Dunne.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARCELINO, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
A program of eight short George K. Arthur films.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 29: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.
From April 30: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

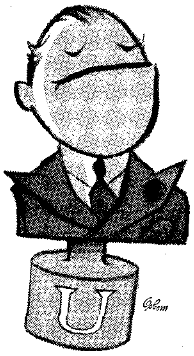
Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 26: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.
April 27-29: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**, revival; and "The Deerslayer," Lex Barker, Forrest Tucker.
From April 30: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.

How to tell your friends from

(Or: A Do-It-Urself guide to a U and Non-U World)

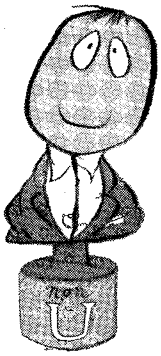
ORPHAN ANNIE and the Gettysburg Address aside, our dyed-in-the-red-white-and-blue democracy is becoming rapidly and rabidly class-conscious.

The foreign influence, to be sure. The Hon. Nancy Mitford & Co. in particular. Revolutionary types. Blue blood in their eye. Upped and published a provocative tract* dividing the race into two arbitrary types: U (for Upper-class) and Non-U (for U-know-what-kind of people).



Complicates things no end, of course. Devilishly difficult to tell the two apart. Hard to be sure you're U and never Non-U yourself, if you follow. Still. Must play the game. Might as well start protecting your rank, pedigree and Social Standing by learning some of the New Society's U-type rules. As follows:

Watch Where U Are Seen: Non-U people travel to Non-U places by chara-banc, buffalo-cart, dog-sled and such. Knowledgeable U-folk always fly aboard the "Whispering Giant," a very Upper Type vessel also known as the Bristol Britannia. A peerless new jet-prop sky-liner, first jet-age giant serving the U. S. Larger, faster, quieter. Now providing an U-tterly splendid treat for enthralled passengers throughout five continents.



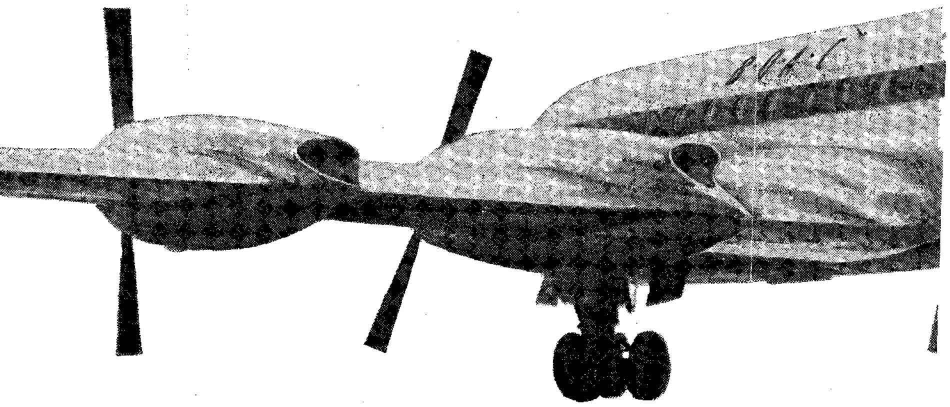
Be sure to be seen aboard. Britannias now range far and wide from New York. Aeronaves de Mexico will whisk you non-stop to Mexico City for a fast fiesta or sombrero-fitting. Britain is at least two hours closer, with aristocratic BOAC Britannias lording it non-stop across the Atlantic on regular fox-hunting safaris. Or branch out. Cut yourself into the U-pper Crust of distant U-type society. El Al Israel Britannias now shrink the Atlantic by 20%... fly you hours faster to Europe and the Middle East.

And save some space in your Social Calendar. Later this year Britannias will fly with Canadian Pacific and Cubana de Aviacion. Or, if you're a hometown boy you can make a name for yourself by flying the "Whispering Giant" on Northeast Airlines' upcoming U-class service between New England, New York and Florida. (You get the cream of Café Society with your post-banquet coffee.)

Watch What U Say: U-people speak a special tongue. For instance. You can be "rich," but never Non-U "wealthy." Similarly, you may wear "false teeth" with aplomb—but never gnash your "dentures."

Most important. Never say you "flew into town." Points are scored by stating you "arrived on the 'Whispering Giant.'" And when asked if it was a "good" trip, trump your questioner's Non-U vocabulary with a crisp and worldly "Exhilarating flight!"

An apt phrase you will find. The Britannia to an Upper-case "T". Wide, lofty, air-conditioned cabin. Leg, elbow,



***Publisher's Plug:** You've read the book, of course, "Noblesse Oblige?" If not, we suggest you switch off that TV set and get down to some really serious, lighthearted stuff.
Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York

monkeys and other mammals

head room to spare. Reclining armchair seats into which six-footers, etc., have been known to vanish. Panoramic picture-windows. Elegant fittings and cuisine . . . U-topian luxury everywhere. (Even the air is imported. A unique humidity-control system wafts in a May bouquet from the sunny slopes of Mt. Parnassus.)

Watch What U Do: Wearing chequered waistcoats went out with Gray Flannel suits. Canoeing in Central Park is okay. Sport cars with tail-fins are frightfully bad form.

Loud noises are particularly Non-U. Another reason why you (being U) will enjoy flying on the "Whispering Giant." Noise is muted to a murmur, tiring vibration smoothed away. Hums (as in Hummingbird) through space at seven-league cruising speeds of 400 mph . . . yet is quiet as a kitten in fur-soled bootees. Smoother, too. Scuds along gently as a big four-engined cloud.

You go faster, travel relaxed, land brimming with bounce and pep. (Not a Non-U wrinkle mars your suit or brow.)

Fittingly enough, the Britannia is also the world's most versatile and reliable airliner. Flies over, under, around bad weather. Whispers so quietly overhead that not even the local sparrows are disturbed. Fully radar-equipped for more on-schedule arrivals. Any way you view her, an absolute nonpareil.

Watch U-niversal Opinion: Every true U knows the date Wellington won the Battle of Wypywp; Harry Vardon's score in the '14 Open; how to pamper racing pigeons; the composer of "Yes, We Have No Papayas"; and why Gladys Higginbotham ran away with Harvey Prawn.

DO NOT
DISTURB

But do U know the real meaning of Le Haut Monde? You will when you fly the "Whispering Giant," and not till then. Don't dally. Book your seat now. Take the family, your mother-in-law, too. If she doubts your good intentions, brandish the following testimonials in her face.

Westport Mother-in-Law: "The U-ltimate!" Poetess Edith Inkwell: "A veritable muse." Boston Heart Specialist: "Not a murmur." TV Announcer: "Flies real good, like an airliner should!" The Count of Monte Cristo: "A memorable travel adventure." C. K. Fotheringay III of New York and Palm Springs: "The second roast beef serving was a trifle rare."

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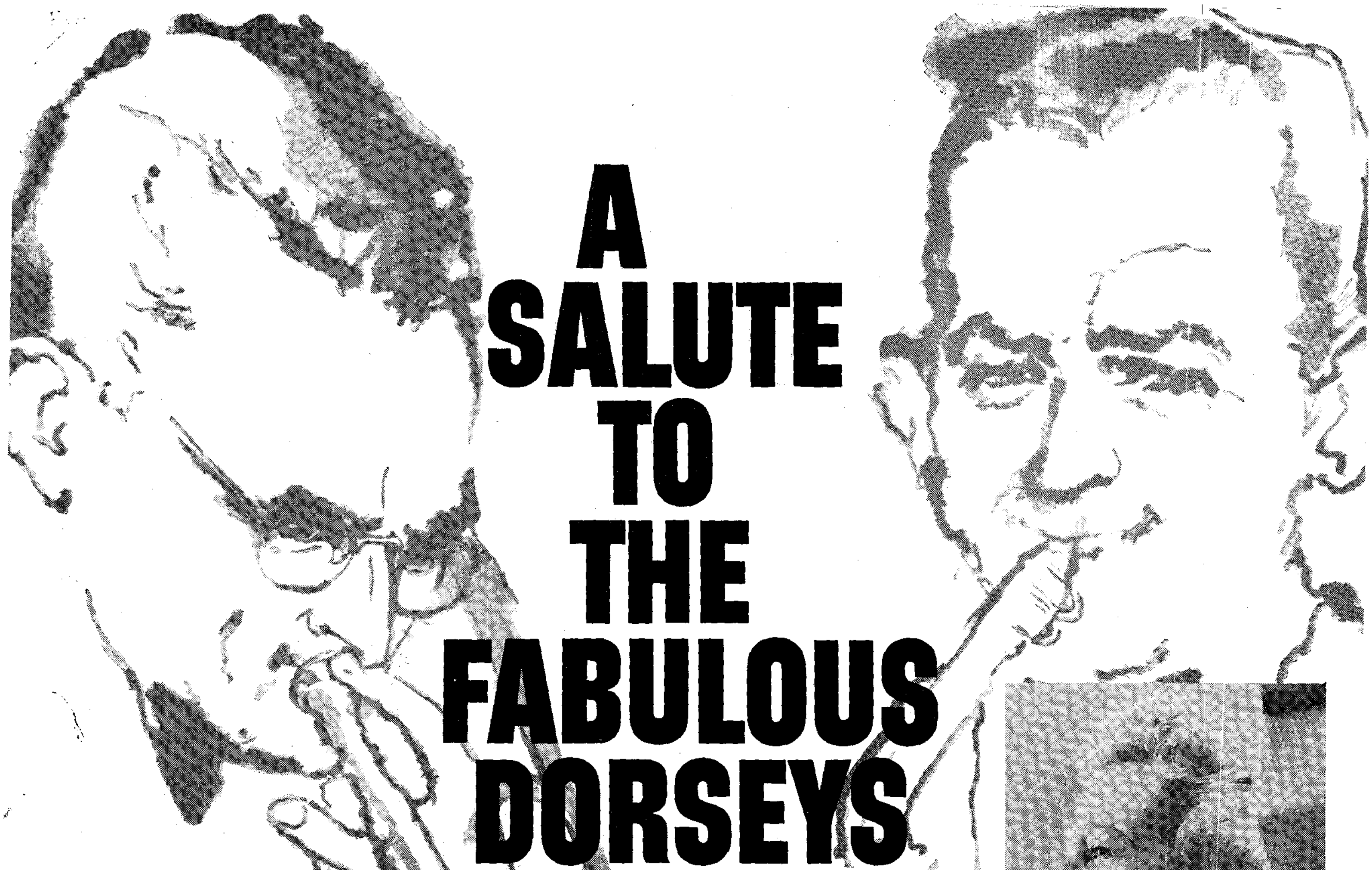

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THE FABULOUS DORSEYS IN HI FI

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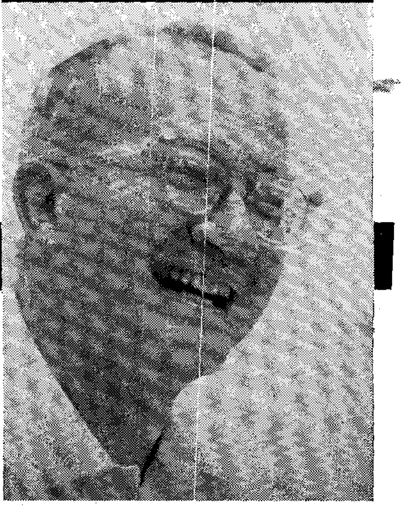
The final chapter in a great recording career — 24 ballads, swinging spirituals and original swing tunes by the famous Dorsey band. These last recordings, on two 12" Ⓛ records, capture forever, in high fidelity, the legendary sound of the immortal brothers.

JO STAFFORD:
Swingin' Down Broadway
CL 1124 $3.98

Jo, who was Tommy's leading Pied Piper, sings a dozen great show tunes, assisted by Paul Weston and his orchestra.

PAUL WESTON:
Hollywood
CL 1112 $3.98

Paul Weston, another Dorsey band alumnus (he did some of Tommy's best arrangements) presents a series of rhapsodies on romantic themes from motion pictures.



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Their newest collection — 12 great numbers, dressed up with the fabulous kind of harmonics that have made this the topmost male quartet going.

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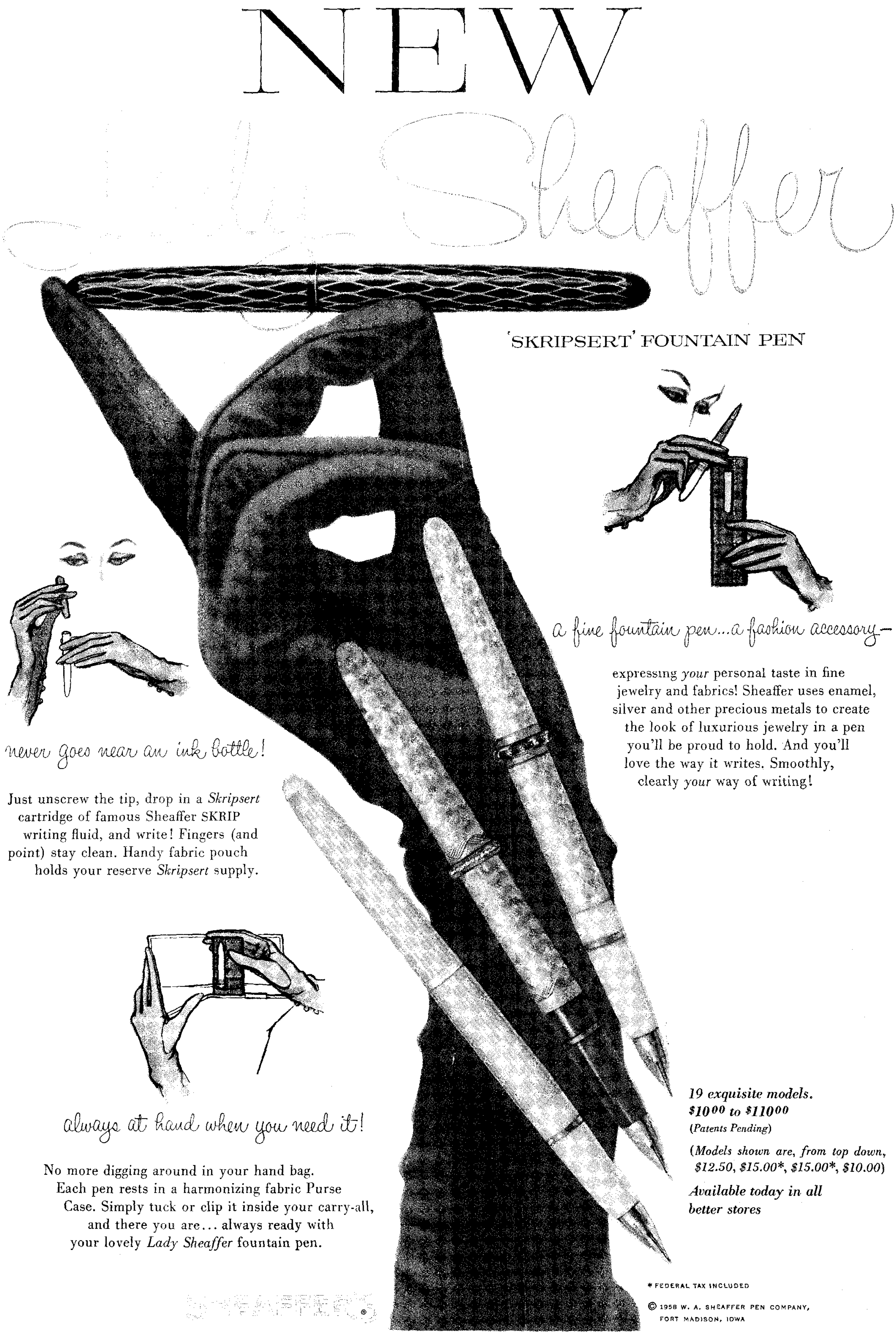

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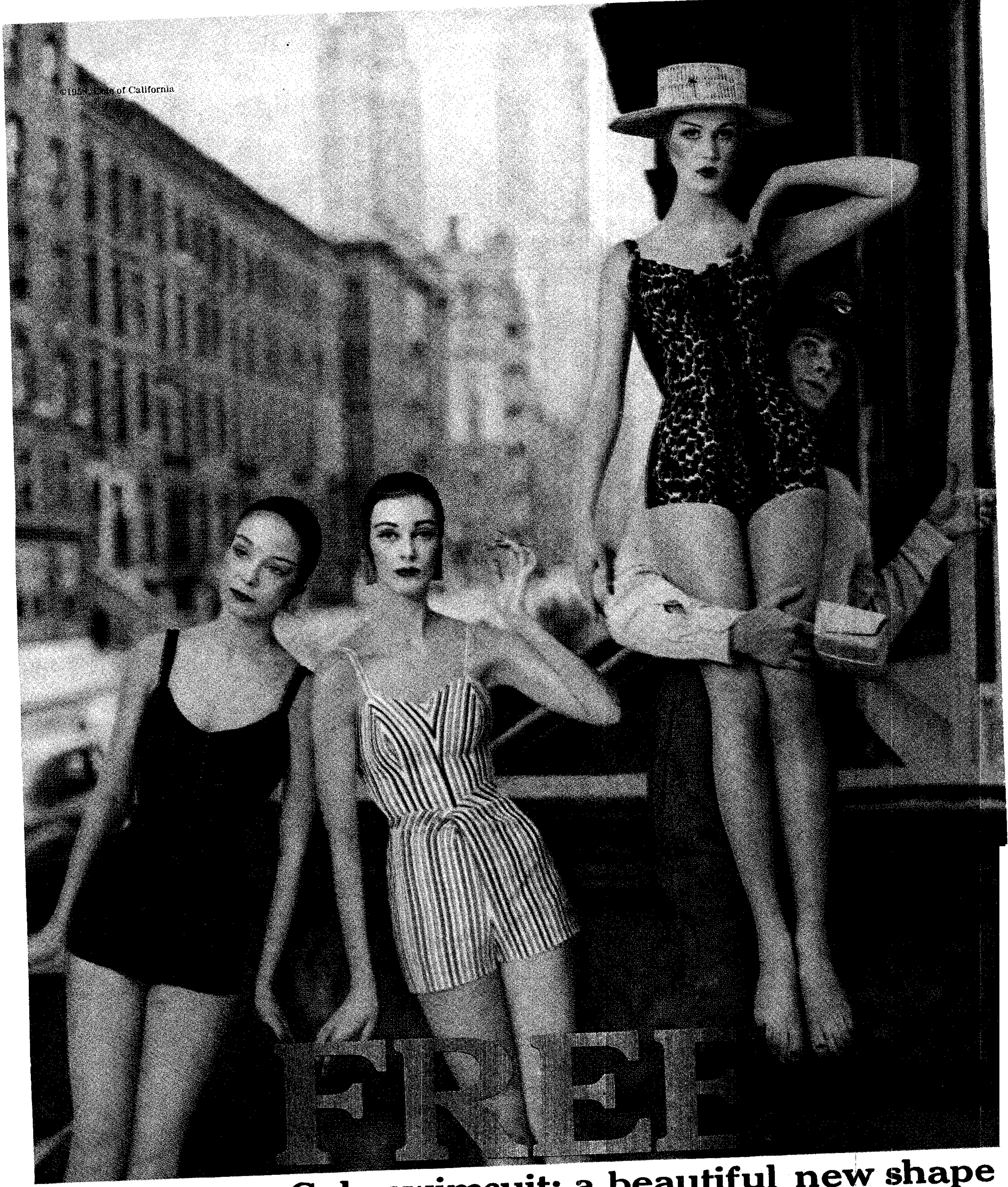

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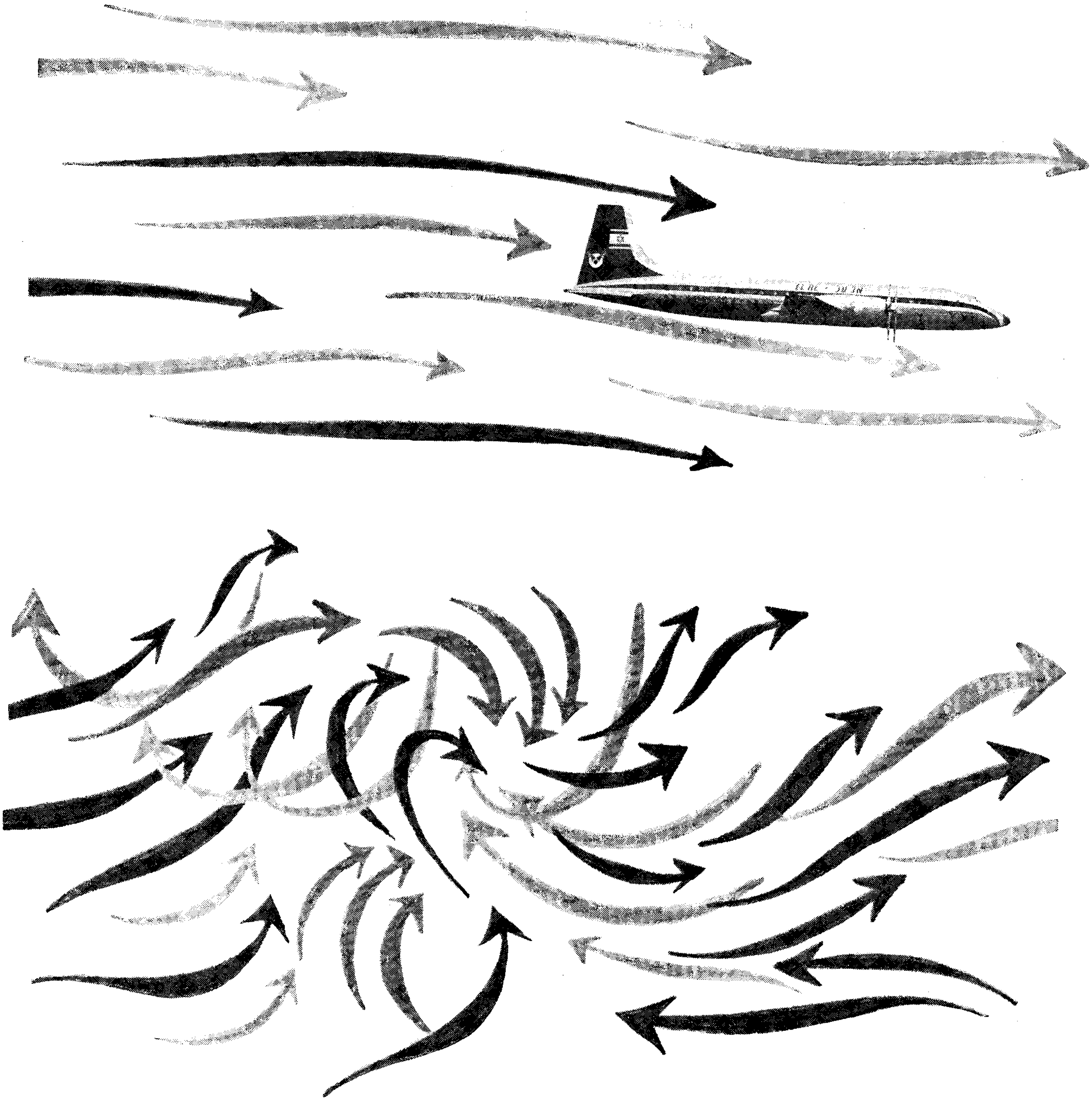

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the fire broke out at the Museum of Modern Art, we were in the garden back of the Museum, having lunch. Not the least twinge of reportorial prescience had led us to that point of vantage; on the contrary, we'd supposed we were idling, seduced by the weather—the pleasantest of the spring so far—and a desire to see the Seurats that had recently been put on exhibition at the Museum. The garden is a favorite retreat of a good many thousands of people besides us, and to be sure of a table there on a sunny day in April one must be prepared to eat early. By twelve-thirty, having finished a collation of fruit juice, cold beef, and coffee, we were leaning back in our chair to take the sun and salute the first plane-tree leaves unfurling on branches along the garden wall. Nature we love, we thought lazily, and next to Nature, Art; the Seurats can wait. A moment later, a Museum guard was hurrying among the tables, commanding our fellow-diners and us to quit the premises at once. "There's a fire on the second floor," he said, then added, in a disbelieving tone, "They claim it's out of control!"

We glanced across the garden to the open doorway leading into the lobby of the Museum, and, to our astonishment, a river of smoke was flowing out of the upper quarter of the doorway and straight up the face of the building. We assumed from the greasy-gray color of the smoke that a flue in a Museum pantry or kitchen had caught fire—the sort of trivial accident that in a structure made of stone, concrete, steel, and glass, and therefore presumably fireproof, holds no threat of danger or serious damage, and even has, for the spectator, its entertaining aspects. Ludicrous to call a little fire like that "out of control"! The other visitors to the garden must have felt much as we did, because the majority of them, finding the door to the adjacent Whitney Museum locked and the gate from the garden into Fifty-fourth Street also locked, made their way tranquilly enough through the smoke-filled lobby into Fifty-third Street. With some twenty or thirty other visitors, we chose to remain in the garden, strolling among the statues and watching, more and more uneasily, that dirty river of smoke. A man in paint-smeared white overalls and cap ran out of the building, eyes streaming. We asked him if he had any idea how the fire had started. "We've been painting the second floor," he said. "Maybe somebody flipped a cigarette into a dropcloth." He wiped his eyes. "She's really burning in there now," he said.

One of the guards unlocked the gate into Fifty-fourth Street and ordered everyone out of the garden. We hurried around the block to Fifty-third Street, which was packed tight with fire trucks, ambulances, and prowl cars, and joined the crowd gathered in front of the Donnell Library, directly across the street from the Museum. At the second-floor level, firemen had already punched a couple of big holes in the tempered-glass panels that make up most of the Museum's façade. Skillfully, they punched a dozen more, first using the ends of ladders as battering rams to splinter the tough glass, then mounting the ladders to finish the job with hatchets. At each new hole, fresh gusts of smoke swirled out into the sunlight. On the penthouse terrace of the Museum, a hundred or so people stood quietly staring down at the smoke, as if trying to take the measure of a fire that neither we nor they could see but that might yet consume the building. For by now it seemed obvious that the fire was indeed out of control.

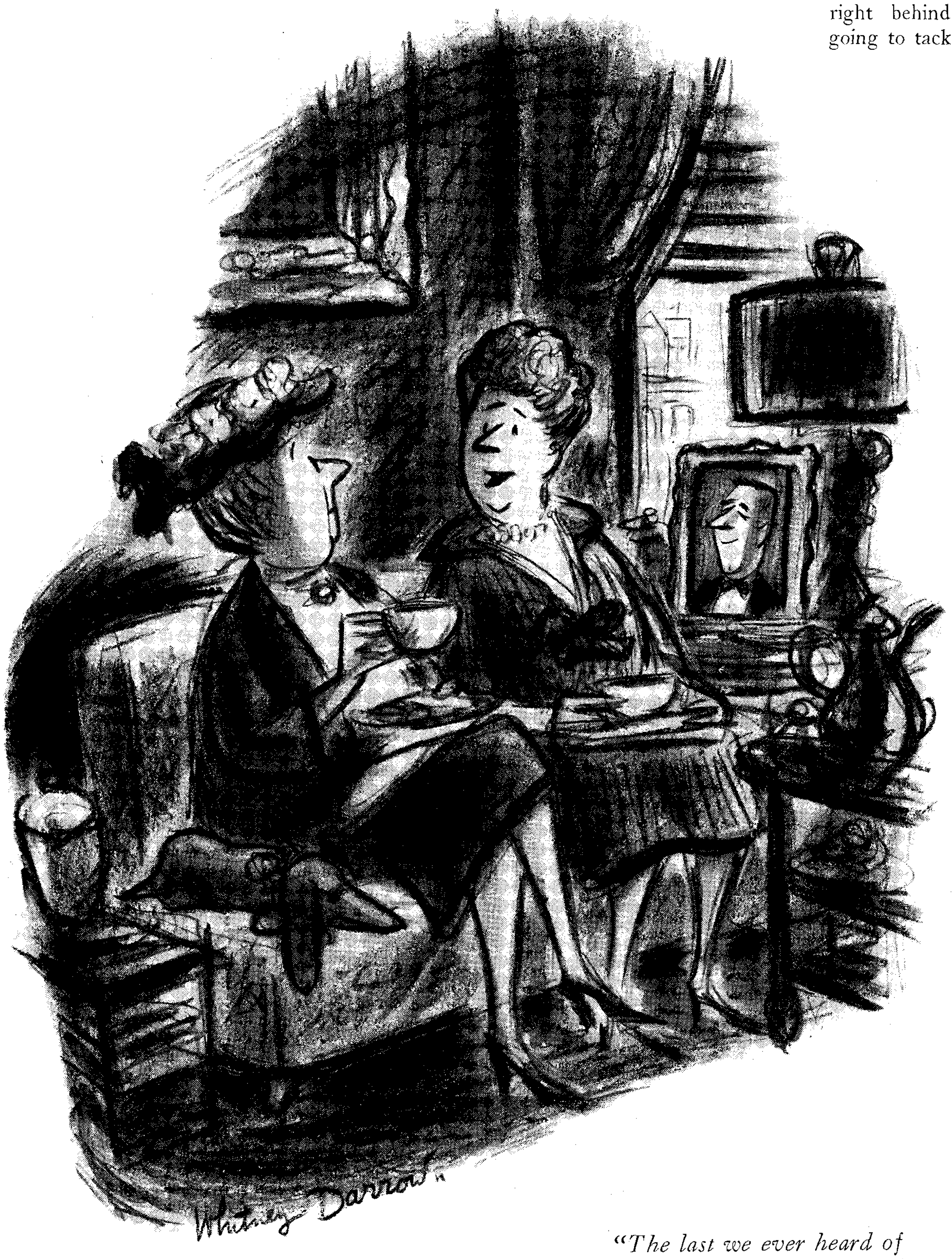
Through the broken panels we caught glimpses of the temporary walls—apparently of fibreboard fixed to two-by-fours and backed by heavy insulation—which stand a foot or two inside the glass façade and on which paintings from the permanent collection of the Museum usually hang. Nobody in the crowd knew whether there were any paintings still on the walls. (It wasn't until later that we learned that all except six of them had been put elsewhere for safekeeping while the second floor was being air-conditioned and redecorated.) Nor did anyone know what was happening to the Seurats, hanging on the floor above. A couple of savage-looking holes had been punched in the panels on that floor, too. What had the ladders and hatchets struck when they went through? And how far had the fire reached?

At an open window on the sixth floor of the Museum's annex, to the west, two women began to cry out to be rescued; the stairs, they shouted to the firemen, were blocked with smoke. One of the ladies threw her handbag, shoes, and straw boater into the street; perhaps fearing that she would try to follow them, the firemen ran an extension ladder up to the window, bringing it to rest at a perilous angle to the sill. A fireman climbed the ladder and slowly, slowly helped the lady out of the window, over that quadrant of thin air, and onto the topmost rungs. We felt sick, watching; in terror and at such a height, it would be so easy to lose one's balance and tumble out of the fireman's guiding arms. When, a few rungs farther down, the lady faltered, we all gasped, but no—she was only modestly adjusting her skirt. The rest of the journey was uneventful, and the second lady managed the descent with comparatively jaunty speed. No one else in the annex cared to make use of the ladder; better the smoky stairs, or simply waiting it out.

Firemen standing on the marquee above the main entrance to the Museum chopped a hole through a section of temporary wall, and for the first time we saw the yellow-orange flames of the fire, filling the whole east end of the second floor. An inferno, fearful even from across the street; and, one by one, the firemen, as bulky and stiff-legged as automata in their high boots, clambered through the hole in the wall and disappeared, while other firemen dragged hoses up onto the marquee and started pouring water into the heart of the orange-yellow ball. At that moment, we'd have said that the fire was at its worst. (In the papers next day, we read that at that moment it was officially under control.) The time was one-twenty. Less than an hour had passed since we finished lunch in the garden.

UP to then, we'd been one spectator among many, caught up by chance on the outer edges of a disaster; belatedly, we realized that it was high time we went to work. Tucking a press card into our hatband, we inched our way past fire trucks and over hoses to where Fire Commissioner Cavanagh was standing, gravely watching his men. We told the Commissioner that we'd always assumed the Museum was completely fireproof, and he shook his head. "Fire-retarded," he said. "That's all any building can be. But those temporary walls—they're what's making the trouble." He looked sadly up at the battered face of the building. "See those broken panels on the third floor?" he said. "Too bad we had to break them, but lucky we didn't break any more. The boys were just about to when Nelson Rockefeller rushed up and begged them to lay off. Seems the big Seurat—the 'Grande Jatte' one—was right behind the panel they were going to tackle next. This is a three-alarm fire. We've got a hundred men here, and twenty-two pieces of apparatus. A dozen men have been knocked out by smoke so far and one man has died—an electrician who was working on the air-conditioning." He studied the smoke rising, thinly now, from the gaping panels on the second floor. On the penthouse terrace, a girl in a daffodil-colored dress waved and called out a joke to someone in the crowd behind us. The Commissioner frowned, then nodded toward the front door of the Museum. Two firemen were carrying a third fireman out of the building on a stretcher. "That makes it thirteen," he said.

As we approached the front door, we came on a fireman who looked like Nelson Rockefeller, and, sure enough, it *was* Nelson Rockefeller. With a tired sigh, he took off his helmet and coat and, seating himself on a box of gas masks, started to pull off his boots. His shoes came off with the boots, and he laboriously wrested them free and slipped them on again. From the rim of the marquee over our head, water fell fountainlike onto the sidewalk; more water trickled out under the door. "First time I


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The last we ever heard of poor Rodney was in an ad for Puerto Rico. There was a photograph of Rodney, and the ad said that he was very fond of Puerto Rico and rum."

ever fought a fire," Rockefeller said. "I was walking down the Avenue about twelve-forty-five, saw the smoke, and ran over. The Commissioner gave me these togs and let me go inside. The Museum people have been doing wonders. They've been running a regular bucket brigade, you know, only with pictures instead of buckets. All the Juan Grises that were hanging on the lobby floor have been carried over to the Whitney, along with the Seurats. A lot of our other things are being stored in the old Theatre Guild Building, next to the annex. I wonder how many pictures our people have had to move in the last hour. It must be hundreds. And not a moment of panic. Nothing but calm and work."

AS far as we could judge, the fire was out by two-thirty. Later that day, a curious thing happened. We left the office, intending to go straight home; instead, we were drawn back to the Museum. When we got there, shortly after six, we found eighty or a hundred people gathered in front of the Donnell Library. They seemed, like us, to have come there half against their will; silently, in the mild twilight, they stared at the shadowy figures moving up and down the stairs behind the Museum's broken front. We crossed the street with a brisk show of having some errand to perform at the Museum. A neatly lettered sign had been taped to the glass wall beside the door; it informed the staff that they were to assemble in the garden the following morning to receive assignments. Inside, the lobby was in semi-darkness. A group of men in shirtsleeves were standing under the signboard that announces the Museum movie of the day (the movie for that day would have been "The Best Years of Our Lives"); they were talking listlessly, as if in shock. A Museum guard, familiar to us from previous visits, was at his usual post at the entrance to the ground-floor galleries. Now he had nothing left to guard—the water-streaked walls behind him bore only the names of paintings—but he looked ready to spend the night.

We peered into the garden, where a carpet of splintered glass glimmered at the base of the statue nearest the building—Lachaise's bouncy and undauntable "Standing Woman." A couple of men carrying pencils, open notebooks, and flashlights darted past us in earnest confabulation; we put them down for insurance adjusters. We followed a fire hose up the wet, gritty stairs to the second-floor landing, where the air was still disagreeably hot and smoky and the only light came from an open elevator. Water dripped from the roof of the car; inside the car, an electric fan swung back and forth with eerie, senseless industry. At the far end of the second-floor galleries, where the fire had started, several firemen with flashlights and spades were poking about in the rubble for a trace of embers, while two other firemen played a hose on one of the charred inner walls. The floor was under water; the ceiling was caked and blistered like the dome of a kiln. For us, the Museum had always been a building supremely charged with life; now it was a desolation. The ruin seemed so complete that it was hard to imagine at what point the work of restoration could begin. Who would find the courage to lift the first shovelful of debris? Standing there in the acrid dark at the head of the glass-strewn stairs (ourself a shadow to the crowd waiting and staring across the street), we thought it would surely be months before the Museum could open again.

Of course, we were wrong. We should have taken our cue from the "Standing Woman" and realized that the staff of the Museum, though for the most part built on radically different lines, is every bit as undauntable as she is. People who could perform prodigies of quiet hard work in the midst of a three-alarm fire would perform similar prodigies when the fire was over. How thoroughly we had underestimated their powers of recuperation we learned the very next evening. A lady we know has an apartment on Fifty-fourth Street, overlooking the Museum garden, and she telephoned us at midnight to say that all the lights in the Museum and garden were ablaze and that she found the spectacle enchanting; with workmen hurrying about among the statues in the garden and a sound of hammering within, the view from her windows combined the best features of a *son et lumière* at Versailles and Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Inspired by this report, on the following morning we paid still another visit to the Museum. It had been a scant forty-three hours since the fire was put out, but the work of reconstruction was well advanced. The sidewalk in front of the Museum was piled high with the paraphernalia of building—lengths of steel scaffolding, cartons of sand, bags of cement, workmen's lunchboxes. The broken glass in the panels of the façade had been removed and sheets of Masonite put in their place. The windows of the lobby had been washed, the floor of the lobby scrubbed. No sign of soot or water was on the walls; later in the day, they would be getting a fresh coat of paint. We were told that three hundred men had been working around the clock to clean up the mess, make the most vital repairs, and lay plans for the rebuilding and improvement of the second floor. (Among other improvements, there will be no more temporary walls of wood and fibreboard.) Hard as it was to believe, the building had already come to life—had even begun to sparkle a little, in its old, bold fashion. We learned the Museum hopes to open the ground floor, auditorium, cafeteria, and garden by Thursday, and to have the Seurats on exhibition on the ground floor. If Thursday is a nice day, we aim to have lunch in the garden and take a good, long look at them.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On Colorado Boulevard, in Denver, there's a firm that is doing quite well under the name Almost Antiques.

Returns

WE went down to the Houston Street offices of the Internal Revenue Service on the sixteenth day of April, to see what happens at the feds' place the morning after the tax deadline. No. 245 West Houston is the headquarters of the District Director, Lower Manhattan, Raphael Meisels, whose bailiwick comprises Manhattan up to and including the north side of Thirty-fourth Street, and all of Staten Island. (Deduction 6 [a;b]; Ferry Ride: 5¢.) This, of course, encompasses the financial district, where the big money is made, and coughed up. The Lower Manhattan District may not take in more money than any other district in the country, but it takes in more money for the number of returns than any other district except Detroit, where the tail fins are made. Upper Manhattan, for example, raked in some six billion dollars last year from three million returns, but Lower Manhattan garnered some five and a half billion from about a million returns. Big Business, it turns out, is just folks, and waits until the last minute to file. Up to April 4th, less than fifty per cent of the returns had come in; ten per cent more had drifted in between the fifth and the fifteenth; and forty per cent (approximately four hundred thousand returns) had been mailed on the fifteenth, arriving at 245 West Houston several hours before we turned up.

We found the place remarkably calm

and collected, humming with an almost frightening impersonal, organizational control. We were taken in hand by Mr. David M. Ratner, the Chief of the Collection Division, a remarkably calm and collected organization man, with French cuffs, a scholarly face, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. "A big day," said Mr. Ratner casually. "Yes, a big day, but we have a setup that flows evenly, each step following upon another step without a hitch. Every step is fully detailed in our organizational tables. Let us go to the mail room." We walked through low-ceilinged corridors, past rooms filled with filing cabinets, adding machines, and Civil Service employees bent low over desks piled high with returns, and into a room cluttered with rolling white canvas hampers, stuffed to the breaking point with envelopes. "The hampers belong to the Post Office and will be called for later," said Mr. Ratner. "The Post Office coöperates beautifully on the night of the fifteenth—works very late, and gets these returns, postmarked no later than midnight, April 15th, over here in the morning's eight-o'clock mail. We won't have to examine the postmarks on *this* mail." Some forty employees were in the room, working silently. "First, we use the slicer," said Mr. Ratner, pointing to a man seated before a machine that had a wicked-looking knife blade. "You see, he—and the other men with slicers—takes a handful of envelopes, joggles them so that the contents slip to one end, and then slices a tiny sliver off the other end. Once the envelopes are opened, the processing of the returns has officially begun!"

Mr. Ratner glanced proudly at the busy, silent workers. "Detail, detail," he said. "The slicer men place the opened envelopes in cardboard boxes. The cardboard boxes go to the extractors." He pointed at a group of people in the rear of the room, seated at desks that had rows of wooden boxes on them. "Each box has its proper function," he said. "The extractors extract the contents of the envelopes. If there is a remittance enclosed, it is pinned to the upper left-hand corner. Not stapled, not pinned to the upper right-hand corner, not pinned to the lower left-hand corner, but *pinned* to the *upper left-hand corner*. Speaking of remittances, someone came in here the other day with a corporation's installment of three hundred million dollars. We pinned it to the upper left-hand corner. We are still at the extractors' level. Forms without remittances are separately marked. From the extractors, the forms go their separate ways. Returns without remittances go to the Returns Processing Branch; returns with remittances to the Receipts Clearing and Deposit Section, where the process known as clearing the returns gets under way. I should add that right here, at the extractors' level, cash receives special, immediate attention, a supervisor recording each cash item, initialling the entry, and taking the cash, *immediately*, to the cashier, who records the amount and mails a receipt to the taxpayer. We are *extremely* careful with cash."

We followed Mr. Ratner to a large adjoining chamber, the Receipts Clearing and Deposit Section. More silent workers at desks, more mounds and mounds of forms. "Here we examine the checks for acceptability—no post-dated checks accepted, no checks with the payee line blank, no checks incorrectly made out, no improperly endorsed third-party checks, and so on. It's all in our organizational tables. Multi-colored pencils now come into play. I cannot reveal what color pencil is used for what purpose, but our symbols are placed on the returns, which are then sorted into categories, such as high business, low business, high non-business, and low non-business, and are numbered in individual blocks of one hundred. With a seven-digit machine, one can go up to nine million numbers in any one category, so we have a number for everyone. Preliminary mathematical verification takes place here. Next, unpinning. The pins are removed, a rubber band is placed around a block of one hundred checks, and another around a block of one hundred returns, and both blocks are sent to adding machines in the rear of the room. The blocks must balance—amount on checks against amount on returns. An armored car is sent for, and the checks travel to the Federal Reserve Bank, at 33 Liberty Street. The returns are alone now, ready for further, detailed, intricate processing, such as final mathematical verification, shipment to Audit, perhaps even to the D.A.R."

We wondered how the venerable ladies managed to get into the act.

"I refer," said Mr. Ratner, "to the Delinquent Accounts and Returns Branch."

We asked Mr. Ratner when he had filed his return.

"Yesterday," he said.

Bulletin

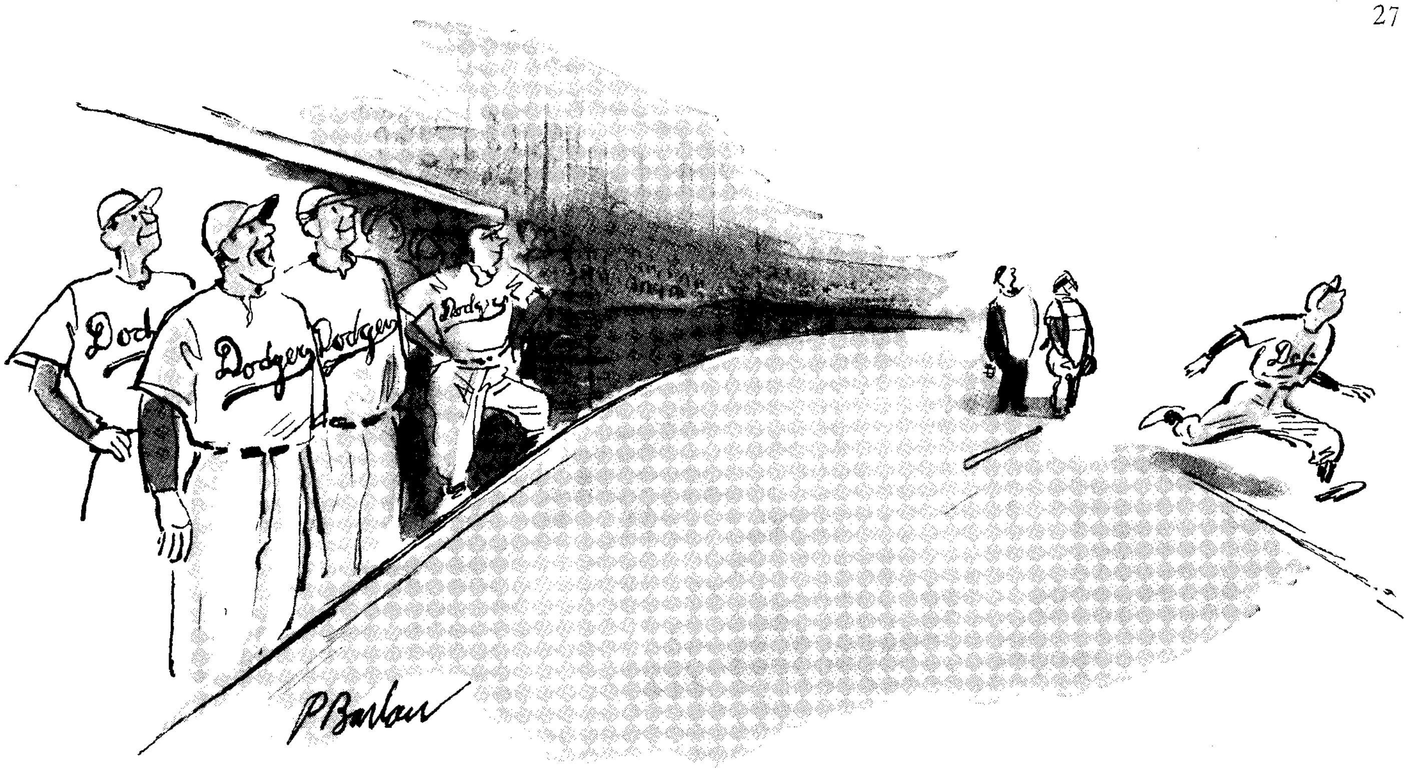
A COUPLE of Dalton School parents whose nine-year-old son accompanied his class to a farm in the Berkshires for a week received the following postcard from him:

> I'm safe at Otis. We started to build a tomb. I'll explain later. Good-bye.
>
> Your loving son,
>
> NICK

Rubberneck

OUR man Stanley, who went South recently to visit his grandmother, turned up in the office the other day and deposited the following dispatch:

"On way home, had hour to kill in Washington between trains, and went sightseeing. A million other people in Washington on same bright, warm spring day had same idea. Huge concourse in Union Station swarming with tourists, mostly clutching guidebooks and children. Bought 'Washington Handy Guide' at newsstand. Bought 'Color Picture Guide Book.' Bought 'Tourist Map of Washington.' Headed across Union Station Plaza toward Supreme Court. Delicate pink Japanese magnolia in bloom; also forsythia and jonquils. Passed new Senate Office Building (inscription under frieze: 'The Senate Is the Living Symbol of Our Union of States') and nine tourist buses filled with children. Counted fourteen more buses on First Street, parked between Supreme Court and Library of Congress. Climbed long marble steps to Supreme Court (inscription under frieze: 'Equal Justice Under Law'). Wished I were wearing morning coat, striped trousers, like old John W. Davis. Entered huge marble hall leading to court itself. Impressive. Sign read 'Silence.' Huge crowds waiting in line before doorway



"Boy, that would have gone all the way to Bedford Avenue!"

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to court. Decided to join them. Crowds had read sign, were silent. Stood patiently in line, spotted bust of Harlan F. Stone, oil of Louis D. Brandeis. Boy in front of me wiggled out of line, ran across marble hall, ran back. 'Keep it up, keep it up,' said man. 'I knew you were too young to come.' 'Silence, please,' said guard. Line moved forward microscopically. Looked at watch, decided to forgo view of justices. Headed back down marble steps in face of hundred tourists headed up. Passed box of bobby pins on steps. Silly spot to drop bobby pins.

"Went to second floor of Library of Congress. Crowds staring at Thomas Jefferson's original manuscript of Declaration of Independence, with emendations by Benjamin Franklin and John Adams. 'This is historic,' said girl standing beside me. 'You are entirely correct,' I said. Saw autograph draft of the Virginia Bill of Rights. This historic, too. Everything historic in Washington except bobby pins on steps of Supreme Court. Looked into glass cabinet containing mementos of Presidents. Letter from Dwight D. Eisenhower to Douglas Southall Freeman, in 1951, on Washington's 1781 campaign: 'His quick perception of his opportunity and his undertaking of a maneuver that must have seemed quite appalling to some of his assistants can be considered as nothing less than remarkable. After the many disappointments he had been forced to bear through so many campaigns . . . What a man he was.' Saw Herbert Hoover's book 'A Remedy for Disappearing Game Fishes,' and headed toward Capitol, past eighteen tourist buses. Statuary Hall, adjoining Rotunda, alive with tourists. Slipped in with group attached to guide. 'Tourists will wish to note the marker on the floor where John Quincy Adams fell, stricken with paralysis,' he said. 'The room is ninety-six feet in diameter, and semicircular in shape. A brass plate marks the spot where the least whisper can be heard across the room at a similar spot. Let us be quiet.' Cries of 'Hush!,' 'Quiet!,' 'Silence!' from tourists. Glanced at statues: Brigham Young, seated; Robert Livingston, wearing toga; Roger Williams, carrying marble copy of 'Soul of Liberty;' Huey Long, standing, with one arm raised, apparently in middle of harangue.

"Left Capitol and grabbed cab for Lincoln Memorial. Cabdriver drove up Constitution Avenue, was mine of information, or misinformation. 'The Department of Commerce has the longest corridors in the world, and more office space than the Empire State Building,' he said. 'The Treasury Building was put next to the White House by John Adams so he could keep his eye on the money. Catch a glimpse of the Washington Monument, dedicated February 21, 1885. I wonder why they couldn't have waited another day! The White House has a hundred and thirty-two rooms, five elevators, and twenty baths.' Rolled up to Lincoln Memorial. Twelve tourist buses. Climbed long marble stairs, with hundreds of others. Thought Daniel Chester French statue of Lincoln was staring at me. Entered Memorial. Lincoln *was* staring at me. From front, deeply handsome, uncannily alert, penetrating, ever so sad. Walked off to left of statue, Lincoln's right side, and noticed Lincoln beginning to smile. Corners of mouth became humorous, in sad way. Very odd sensation. Guard told me Lincoln gets bath once a month, with hose and scrub brush. 'The statue sweats,' he said. 'We use no soap. Twenty thousand people will come by on a Sunday, and nobody ever says much. They just look.' I looked again at great man, said nothing, and rushed for train."

The Picture

A FRIEND of ours, an impatient theatrical producer, was anxious to get the telephone number of a performer who had appeared on a C.B.S. television program the other day, and, accordingly, called C.B.S. He was referred to a Mr. Stephens, but when the connection was made, the young lady who answered said, "I'm afraid I don't know anything. I was just sent in here to mind the phone." Our friend urged her to look on the desk and see if there wasn't a file of the phone numbers of television performers. Then, prepared for a long wait, he started to lean back in his chair, but the young lady replied instantly. "There's nothing on this desk but an apple," she said.

DÉBUT RECITAL

Marie Berthelot's large studio was a working room. Its furnishings consisted of two concert grand pianos and their stools, two Morris chairs, three music cabinets, a gilded plaster death mask of Chopin, and some framed portraits inscribed to her with assurances of affection and high regard from Rachmaninoff, Fauré, Busoni, and Schnabel. Though she was older now than those men had been at the times they posed for the pictures, Mme. Berthelot was still in the habit of walking the mile from her studio to Carnegie Hall when there was anything worth hearing. Concertgoers who saw her making her way up the stairs to one of the boxes thought she was somebody's cook.

She had never been a handsome woman, and so time had played no unkind tricks on her. She was small and thick-waisted, and scarcely cared what clothes she put on her back. Her once black hair was now mouse-colored and frizzy. At the collar of her plain, tailored blouse, she wore a plain diamond bar pin that had belonged to her mother. She wore no other jewelry. An attentive person might have guessed from the way she crossed and uncrossed her ankles that they were her one point of vanity. Her eyes, set deep in wrinkled lids, were pale blue and businesslike.

At the sound of the doorbell, she got rather heavily out of the Morris chair, which must have been as old as she was. She looked at her watch. That would be Mr. Vaughn downstairs, she thought—Harley's father. On time.

She sighed. Ordinarily she did not look forward to sessions with parents of her students. The mothers were apt to be too anxious, the fathers too demanding. Too many of them asked too many questions that could not be answered. They pushed their children too hard. Or not hard enough. They worried about the boy practicing too much or too little. They ran out of money and proposed to pay less for an hour than they would have had to give a plumber for replacing a pair of washers. Or they brought a more expensive present than they could possibly afford.

Frederick Vaughn did not fit into any of these categories. An investment banker of some means, he paid, on the first of each month, Mme. Berthelot's regular fee, which was that of a fashionable analyst. He did better than stay in the background. He kept out of sight. During all the years that Mme. Berthelot had been teaching Harley Vaughn, she had met the boy's father only once; Mr. Vaughn had come to hear his son play the Schumann Concerto in A Minor with a student orchestra. Such conferring as seemed indicated had always been with Mrs. Vaughn, a lovely, mild woman of perhaps forty-five. She had taught her boy beautiful manners, rare in his generation, still rarer in a gifted young musician.

In many ways, the Vaughns were unique in Mme. Berthelot's long experience as a piano teacher. Serious young students in this country were usually the children of first- or second-generation immigrants, and the Vaughns were of old American stock. Somewhere in the childhood of every real instrumentalist will be found a period of saturation in music, nearly always the result of having a musician in the home, more often than not a professional. This is not likely to be the case in a conventional American family. Given such a background, even a boy with supreme native talents will always in time be talked or ignored out of developing them into a career.

There had, of course, been Albert Spalding. But Spalding's mother, unlike Mrs. Vaughn, had been an accomplished amateur pianist and singer. And all of Spalding's early training had taken place in Italy and France, while Harley Vaughn had never been abroad. Harley's period of saturation was begun simply by his discovery of Station WQXR on the radio; at the age of six, he announced that all he wanted for Christmas was more records. And now, at nineteen, Harley was probably a bigger talent than Spalding had ever been. Marie Berthelot, a careful woman, had high hopes for the boy's Town Hall début next month. She wondered what Mr. Vaughn had come to see her about.

She remembered Mr. Vaughn from that concert Harley had played with the student orchestra; a very tall man, strongly made, with a face and manner that Mme. Berthelot could easily imagine as dominating a mutinous Board of Directors. After the inevitable remark that he knew nothing of music, Mr. Vaughn had professed to be pleased with Harley's performance, really pleased. "Thanks to you and my wife," he had said. Mrs. Vaughn had stood at his side, trying valiantly not to look too proud of her boy and not succeeding altogether. What a lovely mother the boy has, Mme. Berthelot had thought, what an impressive father: good stock; good boy.

Nonetheless, at the sound of the doorbell the old woman sighed. Something extraordinary must be going on to bring Frederick Vaughn here in the middle of the afternoon, and she did not like too many extraordinary things to come up so shortly before a début recital. She thought she had sensed an urgency in his phone call earlier in the day.

Mrs. Tierney, the housekeeper, ushered Vaughn in. He cast a quick glance around. "Two pianos?" he said. "I've never seen a room with two pianos. I had imagined you sit looking over shoulders."

"Sometimes I do."

When they were seated in the Morris chairs, Mme. Berthelot said, "How's Mrs. Vaughn? It's been quite some time since I've seen her."

"Not at all well. In fact . . ." Vaughn paused. "In fact, that's partly what I've come to talk to you about. But before I do, there are . . . I should like to ask a few questions, and I hope you take nothing for granted in answering. I'm totally ignorant in your field, Mme. Berthelot. All I know is what I've picked up listening to Harley and his mother, and that isn't much. So I must beg your indulgence."

"I'm terribly sorry to hear about Mrs. Vaughn."

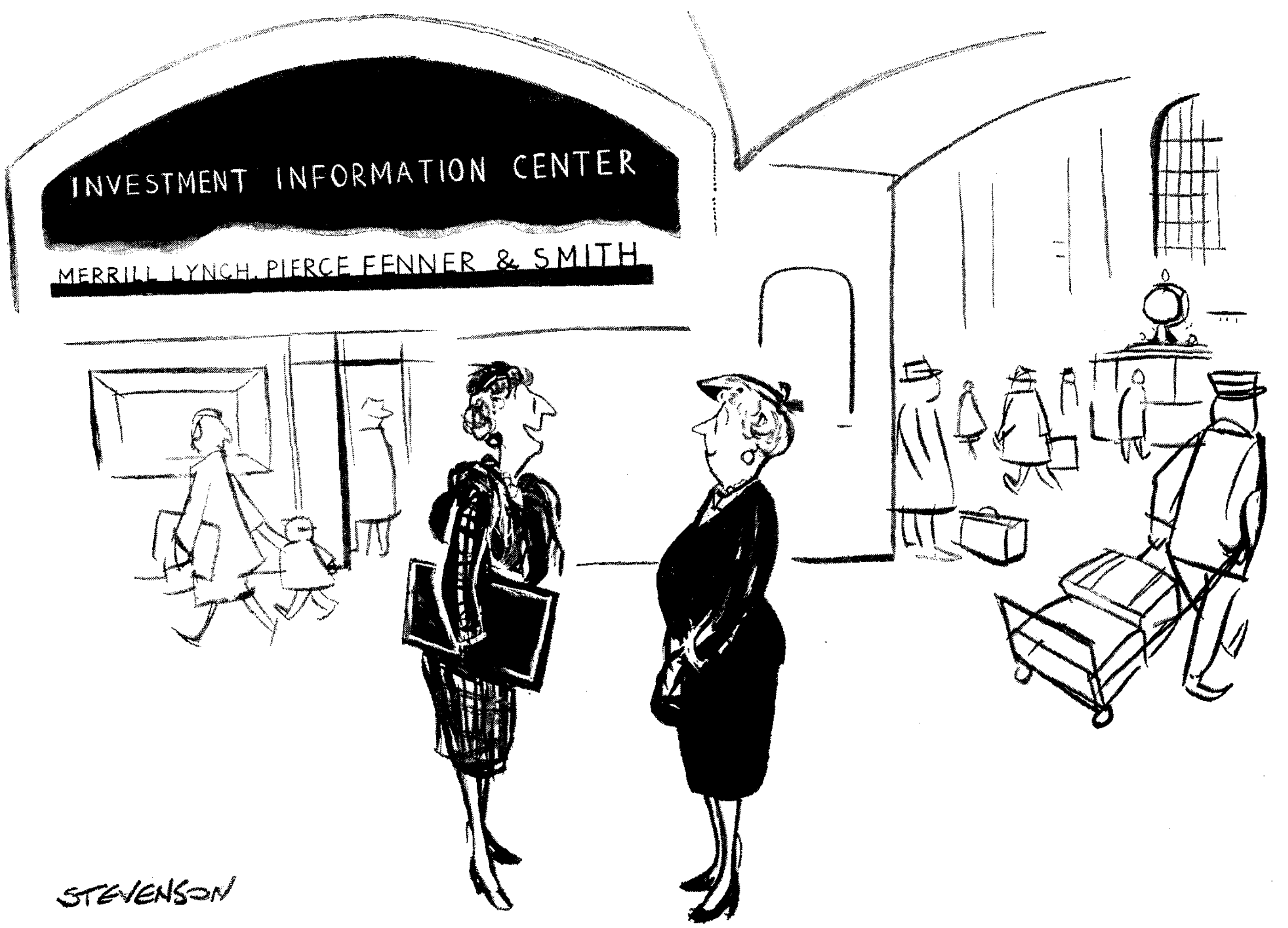
"Yes. Now, in my field—I'm a banker—sometimes I'm handed a report on a company, and it might run to a hundred pages or more. But I've learned to go through it and pick out what's important. I suppose you can do the same—with all your experience. I know it's not exactly the same. No figures, not much past performance. I'm asking you to tell me about Harley—truthfully, please. What has he got? What are his chances?"

"Harley has a great deal," said Mme. Berthelot. "He's technically sound. He has flair; temperament. He works. And he can hear what he plays—good critical sense. He responds to teaching. I think he'll give an outstanding recital next month."

"This is not the profession I would have chosen for him. But that's neither here nor there. He'll always have a little something to live on. So he might as well be doing what he wants. I agreed to his not going to college. A lot of boys in his position . . . Well, this is what he wants to do. All right. I'm glad he's found it. You think he's going to play an outstanding recital. Will he be able to follow it up?"

"That there is no way of knowing."

"Why not? You know he's going


INVESTMENT INFORMATION CENTER
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE FENNER & SMITH
STEVENSON

"Well, I asked them, Ruth, and they said they don't anticipate a full-scale major depression."

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to have backing. So it must be something in him. You've told me what he has. Now tell me what he hasn't."

"There really is no way of telling, at this stage. Harley hasn't done enough concert work for me to tell. It still remains to be seen, for instance, if he has the performer's temperament."

"I understood you to say he did have temperament."

"Musical temperament was what I had in mind. A performer's temperament is something else; and just as hard to describe. Let me try. I've had students who were virtuosos in this room, but in front of an audience they messed up every time. Perhaps not every time. Some of them will put on enough of an act to get a good start on a career, even a brilliant start. But somewhere along the way there'll be trouble. Their wife will decide it's not good for the baby to be dragged around on a long European tour. And they'll give in. A performer doesn't care what his wife decides. He doesn't care what you think or I think. It's between him and his audience."

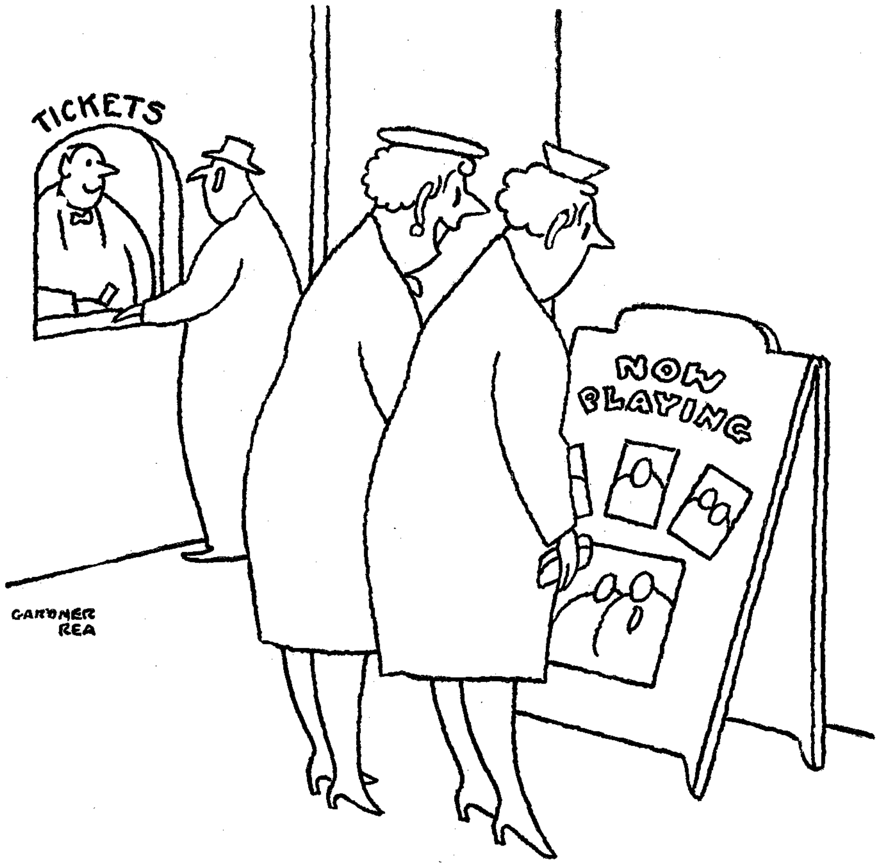
Marie Berthelot had much more to say, but she stopped. She did not know how far she ought to go with Harley's father in exploring the doubts she had about the boy. The last thing she wanted was that Harley should learn at this point that there were any doubts at all. She thought, I must remember to tell him not to discuss any of this with the boy. Vaughn was leaning forward too intently.

"What you're talking about is drive," he said. "The drive to succeed. That's not restricted to concert artists. I've seen enough of that in my own profession."

The old woman shook her head. "No. Not just drive. It's a special quality. Churchill has it. Would you like to know who else? Napoleon in Egypt saying, 'Soldiers, from the summit of yonder pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you.' Lincoln at Gettysburg. Sarah Bernhardt." Mme. Berthelot nodded toward one of the pictures on the wall. "My old teacher, Busoni, knew her. I'll tell you a story he told me, and you'll see what I mean. When Sarah was a very little girl, she lived with her mother and her aunt, both cocottes. She was sitting in a second-story window and saw her aunt going by with a gentleman. She asked to go along, but the aunt refused her. Apparently it wasn't one of those gentlemen who liked to have little girls along. So Sarah threw herself out of the window and broke I forget how many arms and legs. She was a performer making a point to a difficult audience. Not temper—temperament. Instinctive. The occasion called for a drastic gesture, and she produced. J. P. Morgan wouldn't have thought of it in a million years."

"I don't know about Sarah Bernhardt," Vaughn said. "I do know a little about Lincoln. He wasn't just a performer."

"None of the great ones are *just* performers. They have all the other stuff. But they won't be able to put it over unless they *are* performers, too. Do you remember Lincoln's stunts as a trial lawyer? Do you remember how he finished Douglas off in those debates? No one but a performer could have preserved a public face with that half-mad wife gnawing away at him year in, year out. There you had a sustained perform-



"But, on the other hand, the parts Atkinson didn't like John Chapman raved *about."*

• •

ance that makes the speech at Gettysburg look like nothing at all. The endless spinning of yarns, the periods of depression, it all adds up to the pattern of the performer."

"And it's a pattern that you're not sure Harley fits into. In other words, you don't think he's brat enough to throw himself out of the window."

Marie Berthelot saw that she had gone too far. She said, "This much is true: Harley is a joy to work with. He's a very nice boy. Most performing musicians are not nice at all. They are, if you like, brats. But there are always exceptions—Fritz Kreisler—and Harley may be one of them. I think he is. I do not think this is the time to plant any doubts in his mind. Or in yours, Mr. Vaughn. This is the sort of thing that will work itself out, one way or the other."

"Just how nice Harley is, I'm not at this moment prepared to say. You may know more about him than I. People in a family . . ." Vaughn clasped his hands. He seemed to be formulating his next remark. "Harley's mother is in the hospital, Mme. Berthelot. She's dying of cancer. The doctors give her only a few more weeks. She could go at any time, they say."

"How horrible," the old woman said. "How horrible. I had no idea. Harley didn't tell me."

"No. She's under sedation. Conscious only a few hours each day. But when she's conscious, she knows everything that's going on. She knows why she's there. She's in great pain."

"So young."

Marie Berthelot had already outlived too many of her contemporaries. After the death of her sister Léonie, who had kept house for her, she thought, Now there is no one left that I cannot bear to lose. The rest will be easier. . . . But it never got easier. Why had Vaughn let her ramble on with those irrelevant theories?

"Forty-four," said Vaughn. "Harley and I have been going to the hospital each day. It seems to help her a little to have us there. But now Harley wants to stop going. He says it's interfering with his preparation for this concert. Up to a point, I can understand that. Of course. He wants to do his best."

Vaughn drew a deep breath. Marie Berthelot waited.

"What I can't understand is why it's necessary to have this concert next month. Why can't it be postponed till the fall? Harley talks about advertisements stuck up on bulletin boards all over town, tickets printed—what's that got to do with it? I've offered to buy him a better date in the fall, and he says the first-string critics will be tied up then with Rubinstein or the Philharmonic. How can those things even occur to him at a time like this? She's in there dying. Her whole life has revolved around him. How can I get it through to him that for the next few weeks, maybe days, his mother comes before everything else?"

There must be more to it, the old woman thought; there is always more to it. She waited again.

"I can't get through to him," Vaughn said. "It's as though we were talking separate languages. I suppose to some degree it's my own fault. Perhaps I haven't made enough of an attempt to understand Harley these past few years, and what communication we've had has been mostly through his mother. They've been very close. All the more reason why what he now proposes to do strikes me as so inhuman. Mme. Berthelot, he must continue coming to the hospital each day. Won't you talk to him?"

"I can talk to him about the possibility of postponing the recital," Marie Berthelot said slowly. "Awkward move, professionally, but I can find out how he feels. About the other thing, going to the hospital, I'm afraid that must be between you and Harley. That's a family thing, Mr. Vaughn. It wouldn't be my place to . . ." She trailed off. She had to keep Harley's confidence, she thought. Harley was her student. It was more important to keep Harley's full confidence than to gain Frederick Vaughn's.

"Is that a principle of yours?" Vaughn asked. "If it is, I shan't ask you to violate it for my wife's sake."

The old woman did not much like the word principle. People resorted to it when they did not feel like lifting a finger. To exonerate themselves.

"It's a family thing," she found herself reduced to saying again. "I must see how Harley feels. This is Thursday. Next Monday, he comes for his lesson."

"Next Monday, his mother may be dead." Vaughn stood up. "I'm very sorry to have troubled you with all this. I was really trying to put my job off on you. It's my job to see that he does what he must. I assure you he will."

The Chairman of the Board, Marie Berthelot thought; an overpowering man; Harley didn't stand a chance.

She said, "It's terrible about Mrs. Vaughn. Please tell her I . . . Tell her Harley is a wonderful boy. He is, you know."

She saw Vaughn to the door. Coming back, she met Mrs. Tierney, who said exactly what Mme. Berthelot thought she would say: "What a fine-looking gentleman."

AFTER dinner, Harley phoned. He was calling from the drugstore on the corner, and wanted to know if he could come up. Then he must have started running and caught the elevator just right, because he was in the studio before his teacher had really settled back into the Morris chair.

Harley was almost as tall as his father: a handsome boy, with a crew cut and the face of a youngster training for a high-school track meet, not a Town Hall recital. He took his usual place on the piano stool.

"Your mother?"

"The same. We were up there till about an hour ago. No change. I haven't told you about her, because then I wouldn't have been able to talk about much else, and the work had to be done. I didn't want my father to come here."

"It's all right, Harley. It's just as well I know about it. Awful."

"I've been there every day. Sometimes with my father, sometimes by myself. She must be in agony. She doesn't talk about that."

The boy did not look at his teacher as he spoke. His eyes seemed to be fixed on one of the music cabinets.

"And I can't always think of things to say to her. So I just sit there. She can't always think of something, either. When she turns her head toward the wall, I know she's crying. It's a little better when my father is around. He can keep the talk pretty casual, mostly. Stuff about the house and the office, stuff like that. I can't do it so well. I run out of talk, and she turns her head to the wall."

Harley spoke in a tight monotone that his teacher had not heard him use before. He paused to swallow, and then the tight voice went on: "I get all churned up. I go home, I sit down to the piano, and I can't work. It's three and a half weeks before my concert, and I get worse every day. Last lesson, when I played the Franck for you, I felt it was just right, and you did, too. This morning I tried it, and it fell to pieces."

"We'll play it again next Monday. You'll get it back."

"Not if I keep going to that hospital, I won't. I love my mother, Mme. Berthelot. She's been—oh, everything to me. But what good am I doing by visiting her? All the good in the world, my father says. I don't believe it. She gets shaken up, too. Then she turns to the wall. How can I explain to my father what it means to prepare for a concert as important as this?"

"You have tried?"

"Every night. And he keeps saying it's still more important for her to see me while she can. He insists we put this concert off till the fall. He can't see the disgrace of it. The disgrace— It isn't that I care so much about that. What gets me is that I had the whole concert in my fingers, and now I'm losing it. I don't want to wait till the fall. I want to play this concert now."

Harley took his eyes off the music cabinet and looked at his teacher.

He said, "This crazy idea of my father's, about making her last days easier—it's crazy. How is it going to make it easier on her to know that I'm going to fall flat on my face at Town Hall?"

"You surely haven't told her that."

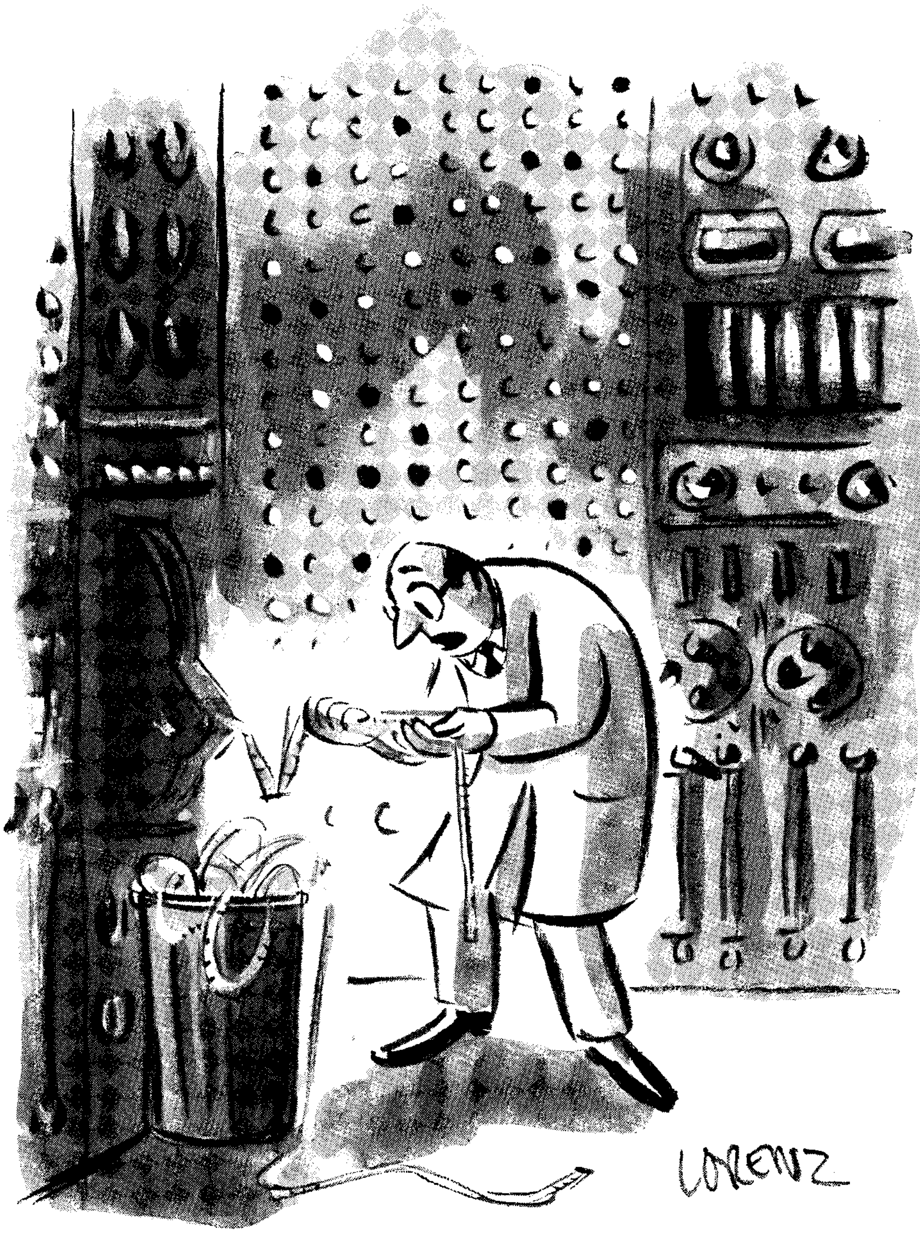
"No. But when she's conscious, she knows everything. She asks me how the work is going, and I say it's going fine. But she knows. I've never been able to kid her. I can't kid her now. It's insane to expect me to go on as though she were in there with a bad cold or a sprained ankle. I don't see how my father does it. I can't."

The boy stopped talking.

"What would you like me to do, Harley?"

"Talk to my father again, if you would. Tell him what it means to call off this kind of a concert. . . . No, I've told him all that. He won't listen to that. If you could explain in terms of what I . . . how a pianist works . . . the concentration that must not be broken—just the way you've explained it to me. He might listen to you."

Marie Berthelot shook her head gently. "I'm afraid I can't do that. It wouldn't be my place to. As I've told



"My wife and Dr. Keller! You lie!"

your father, this is a family thing, Harley. Between you and him."

"He won't listen to me. *She's* all he thinks about now. I'm nowhere in this, nowhere. When he leaves his work at the office to spend the afternoon at the hospital, someone else takes over. But me—who's going to play the Franck for me next month? I'm alone out there with the piano. If the Franck falls apart in my hands, who's going to put it together? How does ruining me help *her?*"

The boy still believes he is going to play next month, she thought; he still doesn't know he has no chance against that Chairman of the Board.

"You come in Monday, and we'll work on nothing but the Franck."

Harley's eyes filled with tears. "You won't talk to him?"

"I can't, dear boy. Not about this."

"Can I at least tell him what you've explained about concentration—how nothing must be permitted to break it? What you said?"

"I suppose so. I don't see why not."

"He looks at me. But he doesn't see me. All he sees is my mother on that bed. He doesn't care about me."

"Yes, he does. I can tell you he does."

"I don't want to wait till the fall. I've got to play this concert now. He's got to understand that."

"Have you been sleeping all right?"

"I don't know."

"Get all the sleep you can, Harley. Come in Monday, and we'll work on the Franck. Come Sunday, too, if you like. I'm teaching through tomorrow and Saturday, but you can always call up and come in the evening."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I'll try not to disturb you. I'm sorry I had to disturb you today."

"For something like this, any time. It's terrible about your mother. Such a dear person. So young."

She saw the boy to the door, though she felt very tired. This was Marie Berthelot's forty-first year of teaching people to play the piano.

WHEN Harley did not call during the weekend, the old woman began to fret. The boy's morale was bound to be disrupted by his mother's death and the postponing of the concert, but the damage, however bad, was also apt to be temporary. More permanent and more dangerous would be his loss of her as the one who stood between him and that Chairman of the Board. Marie Berthelot had been grateful for Vaughn's lack of interference in the boy's development; now she saw that lack as resulting from other lacks—of involvement and sympathy. She remembered what Vaughn had said: *"This is not the profession I would have chosen for him."* With his wife's influence gone, Vaughn was not a man to be reticent about making his choices clear. The old woman was afraid for the boy.

Monday morning, Harley came in for his regular lesson. In answer to Mme. Berthelot's inquiry, he said, "She's just the same. No change." He did not seem to want to go into details. Instead, he sat right down and played the Franck, played it beautifully.

The piece had lost none of the shapeliness and verve it had a week ago. And there were some things that had not been there before, subtle little changes of pace and dynamics. A week ago, Mme. Berthelot had been a trifle concerned about a long passage that had teetered on the brink of facile sentiment; now it was pure tenderness, profoundly felt.

"Good," the old woman said.

"I don't know. I'll work on it some more." Harley swung around on the stool and faced his teacher. "You told me to get some sleep, and I did. Beginning Friday night, I did. Thursday, my father and I stayed up all night, fighting. God, he's stubborn. He kept repeating the same thing over and over. As though I really could help her by going to the hospital day after day. It was awful. . . . This afternoon I'll go in, and then maybe not for a week. Friday night, I slept. Saturday, I started working and I got the Franck back, didn't I? And I'm going to play it next month just as I played it today."

"He's letting you go through with the concert?"

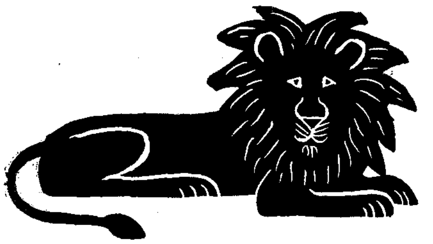
"He had to, Mme. Berthelot, he had to. Didn't I get the Franck back? Didn't I? Do you want to hear me play it again?"

"Yes. Sure. Play it again."

The boy played it again, securely, with enormous authority. Astonished, the old woman listened. This was, this must have been, the same authority that had prevailed against the Chairman of the Board. Harley would do well in Town Hall next month and in other halls in other years. Marie Berthelot wished Mrs. Vaughn could have lived to see and hear it. She wished there were something important she could do for Mrs. Vaughn. But she could not think of anything. She was not, after all, in the business of providing solace for dying women. She was in the business of teaching people to play the piano.

She said, "Now play something else."

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE



A STORM FROM THE EAST

Their house faces east, is protected by trees
From winds from the Gulf, which (the weatherman says) prevail
In that section. But a correction
Is due (of the thesis, or maybe the house),
Since, for three days, from the east a preëminent gale
Has frozen, through sweaters and sweaters, both husband and spouse.

They have an unspoken agreement that they will be surly
Unto each other, and any intruders,
For the duration. And they have kept it—
One refusing to talk, cook, or sweep the place,
The other composing briefs for his side of the case
And watching gulls fight for dead fish, as the wind blows.

They have children, too, but are keeping them properly cowed
Until the storm drops (or the children), at which time the patter
Of tiny feet will again be allowed
And the oldest may even stop asking what is the matter.

They have love, too—put away, put away, while they fret
About the injustices done them: life, and no mail.
Oh, when will the wind die down, weatherman, and let
What is so be so, what prevails prevail?

—REED WHITTEMORE

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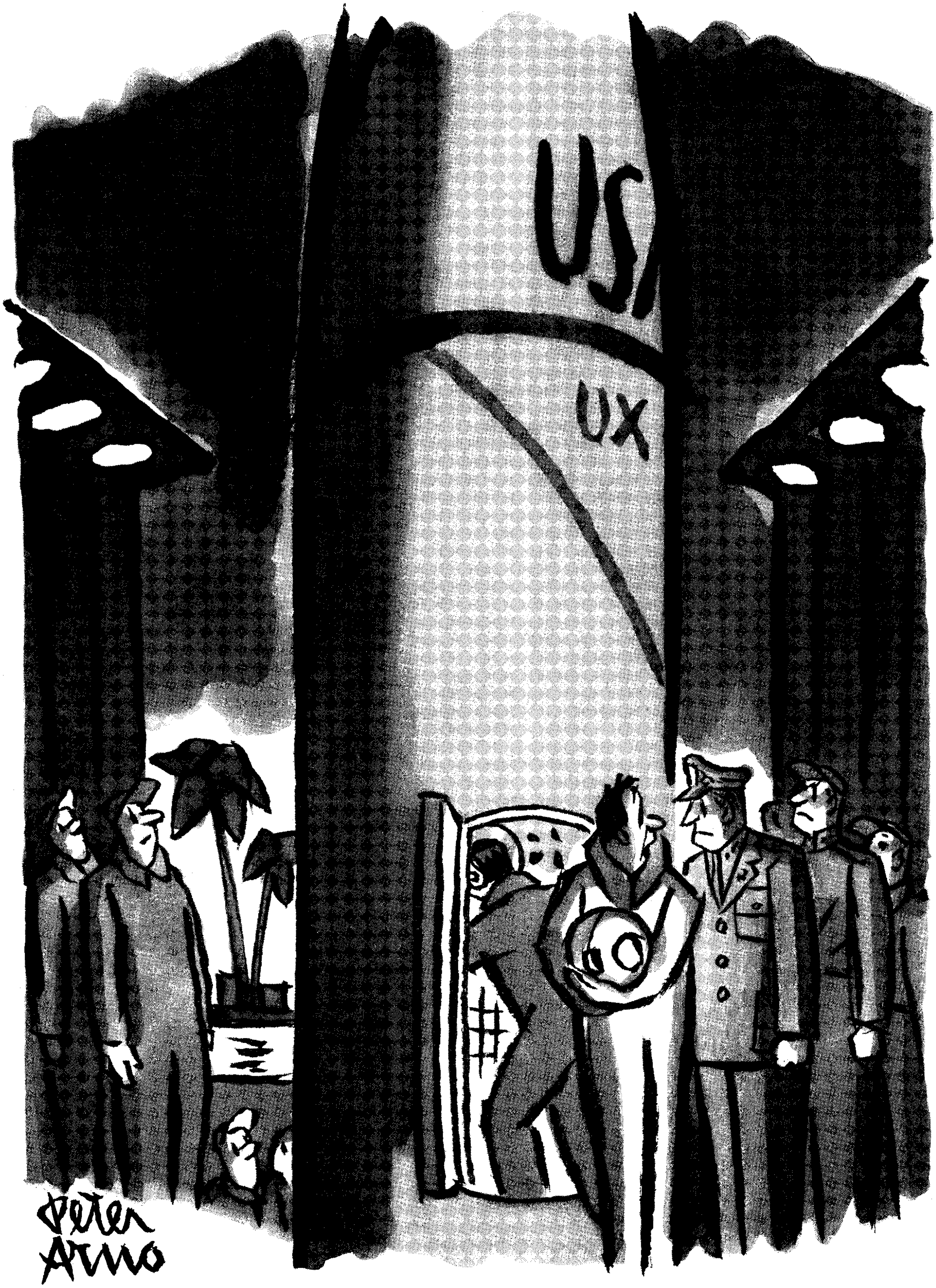
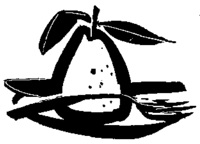

US
UX
Peter Arno

"I don't think I ought to go, sir. I'm getting the sniffles."

A TOAST TO AVA GARDNER

IN Spain, a married woman keeps her maiden name but tacks on her husband's name after a "de." Thus, on marrying Wifredo Las Rocas, our Majorcan friend Rosa, born an Espinosa, became Rosa Espinosa de Las Rocas—a very happy combination. It means "Lady Thorny Rose from the Rocks." Rosa was far luckier than her maternal cousin Dolores Fuertes, who thoughtlessly married a lawyer named Tomás Barriga and is now Dolores Fuertes de Barriga, or "Violent Pains of the Stomach." My wife and I first met Rosa at a store in Palma some years ago. We were complaining bitterly, in English, of an age-old Majorcan superstition which holds that the sun shines brightly throughout the year, and that consequently no trouble about drying clothes can ever imaginably arise. Majorcans provide no airing closets in even their grandest houses, and scorn that old-fashioned English contrivance, the nursery towel horse, which allows harassed mothers to keep abreast of their children's washing during long rainy spells. We had by now visited every furniture store in Palma searching for one, but had been greeted only by shrugs and smiles.

Then Rosa piped up at my elbow, in beautiful, clear English, with hardly a trace of a Spanish accent, "Excuse me! I could not help overhearing your conversation. My husband, Wifredo Las Rocas, will, I am sure, be delighted to make you a towel horse. He knows all about towel horses. My dear old English nurse, the late Nanny Parker, brought a towel horse with her when she came to us from the British Embassy at Madrid, but I'm afraid my elder sister in Saragossa has it now. If you care to come along with me . . ."



Wifredo and his partner, Anibal Tulipán, worked in a large furniture factory on the outskirts of Palma. Each of them had originally owned fifty per cent of the factory shares, but when in 1949 the building got badly damaged by fire, the Central Bank rebuilt and restocked it for them at the price of a controlling interest. Wifredo and Anibal were, in fact, reduced to mere employees of the bank, subject to dismissal if they failed to show a profit—an uncomfortable position, in times as difficult as those, for men so proud.

Anibal looked after supplies and sales; Wifredo after design, production, and personnel. They had been brothers-in-law, but the death of Wifredo's sister, from an overdose of sleeping pills taken in protest against Anibal's too serious liaison with a dentist's receptionist, snapped the family tie, and if ever two men were temperamentally unsuited to being partners, these were they. Anibal, who loved all things German—especially metaphysics, music, and sauerkraut—closely resembled Göring in appearance, and had a truly Wagnerian ill temper; often, when he felt cross, he would emulate Adolf Hitler by throwing himself on the floor and biting the carpet. Until the war ended victoriously for the Allies, Wifredo—tall, fair, and rangy—was careful to conceal his strongly Anglophile tendencies. These had been excited some years previously, when he first fell in love with Rosa and came beneath the posthumous spell of the celebrated Nanny Parker. Nanny Parker, on entering the Espinosa household, had brought with her bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News* dating from 1906 to 1925, and kept adding a fresh one every year. In 1936, the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War and Nanny Parker's death—under a fast car driven by a party of non-intervening Italian airmen—closed the series. But a constant study of these volumes had made Wifredo an expert in all things English for the thirty years that they covered.

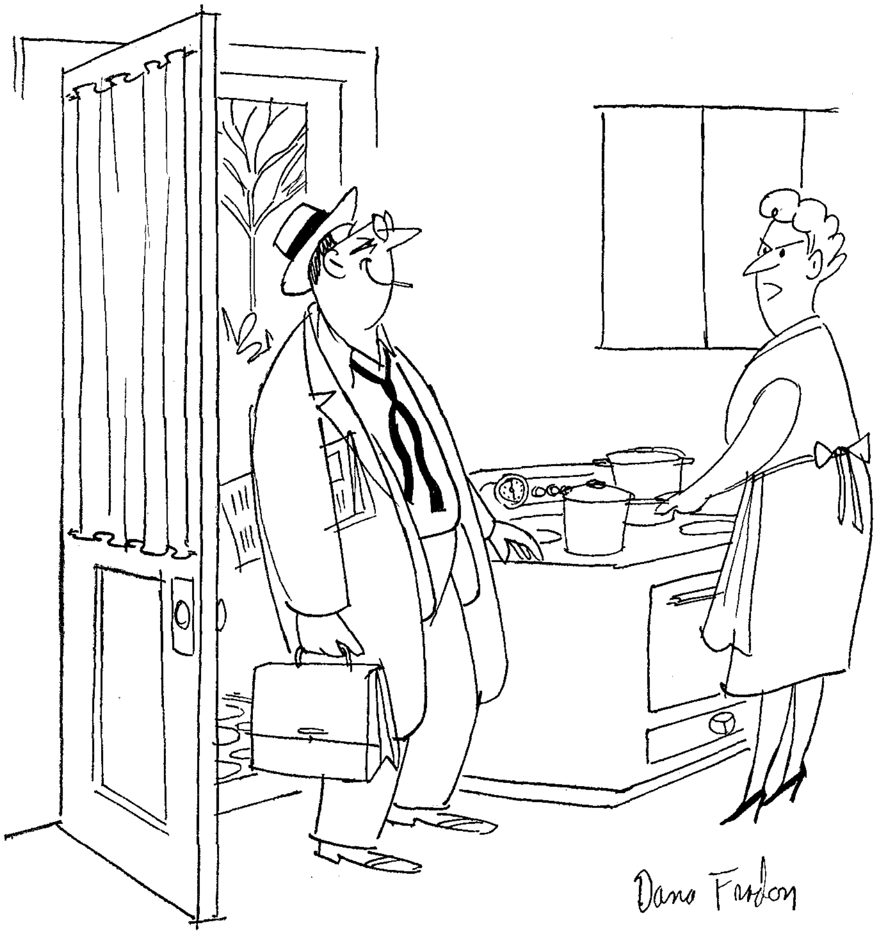
When Rosa introduced us to Wifredo, and asked him whether he could supply a nursery towel horse, he agreed with enthusiasm, seeing in us a helpful source of information about all that had happened to the British race since the death of George V. The outcome was an almost breathtaking towel horse—stout and capacious as a church, in solid mahogany, with fluted rails and brass knobs, and that at a period when mahogany was practically unobtainable on the island. Wifredo charged us only a nominal sum for this masterpiece, assuring us that the pleasure was entirely his.

Then Anibal heard about the towel horse from the factory foreman, flew into one of his infernal rages, called Wifredo all sorts of gross names, and accused him of cheating the business, wasting valuable materials, delaying the execution of other orders, and allying himself with the ancient and inveterate enemies of Spain. He even threatened to bring the ridiculous towel horse to the notice of the Central Bank. Wifredo replied passionately that Great Britain was Spain's best customer and, after Spain, the noblest country in Europe. He also commented on Anibal's Teutonic lack of taste, humor, and imagination, adding that he proposed to start immediate production, though on a rather cheaper model than the prototype, of no fewer than one hundred Nanniparker Nursery Towel Horses. Then followed some very pointed remarks. For instance: "The priest must have had a bad cold when he christened you Anibal. He surely meant Animal. You are indeed a fat, brutish, sophistical, Germanic beast, save for whose degraded adventures in the lowest haunts of Santa Catalina my poor sister would still be alive today!"

A roughhouse ensued. Wifredo was the stronger of the two, but at some stage or other of the Civil War, Anibal had attended a hard course in street fighting and learned all sorts of clever tricks from German volunteer instructors. Both combatants were seriously injured.

The factory had not been running too well even before this. Worn-out but irreplaceable machinery; power cuts; timber shortages; new national fiestas, commemorating the triumph of the Forces of Light, on each of which the management was obliged to reward the workmen with double pay for taking a patriotic vacation; trouble with the syndicates; decrees forbidding the dismissal of a single workman, however inefficient, dishonest, or redundant—all this had been bad enough, but a complete breach between the partners brought matters to a crisis. Wifredo and Anibal now obstinately pursued their own uncoördinated policies, Wifredo designing his furniture in a yet more provocatively English style, Anibal starving him of suitable timber and making no attempt to sell whatever he might manage to produce.

Realizing that the factory would soon go bankrupt unless someone intervened decisively, Rosa did so. She had the good sense to phone a certain Cathedral canon, elder brother and confessor of the man who stood with a whip above these warring partners—the Central Bank president himself. After explaining her predicament, Rosa begged the Canon to impose peace by whatever means he thought best, short of ruining both households. "Very Reverend Father," she said, "although it is true that Don Anibal began this disgraceful quarrel by calling Wifredo gross names which no man of honor could accept, I must admit that Wifredo's reply did nothing to ameliorate the situation. It is equally true that



“The New Haven certainly isn’t losing any money carrying you!”

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Don Anibal struck the first blow, yet Wifredo failed to turn the other cheek. Now, however, he repents of his un-Catholic attitude. It is no joke that every day, on going to the factory, he must carefully remove his wristwatch and place it on a shelf, together with his spare reading glasses, for fear that they may both be splintered in a fresh hand-to-hand encounter.”

The Canon listened with encouraging snorts, and finally gave his opinion. “My daughter,” he said, “I can see only one way out of the trouble that you have so clearly outlined. It is that you and Don Anibal’s wife must form a realistic alliance for peace. Until your husbands can be persuaded to clasp hands in friendship, you must insist, at least, on their jointly asking the bank to appoint a permanent arbiter who shall settle all disputes between them. Such an arrangement should involve no great expense; some retired military man of rectitude and discretion will, I have no doubt, be pleased to undertake the task. Not for a monetary remuneration but, let us say, for a daily allowance of refreshments. Thereafter, your two husbands need not meet except in this arbiter’s presence, though the bank will, of course, desire them to accept all his decisions without question—as football players accept those of the referee, on pain of being ordered off the field. If you can answer for your husband’s agreement, let us arrange a meeting between yourself and Don Anibal’s wife at my house tomorrow; there, with God’s help, all will be decently settled.”

The name of Anibal’s new wife, the pretty former dental receptionist, was Gracia Joncosa de Tulipán. (Another floral combination of names: “Reedy Grace of a Tulip.”) Gracia was a tough girl and, like Anibal, stubbornly anticlerical. She attended the meeting but warned the Canon straight out that, since the initiative had clearly come from Rosa, Anibal would reject the plan of arbitration as energetically as if it had been proposed by the Kremlin itself.

This brought a frown to the Canon’s roseate face. Yet he refrained from dredging up Gracia’s reprehensible past, and only begged her to imitate Rosa’s truly Catholic spirit. “Blessed are the peacemakers!” he intoned, wagging a fat finger.

“Blessed are they indeed!” Gracia echoed, impressed against her will by the huge, cigar-scented study, with its dark, forbidding bookcases and its dark, forbidding pictures of saints being flayed alive, being grilled over hot coals, or merely kneeling in ecstasy on a mountain crag surrounded by winged demons. “But my Anibal,” she went on, “will at once convince himself that such an arbiter was chosen, by connivance between yourself and Don Wifredo, as a means of ousting him from his post.”

The Canon replied smoothly, “Dear daughter, your hot-tempered husband must have no fear. Assure him that I, a canon of Palma Cathedral, solemnly guarantee to find an arbiter of such absolute rectitude and insight that he might well be a descendant of King Solomon himself. If, however, your husband refuses my assurances, I shall feel that the Church has been spurned, as well as the Bank, and will inform my brother at the bank of his obduracy.”

Gracia saw the red light. She cried, “No, no, Most Reverend Father! Pray do not talk in that sense! Anibal is, at bottom, a peace-loving man who entertains the highest esteem both for yourself and for your distinguished brother. Let me try to make him see reason.”

“You will do well to try, my daughter,” the Canon answered grimly, and so the interview ended.

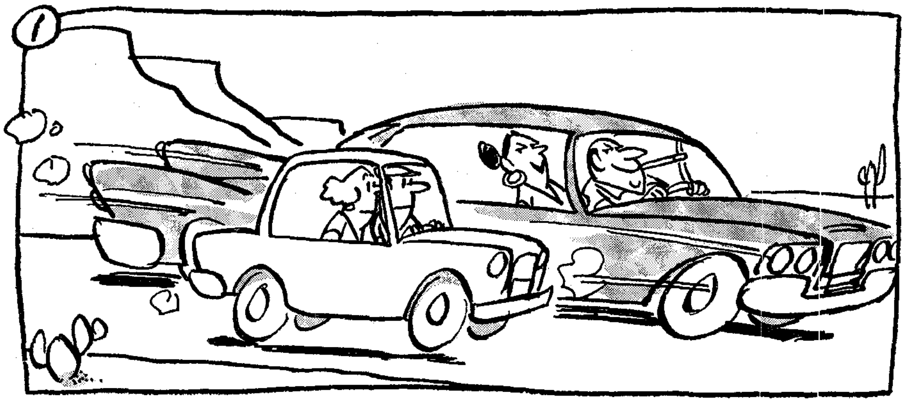
Anibal threw another fit when Gracia delivered the Canon’s message. “It is a holdup!” he was reported as exclaiming. “Must I indeed hand over my wallet to these shameless gangsters with a truly Catholic smile?”

Yet there was no way out when the bank president offered as a possible arbiter the retired and much decorated colonel whom I shall call Don Hilario Tortugas y Postres. During the Riff War, Don Hilario had been shot on three separate occasions—through the calf, in the knee and shoulder, and finally in the left hand, from which he lost all the fingers in performing a deed of such terrific valor that it earned him the Grand Cross of San Fernando. For Anibal to challenge the integrity of so outstanding a hero would have made him ridiculous. Moreover, Don Hilario, bored by inactivity, had readily accepted the task, asking a daily honorarium no larger than two cups of coffee, a salami sandwich, a bottle of beer, and a Canary Islands cigar. The coffee must be scalding hot; that was his one stipulation.

THE arrangement worked well enough. True, Don Hilario could claim only the most meagre knowledge of how a factory was run—an educational fault displayed in Spanish history by a long sequence of gallant, honorable, high-ranking Army officers who have found themselves charged with their country's economic fate. Nevertheless, experience in the command of men had sharpened his natural intuition as to whether people were telling him lies, truths, or half truths, and when disputes arose on technical points, he decided them by a careful study of the partners' voices, faces, and demeanor, rather than of the documents laid before him. Thus, he settled the vexed question of the Nanniparker towel horses by arguing that though Wifredo, given the required materials, would doubtless turn out a superbly professional product, Anibal's lack of confidence in these novelties suggested the wisdom of postponing their manufacture. He also ruled, "The factory should, however, bear the expense of having created the prototype and of selling it at a minimal price to an influential foreign family by way of justifiable propaganda."

Don Hilario's daily appearance at the factory did much to restore the morale of the workmen. They began to boast in the cafés, "We have the famous Colonel Tortugas on our payroll—he who once ran his sword through seventeen Cabilas, one after another, though wounded in a score of places. There's a fighter for you!" Yet Anibal found it difficult to swallow his resentment. "Only imagine!" he cried. "That ancient military relic set over me as supervisor and spy!" He continued to make things as difficult as he could for Wifredo by misrepresenting both the supply situation and the sales prospects, at the same time complaining to Don Hilario that Wifredo spoiled the workmen and showed an utter ignorance of modern furniture trends.

On Rosa's advice, Wifredo kept cool and behaved as Englishly as possible, in the hope of provoking Anibal to overreach himself by some crude act that could not escape official censure. But he was secretly worried by Anibal's attempts to ingratiate himself with Don Hilario. For instance, Anibal tried to give Don Hilario a box of a hundred Romeo y Julieta cigars on the arbiter's name day. Don Hilario, needless to record, firmly declined the gift, swearing that, much as he enjoyed a good smoke, he could never allow himself to deviate one hairbreadth from his Draconian code and must avoid even the suspicion of venality. Nevertheless, Wifredo, who had witnessed the proffering and rejection of the gift, saw him eye the box with badly disguised wistfulness.



3
LAST CHANCE
GAS
GAS

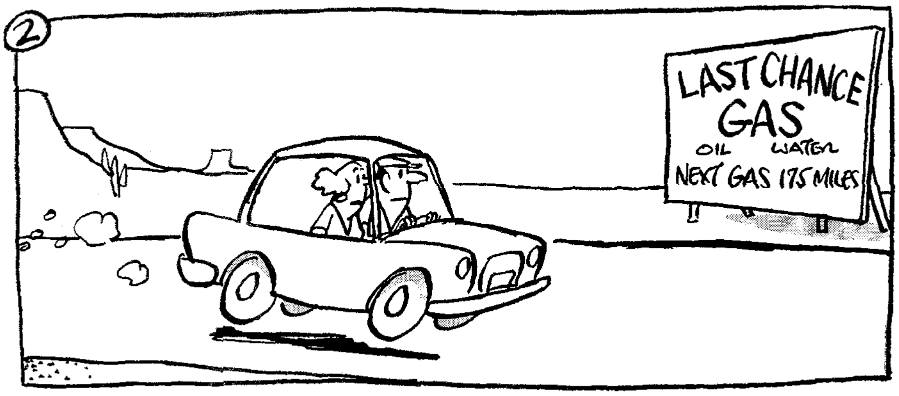
From time to time, Wifredo offered Don Hilario a lift back to the center of town in his boat-shaped 1922 Renault two-seater (Majorca is where good cars go to die, and they take unconscionably long about it), but Don Hilario always insisted on walking—even on wet days, when his wounds troubled him. He would accept no more and no less than the stipulated daily two cups of sweet, scalding coffee, the salami sandwich, the bottle of beer, and the Canary Islands cigar. Once only, his conscience permitted him to borrow from Wifredo a couple of cigarette papers with which to roll his own cigarettes, but he paid them back the very next day.

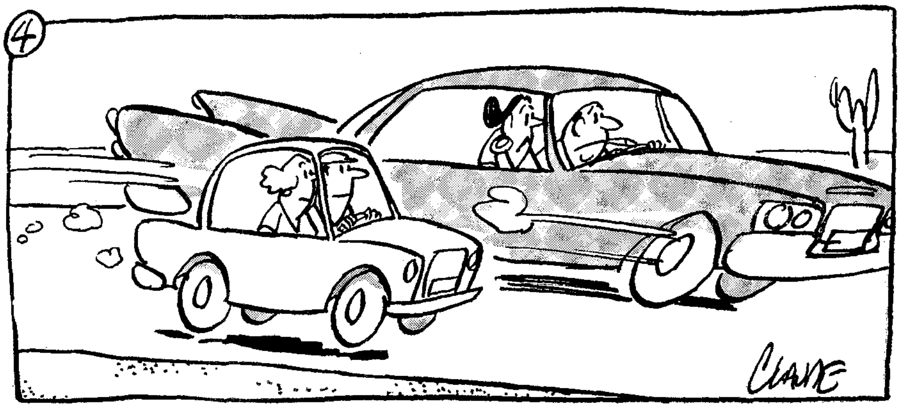
SO much for the situation at the factory. Now for that of the "influential foreign family." In the midst of all this, we had an unexpected visit from Ava Gardner, a close friend of our Maryland friend Betty. Betty had suggested that Miss Gardner should take a short holiday from the exhausting social life of Madrid to visit soporific and truly rural Majorca. There she could catch up on sleep, study Spanish grammar, swim daily, and consult me about how to finish her random education by a crash course in English poetry. We had met Miss Gardner at Betty's house in Madrid a few months before, had taken to her at once, and had been put on a first-name basis.

At Palma's Son Bonet Airport, she came rushing toward us across the tarmac. Word flew from end to end of the field that the famous Ava Gardner had finally come to Majorca, and crowds went milling around in search of the red carpet, the bouquets, and the press photographers. Meanwhile, we hurried Ava into our Land-Rover and hauled her baggage off the airline truck. One film-struck enthusiast saw a woman who closely resembled his idol bandying nonsense with our children in the dusty car; he stopped, narrowed his eyes, and passed on—it could not, of course, be she. We made a clean getaway.

Ava's plans for improving her Spanish grammar and catching up on sleep did not come to much; there are too many places in Palma where gypsies strum guitars and dance flamenco all night. Besides, her first visit to Majorca attracted such immense attention that we were made uncomfortably celebrity-conscious, and she was forced to change hotels four times in five days. Though hating all this fuss, she said, and far preferring a meal of shepherd's pie or sausages and mashed potatoes at our Palma apartment, she gallantly took us out once or twice to the lusher restaurants.

After dinner in one of these, Ava asked me for her poetry lesson, and I told her that so few poems were worth reading, and so many were wrongly supposed to be worth reading, that she had better make sure she would not be wasting her time on this poetry course.





Washing for gold could be very dull work. "Poems are like people," I said. "There are not many authentic ones around."

A photographer suddenly let off a flash bulb at us, and Ava flashed back at him almost as startlingly, in the fiercest language. But when he apologized at once, she half forgave him. The rest of our talk was punctuated by the waiter's handing a succession of autograph books to Ava for signature; she obliged automatically, with a fixed, sunny smile, not losing the thread of our conversation until one autograph hunter, an overstuffed sofa of a woman, plumped herself down next to me, leaned across me, and said, "Oh, dear Miss Gardner, I have seen *every single one* of your films! Now, I wonder if you'd kindly give me your *personal* autograph for my seven-year-old grandchild. Her name is Wendy Solgotch Wallinger."

Ava frowned. "Is the 'Solgotch Wallinger' strictly necessary?" she asked. "How do you spell it? And what am I supposed to write on?"

"Oh, I thought film stars always supply the paper!"

Ava frowned more deeply.

Later, having found my "Collected Poems" at our apartment, Ava asked me which to read first. This question embarrassed me after what I had already told her. However, there was one, I said, which she might perhaps agree to take personally, though it had been written long before we met. Some people are like some poems, I thought, and marked the page for her to study when she went to bed that night—if she ever did.

> She speaks always in her own voice
> Even to strangers . . .

and

> She is wild and innocent, pledged to love
> Through all disaster. . . .

MEANWHILE, at the furniture factory, Anibal had been consistently difficult. To Don Hilario, he accused Wifredo of stirring up the workmen by alleging that the timber he supplied was so green, warped, and knotted that it would serve only for making rustic seats and the like. Confronted with this charge, Wifredo informed Don Hilario that he had made a factual statement, not a complaint; indeed, far from stirring the workmen up, he had encouraged them to hope that something, at least, could be made from the eccentric lumps of raw tree which were all that his partner could now seem to buy. When Don Hilario looked at him quizzically, Wifredo went to the workshop and returned with a particularly unattractive section of local pine, consisting almost wholly of large knots. He asked, "Am I seriously expected to fulfill a municipal order for eighty classroom desks with timber of this quality? And what about my saw blades?"

Don Hilario eyed the exhibit and ventured cautiously, "Well, you might hammer out these knots and use the holes for securing the scholars' inkwells; but I shall point out to Don Anibal that if you were to take this course, there would undoubtedly be many times more inkwells than scholars."

Seven o'clock struck, and Wifredo exclaimed, "Pardon me, Don Hilario! The workmen have gone off, and so has my partner. I must lock up without delay. Since I am aware that any invitation to ride home in my battered car will be declined, let me wish you a respectful good night. There is a certain haste; my English friends, the intellectual Graves family, are honoring my house with a visit, and hope to bring Miss Ava Gardner."

Don Hilario caught his breath and clutched at Wifredo's sleeve. "Do you mean the veritable Ava Gardner?" he asked slowly. "She is—here, in Majorca?"

"Yes, the one, inimitable Ava," Wifredo answered easily. "The Señores Graves assure me that she is as gracious and intelligent as she is beautiful."

" 'Gracious and intelligent,' indeed! 'Gracious and intelligent' is petty praise! For me, Ava Gardner is the greatest artist alive!"

AVA did not, as it happened, go to Wifredo's with us that evening. She had made a trip to the fine sandy beach of Camp de Mar. The weather was bitterly cold—it was just before the fearful February freeze-up of 1956—but she was hardy enough to swim. Several carloads of admirers stood watching, and a roar of admiration rose as she tripped down the hotel steps in her bright Italian bathing costume and dived into the tempestuous waves. Yet no would-be lifesaver, I was told, jumped in to accompany her, if only because Spaniards, though incurably romantic, are not altogether Quixotic. Later, Ava was whisked on to the Binisalem vineyards, where she spent so agreeable a time sampling our sole Majorcan vintage wine and listening to guitar music that we did not catch up with her again at her hotel until midnight. She had acquired a fine schoolgirl appetite by then, and left us later on, presumably to dance flamenco until dawn, or later.

The next morning, Don Hilario drew Wifredo aside and said urgently, "Friend, tell me about her!"

Hating to disappoint the Colonel, Wifredo answered, "A phenomenon! So gentle, so beautiful, so humorous."

Don Hilario sighed. "Ah, Wifredo,

your experience fills me with the greenest envy!" He added in a sudden rush, "I have never, you know, accepted a gift or a favor from you, ever since I came to this factory. Not a cigarette, not a match, not a ride in your crazy automobile! However, I will say that, unlike your boorish partner, you always show the utmost consideration for my feelings in this respect, never making any move that might be open to malicious misinterpretation, and for this I honor you. Indeed, I honor you so highly, and so commend your correctness, that I feel emboldened to make a surprising request—one that you will, I am sure, recognize as being on a quite different level from the mundane round of industry in the ambient of which we daily meet. Don Wifredo, I am a lonely old man; all winter long my wounds ache; I have few pleasures. Well, to be short—if you could, by any plea, prevail on your distinguished English friends to approach Miss Gardner . . ."

Wifredo answered, "Not another word, Don Hilario! And if anyone else in all Palma were to ask this of me—even the president of the Central Bank, upon whose good will my livelihood depends—I should say 'Impossible!' But when the most courageous soldier of our race makes such a request, how dare I rebuff him? I trust that the matter can be arranged before Miss Gardner leaves the island early this afternoon."

A few minutes later, our phone rang. "Robert," Wifredo said excitedly, "will you meet me at noon in the Café Mecca on a matter of the gravest importance? I cannot explain over the telephone."

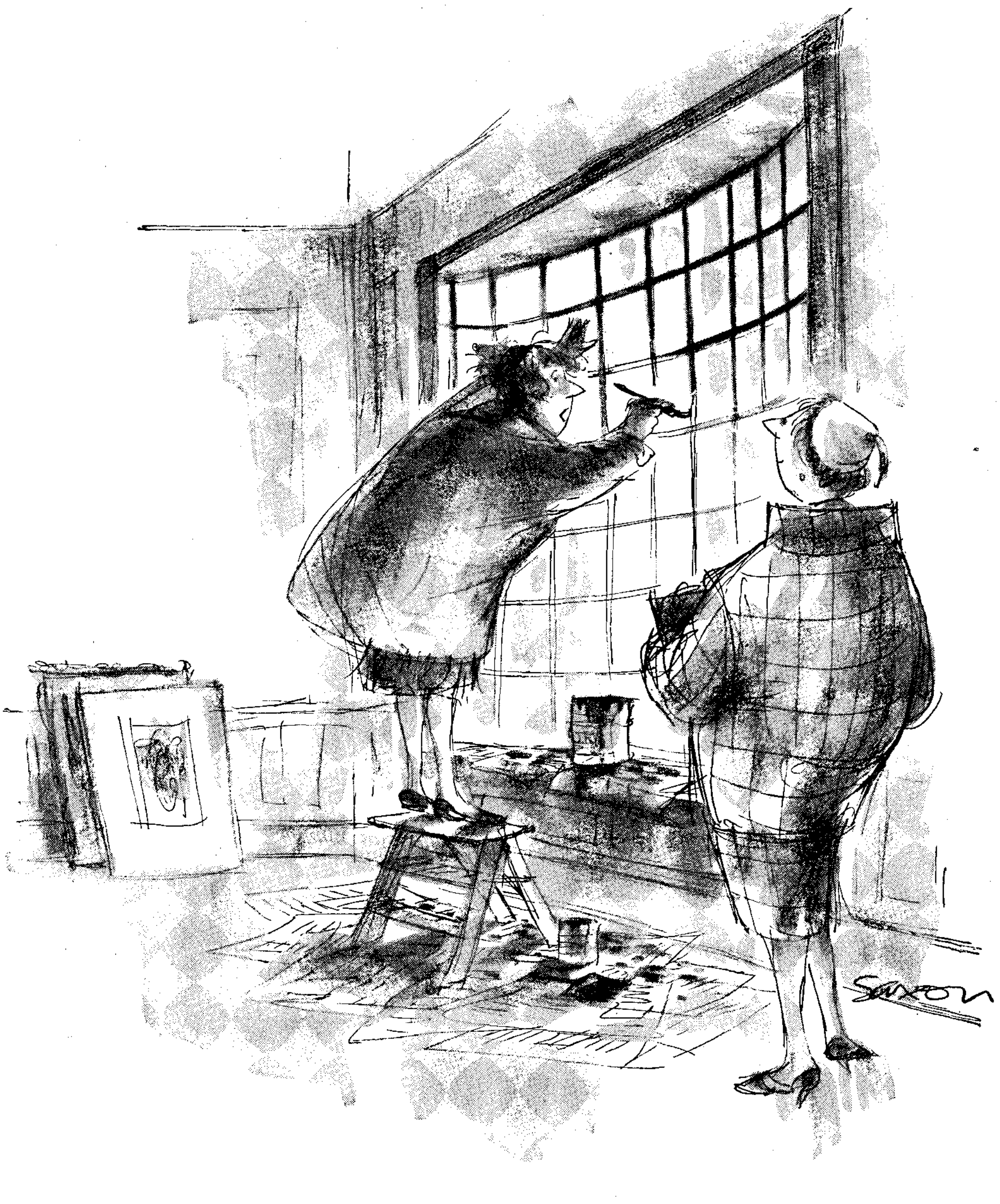
To my relief, Ava had read the marked poem and decided to accept it as a personal tribute; in fact, she begged me that afternoon to copy it out in longhand and sign it for her.

"With great pleasure," I said, "if you'll do a trade. Ava, I want a print of your most supremely glamorous photograph, inscribed 'To the heroic Colonel Don Hilario Tortugas y Postres, with the heartfelt admiration of Ava Gardner.' Here, I've written it down."

"Is 'heartfelt admiration' strictly necessary?"

"It's essential!"

I wrote out the poem for Ava in a fair hand, and soon after she had flown back to Madrid (with four crates of Binisalem wine among her luggage), a splendidly large signed photograph arrived, duly inscribed to the Colonel—a portrait, I was half glad to see, of her exotic legend rather than of herself.



"When you get to mullions, it stops being therapy."

Rosa and Wifredo invited us to the most English dinner we had eaten in years: mulligatawny soup; roast beef with roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, and boiled cabbage; apple dumplings with cream; and (as Edward Lear has put it) "no end of Stilton cheese." Wifredo even produced a bottle of vintage port—how he got hold of either the Stilton or the port beats me—and solemnly toasted Ava Gardner.

We all drank.

Then, in a voice thick with emotion, he announced, "Dear friends, in consequence of Don Hilario's report to the bank, delivered two days ago, I now have sole charge of the factory, being answerable to the bank president alone. Anibal has been relieved of his appointment, and I am empowered not only to arrange my own timber supplies but to choose a new sales manager!"

We congratulated him riotously.

"That is not all," he went on. "The Nanniparker Nursery Towel Horse goes into immediate production, as well as a similar contrivance, suggested by dear Rosa, for hoisting wet linen to the kitchen ceiling by means of a cord and pulley. It will equally serve, in better weather, for hams, sausages, strings of red peppers, and ropes of onions. How original, and how very useful! I propose to name it the Ava Gardner Drying Rack. Each example will bear a beautiful colored miniature of my benefactress, taken from an authentic photograph of her plunge into the sea at Camp de Mar. Do you consider that I need write to ask her permission?"

"She would consider it strictly unnecessary," I answered, sipping my port, cracking my walnuts, and thinking, Dear Ava! —Robert Graves

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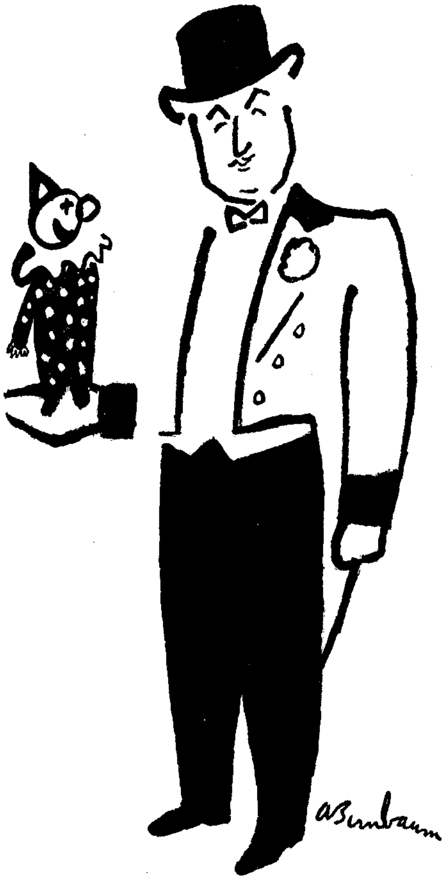
Mr. and Mrs. James Elliott, Auburn, are the proud parents of a son born to Mr. and Mrs. David A. Elliott of Kellogg, Idaho, on April 20.—*Bangor (Me.), Maine State Labor News.*

More likely on April 1.

PROFILES

TALKER—II



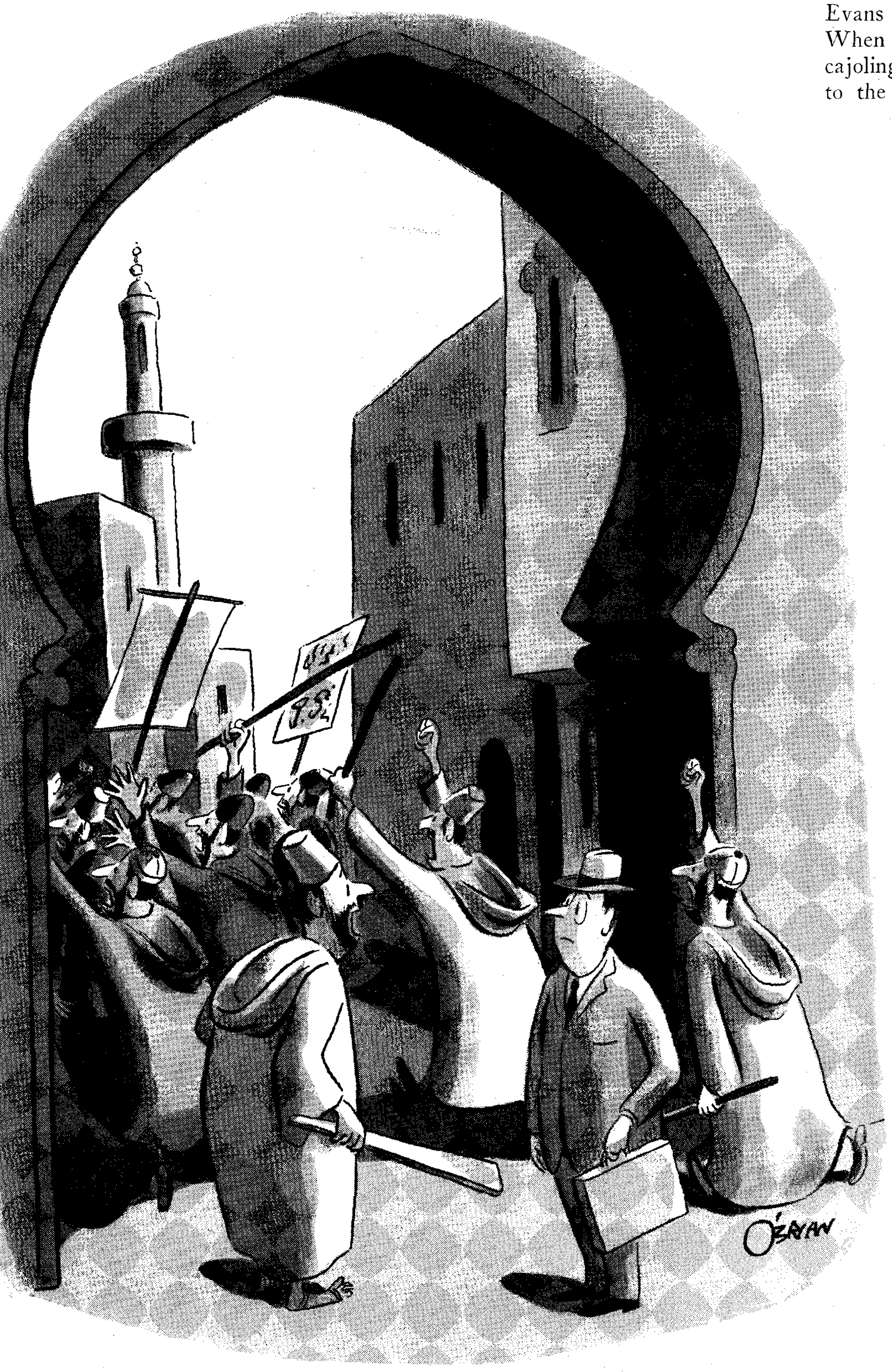
Nate Eagle

AS manager of the sideshow for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Nate Eagle has always placed his faith in midgets. He believes that the troupe he directs—handsome, talented, and merry, and by now internationally famous—gives the customers more for their money than any other sideshow attraction. Moreover, he does a very brisk business at each performance in miniature Bibles, peddled by his charges as good-luck talismans—handy wedges, he suggests, for easing the rawest sinners into Heaven. Eagle is honored among show people for being a carnival talker of almost unparalleled genius, a man of such deep, legitimate guile and persuasion that, over the past forty-three years, with acts too varied and spurious to list fully, he has probably hoodwinked at least half the nation. He also has a streak of crystal-pure probity, and it centers on the midgets. His aim is to protect them from the jungle rowdyism of carnival; he would prefer, in fact, that they remain generally innocent of the half-world of hoopla and hokum. But the call of the wild is strong, as Jack London proved in the case of a dog named Buck, and he infrequently backslides in small, superficial ways. Some years ago, he consented to show his midgets, without charge, at a Catholic high school in Springfield, Ohio, making only the curious stipulation that they appear at eleven o'clock in the morning. (Besides displaying his midgets with Ringling's, Eagle books his act all over the country in the off-circus months, and he is notably generous about benefits.) The principal, highly pleased, told him, "It will be a grand treat for the children." "That it will, sir, that it will," Eagle said, and went forward with his preparations. He had the midgets dance, sing, crack jokes, and tumble, and then, in the middle of their act, a man who looked suspiciously like a carnival roustabout came prancing onstage with a large wooden box under his arm. Eagle pried off the lid and began selling Bibles. "I believe I can safely say," he remarked afterward, "that I gathered up all the available lunch money there was in that particular school." On his way out, he was paid a rare and touching tribute—one that he cherishes to this day—when he was accosted by a parish official, a large, calm man named Father Ryan, who said, "Son, isn't that a Masonic button I see there in your lapel?" "Why, I believe it is, Father," replied Eagle, looking down at the button as if he'd never noticed it before. "Aren't you of the Jewish faith?" asked the priest, and Eagle said, "That is most certainly the situation, sir." "And you are here selling Protestant Bibles in a Catholic high school?" the priest continued, and Eagle was obliged to concur. "Son," said Father Ryan, "you've got one hell of a nerve. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to see you wind up in the White House."

John Ringling North and his brother Henry, who control and run the circus, also feel, with some pain, that Eagle has brashness beyond the normal human quota. Theatrical midgets of charm and talent, like the members of Eagle's troupe, are in peculiarly limited supply—and, perhaps more important, they are nearly all committed to Eagle—so a circus that needs them badly is in a clumsy position to bargain. "Tell me, Nate," John Ringling North once asked Eagle, in exasperation, "why do you and your midgets always cost me so much money?" Happy at the chance to talk, Eagle said, "Mr. North, I must confess, or acknowledge, that I'm just one of those terrible heels you may have heard about—I like money. Oddly enough, my midgets enjoy it, too." For several years, when the time came to discuss contracts, there occurred a grinding debate between Eagle and North, but the circus owner finally withdrew from the forum. "I hate to admit it," he said, "but that fellow can outtalk me." North now has his executive director, Arthur M. Concello, the former flying-trapeze star, do all the negotiating for the sideshow. Concello regards Eagle, when at full throttle, as a diversion on a par with the finest Broadway play, and he likes to prolong the discussions. Comfortably chewing a cigar, Concello sits relaxed, with his feet on a desk, and often dissolves helplessly into laughter. "Go on, Nate, talk some more," he will say. "It's wonderful stuff. Where'd you learn it?" Stung by these tactics, Eagle once signed up without further argument, and left in a mild huff. "Over a period of days, I wasted about six hundred dollars' worth of pitch on Concello," he later observed to a member of his troupe. "If he wants to hear the show, he can buy a ticket and come in, like everybody else."

When outbargained, North has been known to strike back in subtle ways. Even now, he is apt to find flaws in Eagle's contract and clamor for him to assume corollary duties. Last year, for instance, he was particularly insistent that the sideshow manager wear a silk hat and scarlet cutaway and stay on view during the main performance. There was a perfectly valid reason for this. Though currently forty or fifty pounds overweight, Eagle, at fifty-eight, is physically gorgeous—broad-shouldered, with a tanned complexion, a wispy mustache, and wavy white hair parted in the middle. Sending him out into the arena draped in a red monkey coat is tantamount to shifting a black-and-white television show to full compatible color. He attracted so many admiring comments as a substitute ringmaster one year that he agreed to put on the fancy suit and serve as full-time ringmaster for the following season. He was an instantaneous hit, with a couple of reservations on both his side and the management's. For one thing, Eagle, under the spotlight and holding a microphone, had the largest captive audience in his long and garrulous career. As he introduced the acts, there was virtually no way to make him stop talking. He, for his part, took umbrage at the byplay of Emmett Kelly, the clown, whose line, like that of so many comedians, is the artistic deflation of pomposity. Eagle found it a nuisance when, in the course of one of his spiels, Kelly slipped up behind him with a pair of scissors and cut off the tails of his coat. "I had to go to a lot of trouble to get them sewed back on," Eagle says. "It was childish."

North often becomes uneasy at Eagle's religious attention to the miniature Bibles. "Nate, you're spending too much time selling those things," he once said, after urging Eagle to get more variety into the sideshow. "I wouldn't be surprised if you're making more money than I am." Despite North's complaints, Eagle does not rely solely on midgets and Bibles for his sideshow attractions. Last year in the Garden, he had what he regarded as a well-balanced company, which included, besides the midgets, Ella, the fat girl, who was advertised as being willing to marry and support any man who would hold her on his knee for five minutes; Señorita Carmen, who fondled a garland of boa constrictors, each of which, Eagle said, could down five rabbits in as many minutes; a man who was billed as capable of holding fifteen billiard balls in one hand (and who actually could hold quite a few); and Ted Evans, the English giant. Of these, it was with the last-named that Eagle came closest to functioning in accordance with his natural professional bent. He gave out that Evans was nine and a half feet tall. When talking, Eagle had a trick of cajoling his listeners to move in close to the base of the platform, so that they gazed almost directly upward at Evans, who stood on a camouflaged box. This created roughly the impression of looking up at the Empire State Building. Eagle feels certain that Evans is well over seven feet tall, and he admires him, besides, for being so compliant in the matter of finger rings. Having scored his evangelical triumph with Bibles, Eagle could not resist working out a comparable dodge for the giant. Very briefly, he considered having him sell oversize Bibles, but he jettisoned the idea as crass. Finally, he began advising Evans' audiences that a ring taken from the finger of a giant was known "in the old country"—a region he has yet to pinpoint—as the only positive shield against assault and battery. Presumably, no one thought it odd that Evans, after selling a cheap iron ring he was wearing—described by Eagle as a family heirloom—substituted another from his pocket, and continued the process as long as he found buyers. With attractions like these, along with the midgets as his featured act, Eagle gives a solidly worth-while sideshow with Ringling's, but he claims that things never run smoothly. His personnel, he says, have the excitable temperaments of operatic divas, and they sulk, quarrel, and scrabble for billing and other forms of professional advantage in precisely the manner of the nation's Hollywood idols. When it comes to protocol, it is a matter of delicacy whether to bill a male sword swallower over a female snake charmer. Aside from



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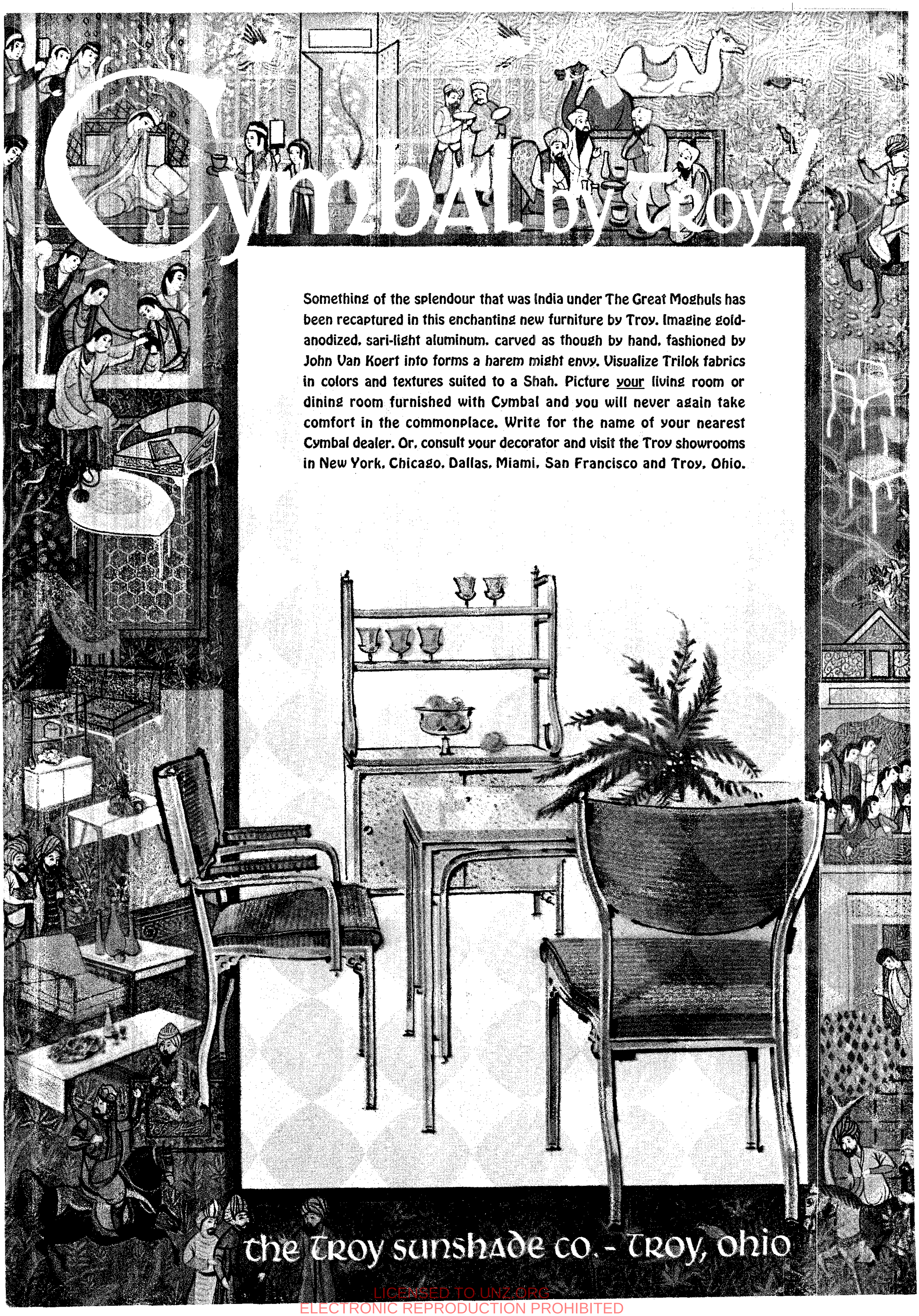

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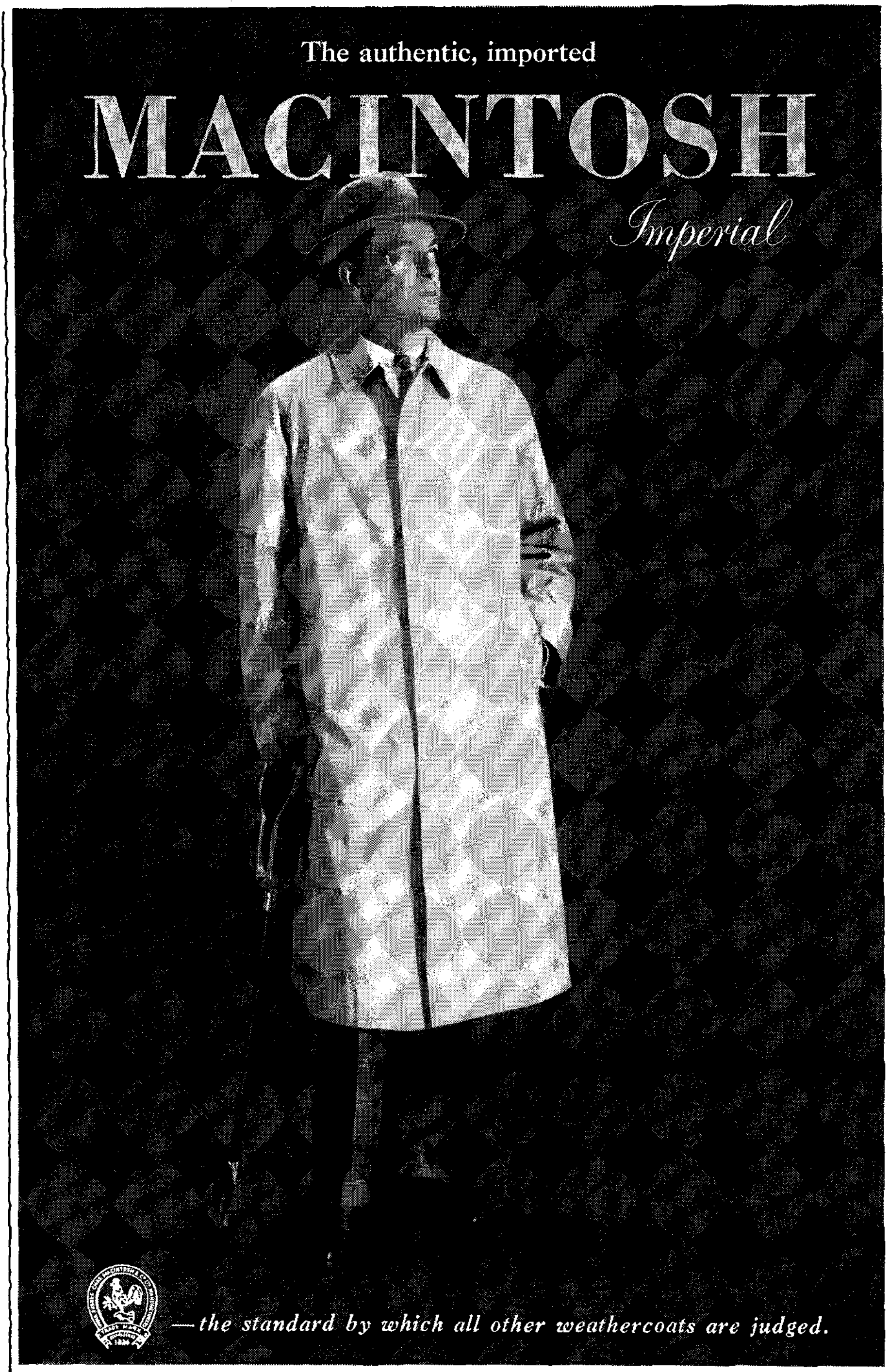
the question of gallantry, there remains the consideration of the snakes, which are, in their way, performers along with the rest. To add to Eagle's troubles, a union recently tried to organize him. He was only momentarily nettled. He called in the local's representative and said, "I can see how this may be beneficial, and take a lot of weight off my shoulders. I'm practically ready to sign up, but there's something I want you to do first—call a shape-up and send me a union fire eater, three union pinheads, a union dog-faced boy, a couple of union double-jointed pygmies, and a union half man, half alligator, preferably from Peru." The negotiations collapsed.

ACTUALLY, Eagle has never dealt in "freaks" of the murky, small-carnival sort. In his choice of artists to exhibit, he shows instinctive good taste, preferring only those who will not, as he puts it, "arouse a feeling of repulsion." His treatment of sideshow people, too, is invariably marked by dignity and respect. "When Nate's hiring somebody, he never refers to a personal peculiarity," says one of his assistants. "He always asks, 'What does your act consist of?'" But it is only with midgets that Eagle feels entirely at peace in his work. He enjoys midgets as the average parent enjoys children, and he has taken pains to study them scientifically. There are, as he will gladly explain to anyone interested, two general types of abnormally undersized persons—both the result of glandular malfunction. In one of these, known loosely as dwarfs and identified medically as achondroplastic dwarfs, a bone disorder at birth results in a stumpiness of the extremities, a large, globular head, and the powerful torso of a person much taller. Pituitary dwarfs, familiarly known as midgets, are unremarkable at birth, sometimes weighing nine or ten pounds, but they stop growing in early childhood and, though very small, are perfectly proportioned. They marry among themselves and have children (as a rule by Caesarean section), who almost always grow to customary adult height. Eagle's midgets, although they don't mind the name the world has given them, prefer to call themselves "little people," and share the basic fear of midgets everywhere that they will suddenly start to grow again and belatedly attain normal size, as, for reasons unknown, many midgets do, usually in their late twenties or early thirties. Once they have become oriented to their special adulthood, they are under-



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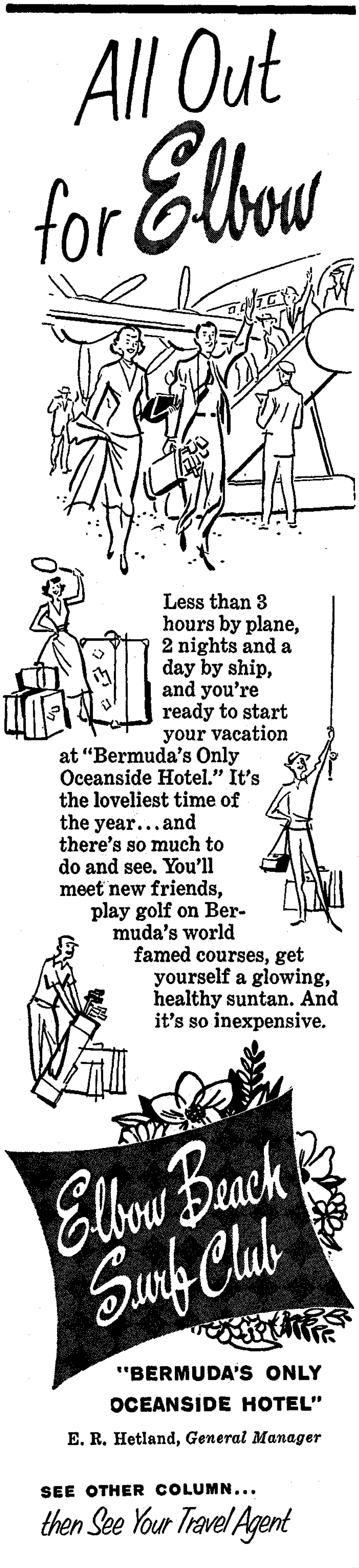
standably wary of confronting a life drawn to a new and puzzling scale.

All Eagle's midgets have read up on the background of their kind and are intensely proud of the part that little people—midgets and dwarfs alike—have played in history. Attila the Hun, they point out, was probably a dwarf, if an uncommonly bloodthirsty one, and both Charles III, King of Sicily and Naples in the fourteenth century, and his contemporary, Ladislas I of Poland, were midgets. Ladislas is referred to in the records as the Warrior Midget King, and is credited, or discredited, with having trimmed a great many taller men down to his size in battle. The midget Richebourg, who was less than two feet tall, cut a very lively figure in the French Revolution and had, from all accounts, a sort of holiday good time while being passed, with concealed dispatches, through the lines as a babe in arms. It was his whim to nurse a bottle until safety was reached and then, after fumbling in his swaddling clothes, produce and light up a large cigar. He died in Paris at the age of ninety. During the reign of Charles I, in seventeenth-century England, Sir Jeffery Hudson, a midget courtier, fought like a demon in his country's wars of the period, and wound up an energetic career as a captive of Turkish pirates. The members of Eagle's troupe are the essence of docility and nonbelligerence, but it is a curious truth (perhaps easily explainable by the psychologists) that in times past little people have all but turned into tigers on the battlefield.

Numerous noncombatant midgets and dwarfs are also mentioned in the history books—Coppernin, who served the mother of George III; John Jarvis, a page in the court of Queen Mary I; Nicholas Ferry, a counsellor-attendant to King Stanislas of Poland—but it remained for Phineas T. Barnum to establish little people in the public mind as about the most important persons on earth. There is no doubt that General Tom Thumb, Barnum's midget discovery, was among the most popular men of his era. In spite of his military handle, Thumb was not a career soldier. His real name was Charles Sherwood Stratton; the alias derived from the ballad containing the line "In Arthur's court, Tom Thumb did live" (a reference to a supposed midget of that time), and Barnum tacked on the "General" for good measure. Eagle, an ardent admirer of Barnum's inventive skill, has always wondered why he didn't anticipate Pershing by making Thumb General of the Armies. At twenty-five,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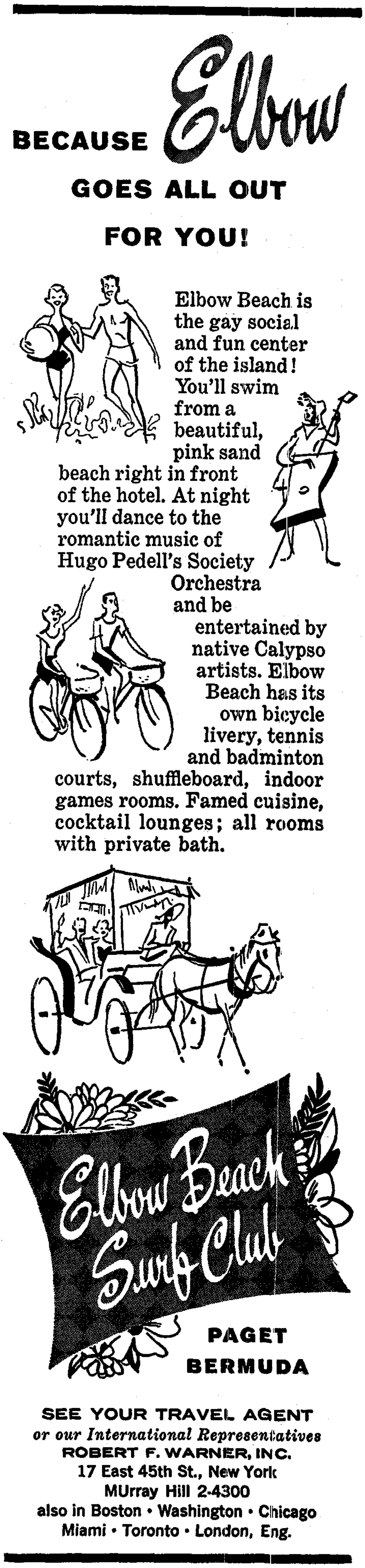
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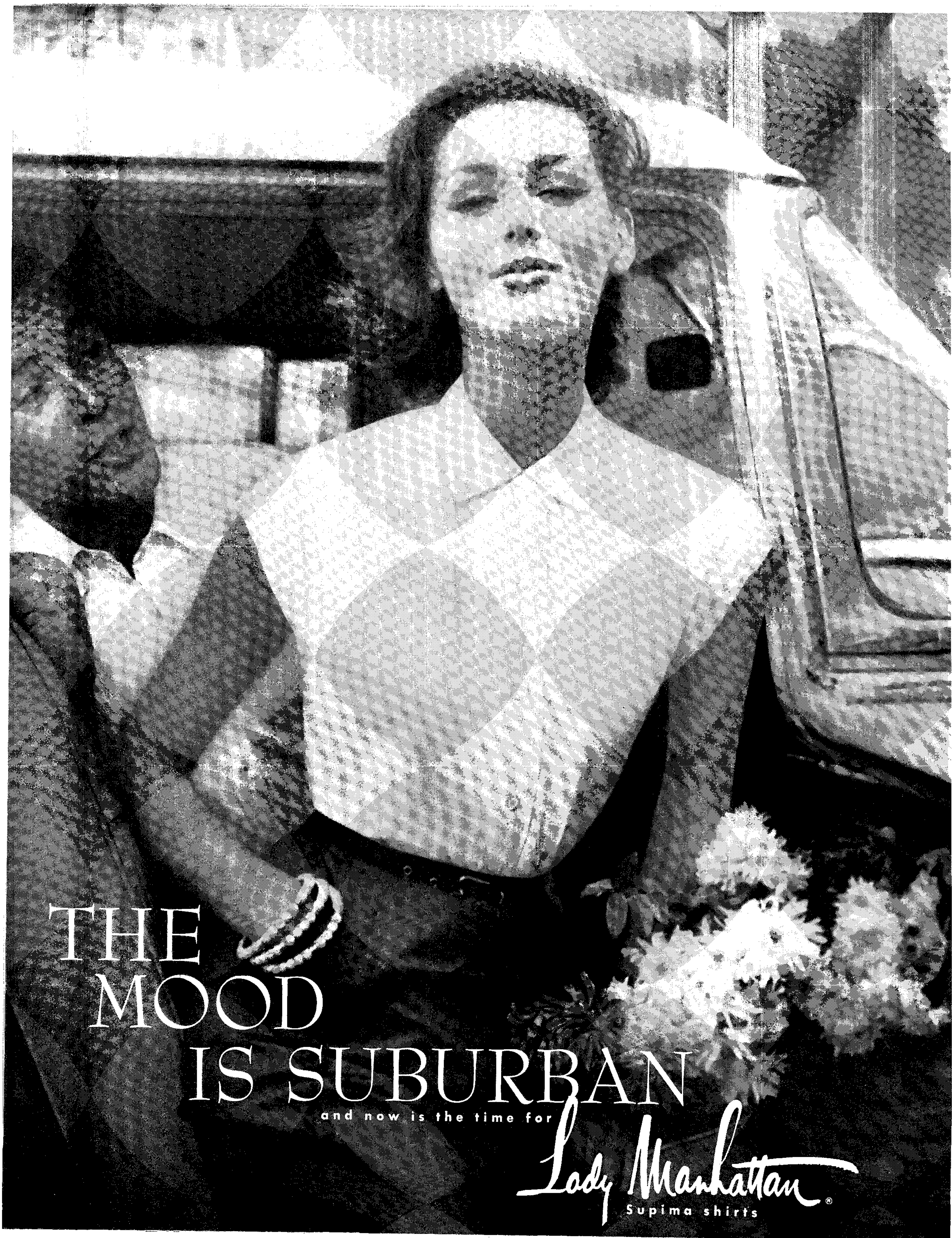

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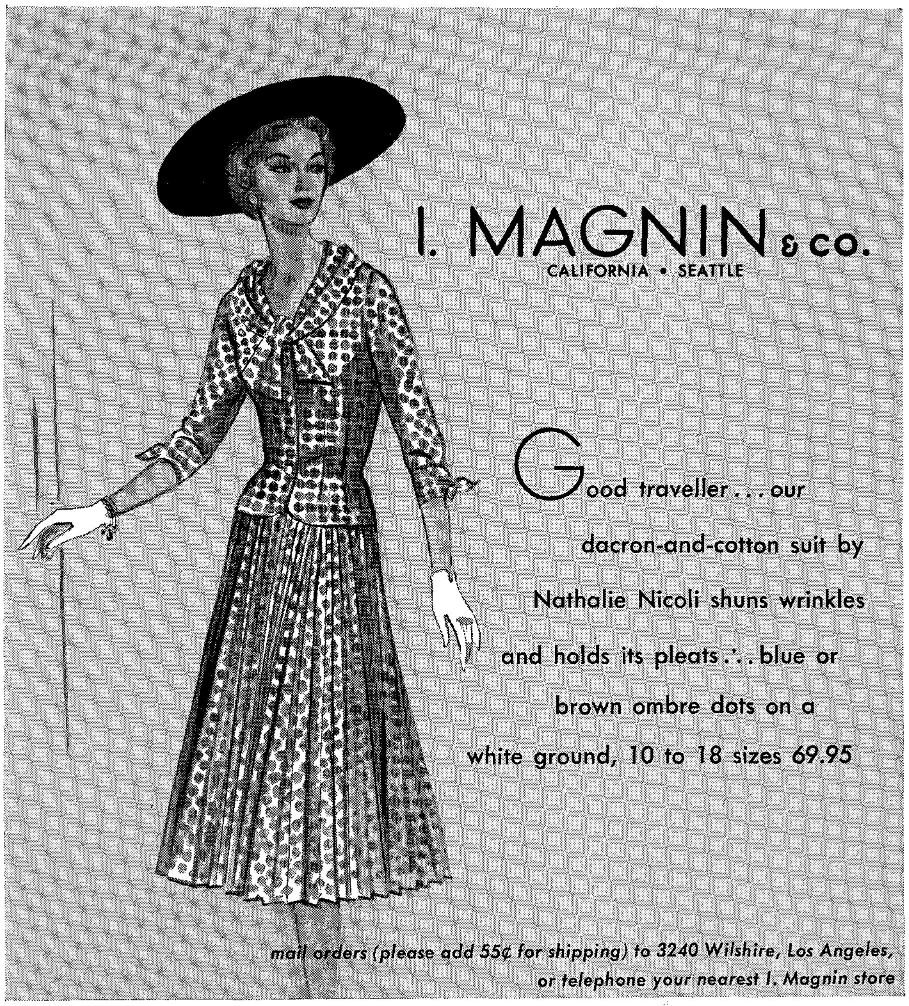
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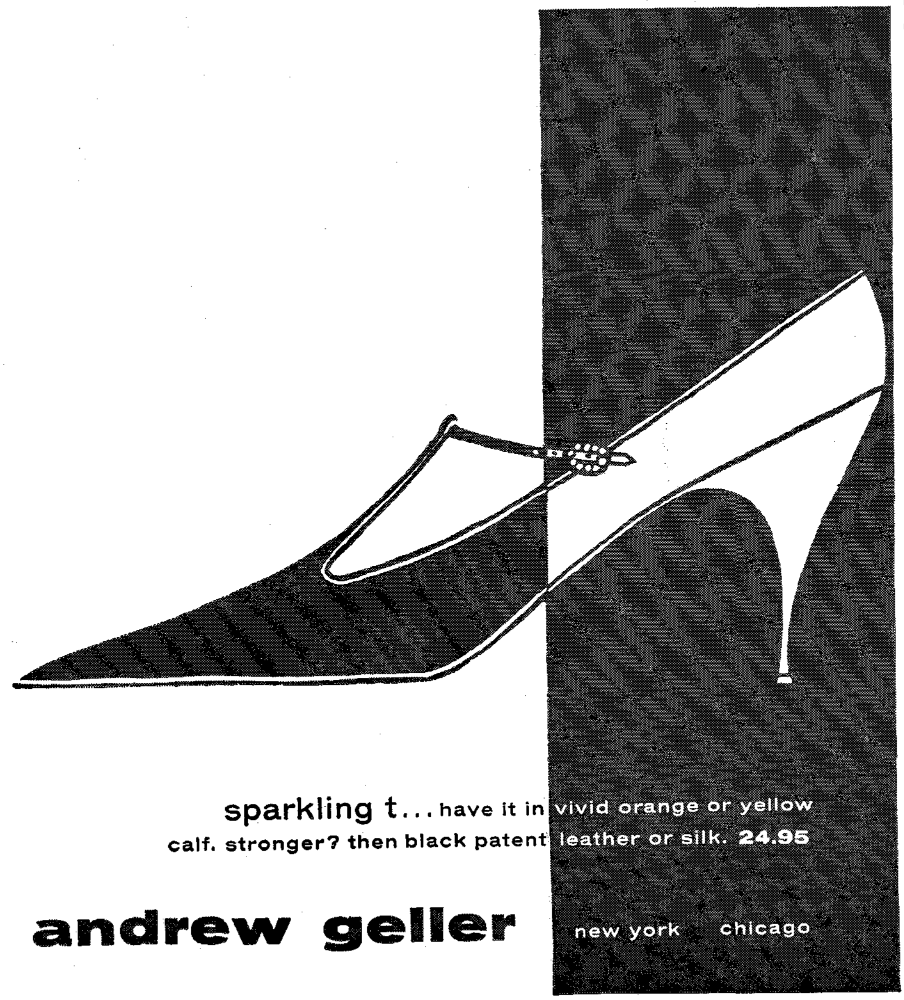
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Thumb stood thirty-one inches tall and weighed nearly seventy pounds; he was by no means the smallest midget of his time, but Barnum took up the slack with publicity. He presented Thumb as the tiniest human being in the annals of civilization—a frolicsome piece of mendacity that the General indulged with good humor—and found him a medium-size midget bride, named Lavinia Warren, who he claimed was the smallest *woman* ever. The Thumb wedding, in New York's Grace Episcopal Church in 1863, was a masterwork of bad taste, being hysterically noisy and public (it was arranged in its entirety by Barnum), and it afforded possibly the worst start ever made by newlyweds, big or little. Surprisingly, the couple proved more durable, in some ways, than their theatrical creator. In later years, while Barnum had his financial ups and downs, General and Mrs. Thumb retired gracefully from the stage, went into the real-estate business in Connecticut, and threw their considerable mental weight around with exceedingly lucrative effect. They made a fortune.

INFLUENCED by Barnum, Eagle has been attracted to midgets since his mid-teens, when he left his parents' home, then in Montgomery, Alabama, to join a succession of circuses and carnivals, but his important professional connection with them began in 1934, at the Chicago World's Fair. Eagle was fresh from triumphs of the Fair's first season, during which he had built up a relatively big-time reputation for humbug; in snake boots, pith helmet, and bush jacket, he had presided over the African Village, a native compound inhabited by nearly fifty savages—about half of them stokers off British freighters and the rest local poolroom loungers and fishermen from lake-front piers—and later, in the role of Dr. Eagle, a lecturing physician, he had been in charge of a semipornographic obstetrical exhibit. With these solid accomplishments behind him, he was not surprised when, at the beginning of the second season, he was called in by Rufus Dawes, the director of the Fair and a brother of Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President during the Coolidge administration. Eagle has a sharp recollection of the interview, which he feels was a milestone in his career. At the start, Dawes appeared uncertain whether to address him as "Bwana" or "Doctor." He settled on the second, and asked Eagle to take charge of a midget village that had gone two hundred and seventy

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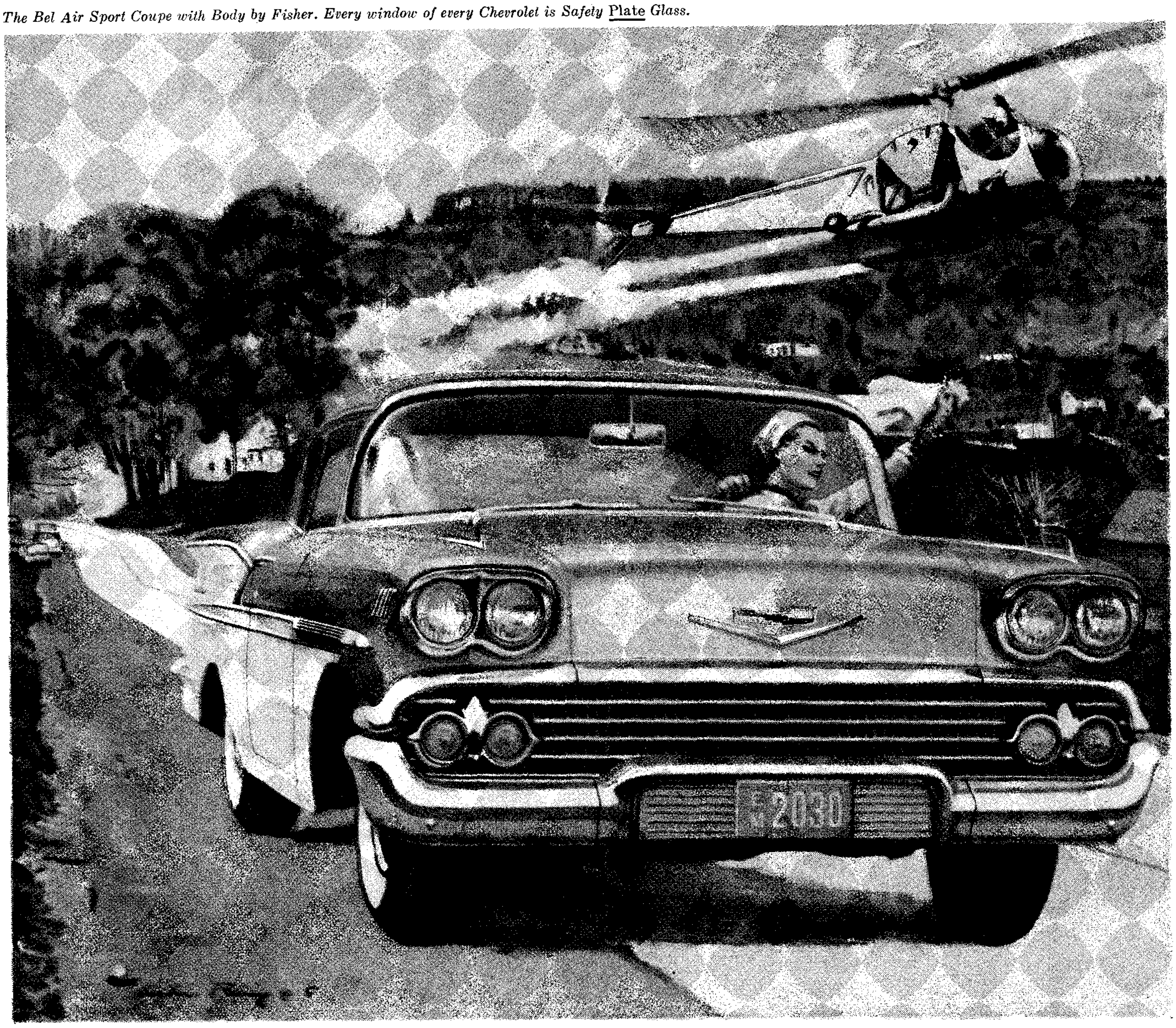

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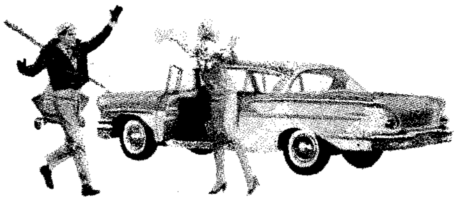

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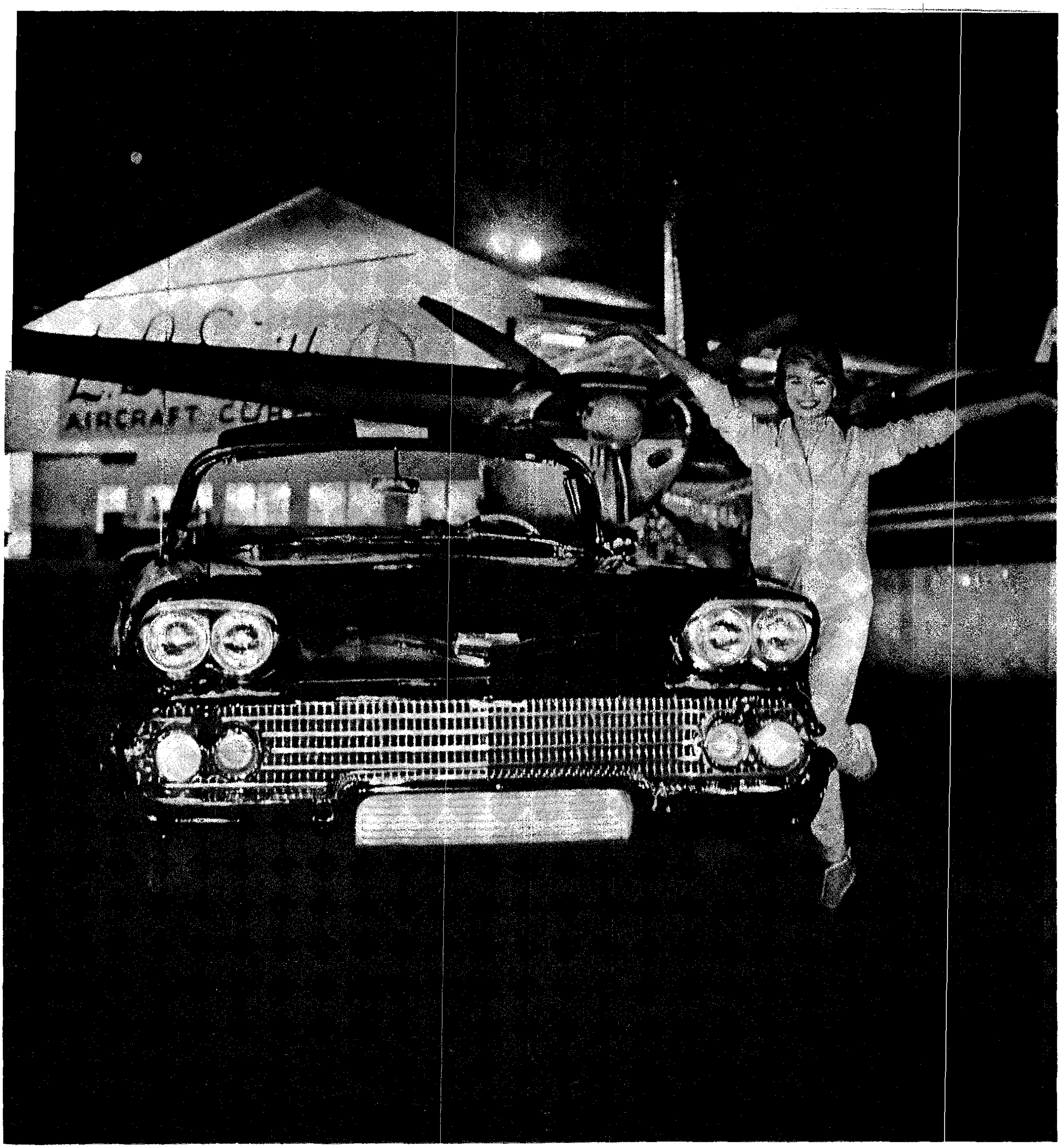

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thousand dollars in the red before it had got properly under way. "How much would you want for running it, Doctor?" Dawes asked nervously, and turned pale when Eagle said, "Very little, Mr. Dawes. Practically nothing. For the most part, I'm in business for the fun of it. I like people, and I like an outdoor life. Half of the net would be ample as far as I, personally, am concerned. Now, don't press me—I won't accept a dime more than that." For several moments, Dawes regarded him with admiration mixed with dismay. Finally, taking a deep breath, he said, "All right, go ahead. Do it your way. You'll have carte blanche on expenses." In the succeeding weeks, Dawes remarked afterward, his stout-hearted decision produced the most nerve-racking experience of his life. Eagle immediately hired a hundred and eighty-seven midgets, including the most expensive troupes of the time—Singer's, the Ike Rose Midgets, and the Ritter Midgets, from Germany—and blandly leased a ten-story hotel on Chicago's South Side to house them in.

As Eagle warmed to his work, the product of his ingenuity blossomed into one of the real wonders of the Fair. He operated on the grandest possible scale in presenting the midgets in a miniature setting, called Midget City. He engaged carpenters, electricians, plumbers, and other skilled labor by platoons, and he installed elaborate new fittings as fast as his fertile brain conceived them, which, Dawes told a friend, was about once every seven minutes. An interesting aspect of his rampage was that he managed to establish a tidy financial hookup with almost everybody he met. He talked a noted restaurant chain into putting in a miniature café, at which the midgets dined free, and he established a miniature barbershop, mainly so he could get a free shave, from a midget, every day before work. He persuaded the Standard Oil people to build the concession a diminutive filling station, and had the company print a little newspaper, which he hawked for five cents a copy. The Baby Ruth candy company, succumbing to Eagle's hypnotic allure, agreed to chop up some of its bars, wrap the small pieces like the originals, and let Eagle keep the proceeds from peddling them. He suffered a moment of outrage when he was compelled to take out a full-size license to open a miniature liquor store, but he recovered his normal good nature as soon as he got the idea of selling a soft drink for ten cents at a miniature stand, and charging a nickel extra for the

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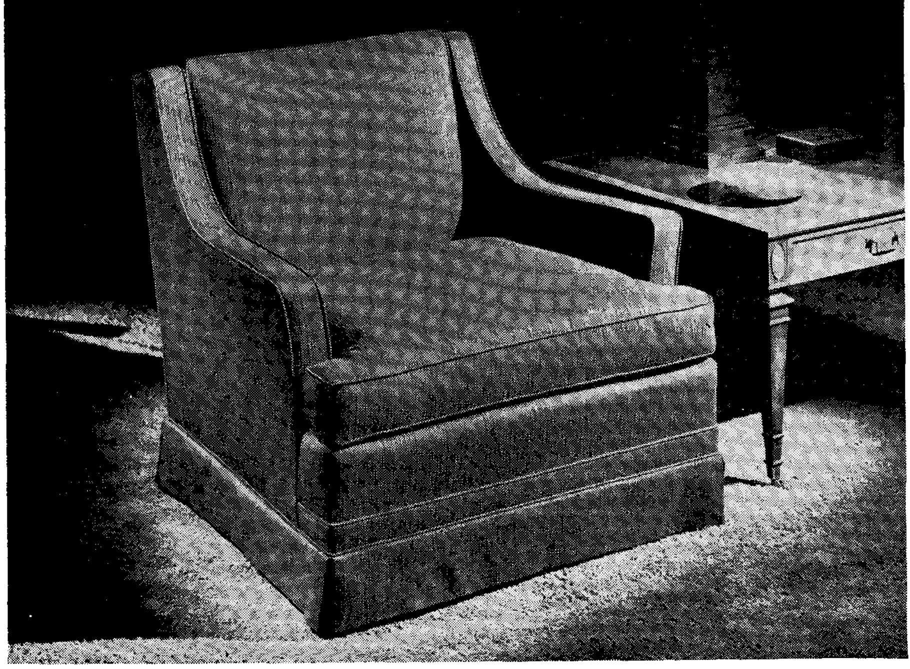

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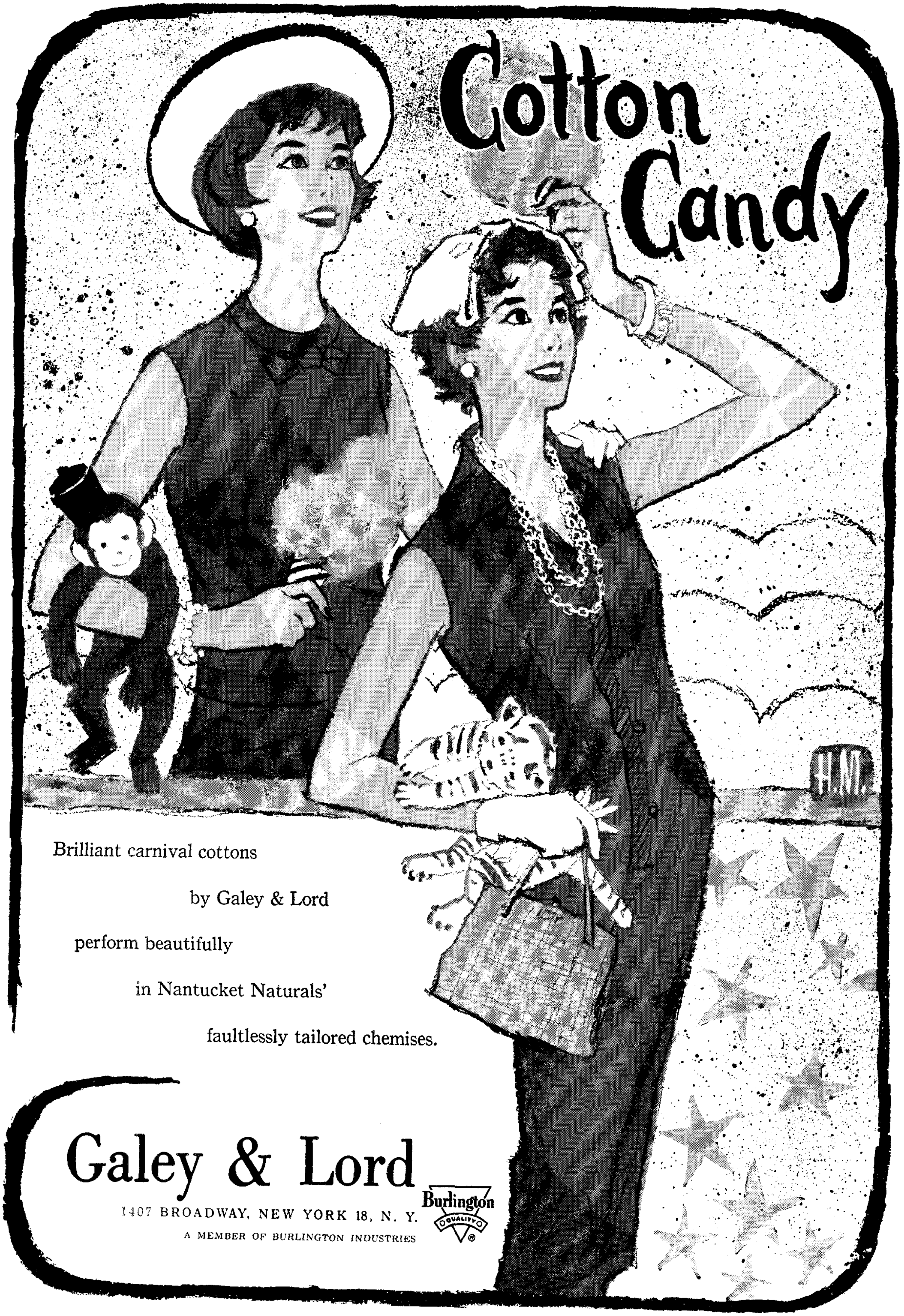
cup. He successfully urged the Good Humor company to coöperate by making several very small trucks, and charged it ten thousand dollars for the privilege of distributing its products in them. Once or twice a day, Dawes turned up to watch these ornate monkeyshines, and usually he left shaking his head in bewilderment. The truth is that he had nothing vital to complain about. Visitors to the Fair, responding in droves as soon as Midget City opened, were given an excellent show for their money, which came to twenty-five cents for a ticket and a dime extra for a seat when they got inside—an illustration of one of Eagle's basic carnival maxims: "It doesn't matter how much it costs them to get in. What's important is how much it costs them to get out." Altogether, during a seven-month season, the Midget City did a gross business of $1,900,000.

In the light of this performance, it was logical that San Diego should come to Eagle in connection with its monster exposition of 1935. For the California city, he organized another midget village, less grandiose but slightly more hoked up than the first. The accent was on the rustic. He planted crab-apple trees and represented them as midget McIntoshes; he bought several litters of very young pigs and announced that they were "pygmy hogs," imported from Siam; he built a pond and stocked it with teal, which he claimed were tiny geese; and he grew some cucumbers that he called "stunted watermelons." The average farmer's reaction when he entered and looked around was "Shucks!" Eagle also got into a pretty brisk wrangle with the sheriff. "That was when I learned about the child-labor laws in California," he says. The trouble revolved around a stunning trio of little people in the village. Eagle identified them as the Del Rios, an importation from someplace deep in Brazil. The Del Rios were perhaps the hit of his show; certainly they were, as he stated, little. This was not surprising, since they were six, nine, and eleven years old. "They were marvellous little people—coöperative and obedient, almost childlike," Eagle says. "I think they were Californians named Rodriguez. I have the impression that they're somewhat larger now."

The legal hullabaloo that Eagle stirred up with the Del Rios (its only result was that he had to retire the trio) proved gratifying to the Exposition officials, who approached him and said, "Mr. Eagle, you've done a wonderful job of putting San Diego on the



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map, and of booming things out here generally, but we feel that the Exposition needs a real snapper of an attraction. Something downright eye-catching. What do you suggest?" "Give me half an hour to think it over, gentlemen," Eagle replied, radiating his usual confidence. The upshot of the interview was Zoro Garden, the only exhibit of its kind, Eagle believes, ever seen in America. Even its detractors (and they were centered, in the main, among the police) agreed that Zoro Garden was eye-catching. It was a nudist camp, with a large number of stark-naked showgirls walking around, gossiping, dozing on artificial rocks, and fishing in homemade ponds. Eagle also had some fairly well peeled men on view, but he insisted that they wear loincloths. "There is, after all, such a thing as morality," he told a reporter sternly, in reply to a question about the disparity of costumes in his coeducational fold. "I will not—I repeat, no power can make me—display entirely nude men to the public eye. My conscience would bother me. I'd never be able to get to sleep at night." The fact is that nobody in California was pressing Eagle to take the loincloths off the men; more accurately, he was being vigorously urged to put some clothes on the women. To this effect, he was quizzed by the authorities on a number of occasions. His manner (and he was backed by the Exposition) was injured, even faintly religious in tone. "If the good Lord had intended those primitive children of nature to be garbed, He would have garbed them at birth," Eagle stated. "These are out-of-door enthusiasts, with no more interest in sex than you gentlemen sitting before me." Then, with his customary verbosity, he went on to expatiate in an appealing, jingoistic vein. "Here in our sunny State of California," said Eagle, a native of Tennessee who had spent most of his life in the East, "here in what is

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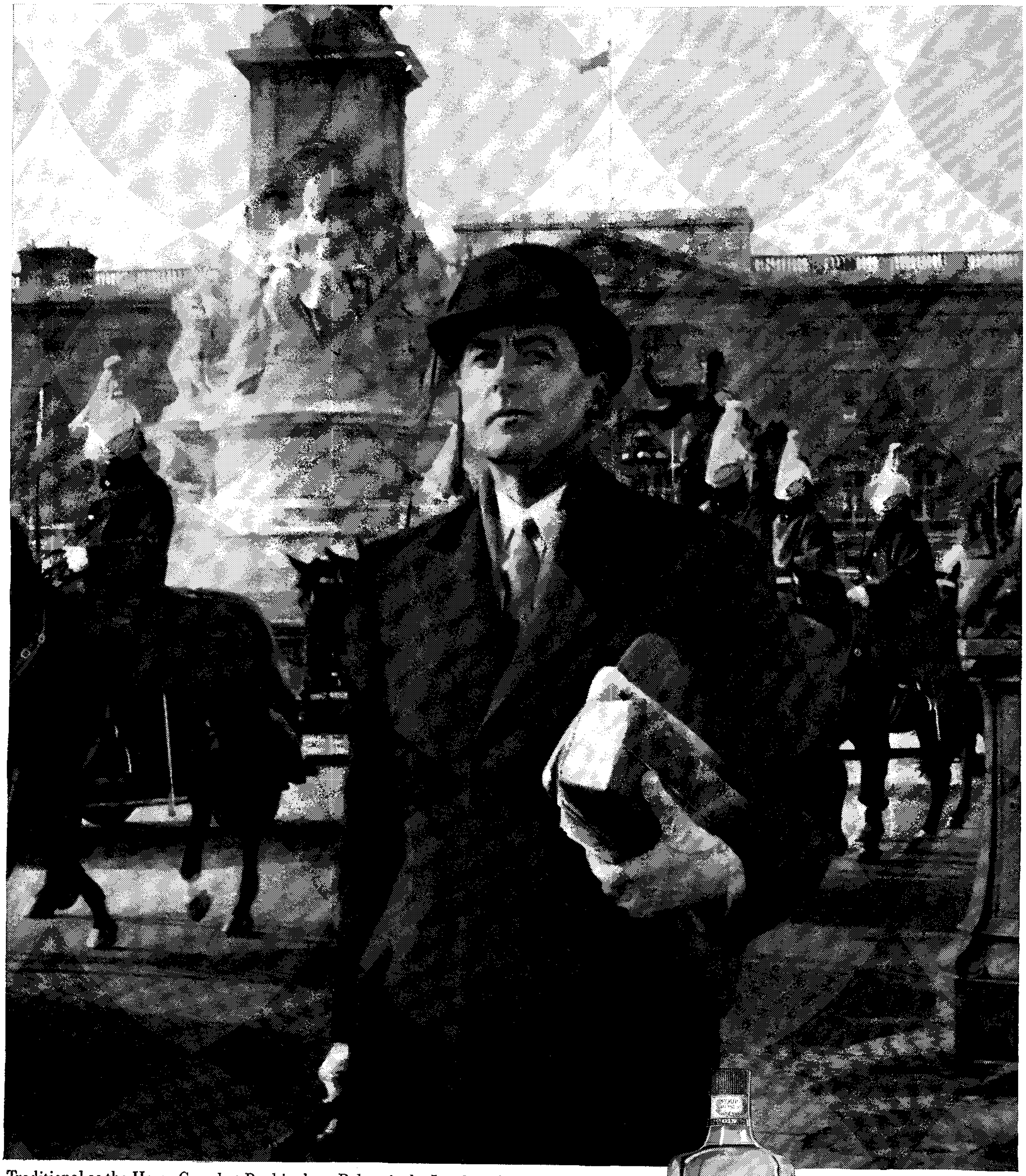

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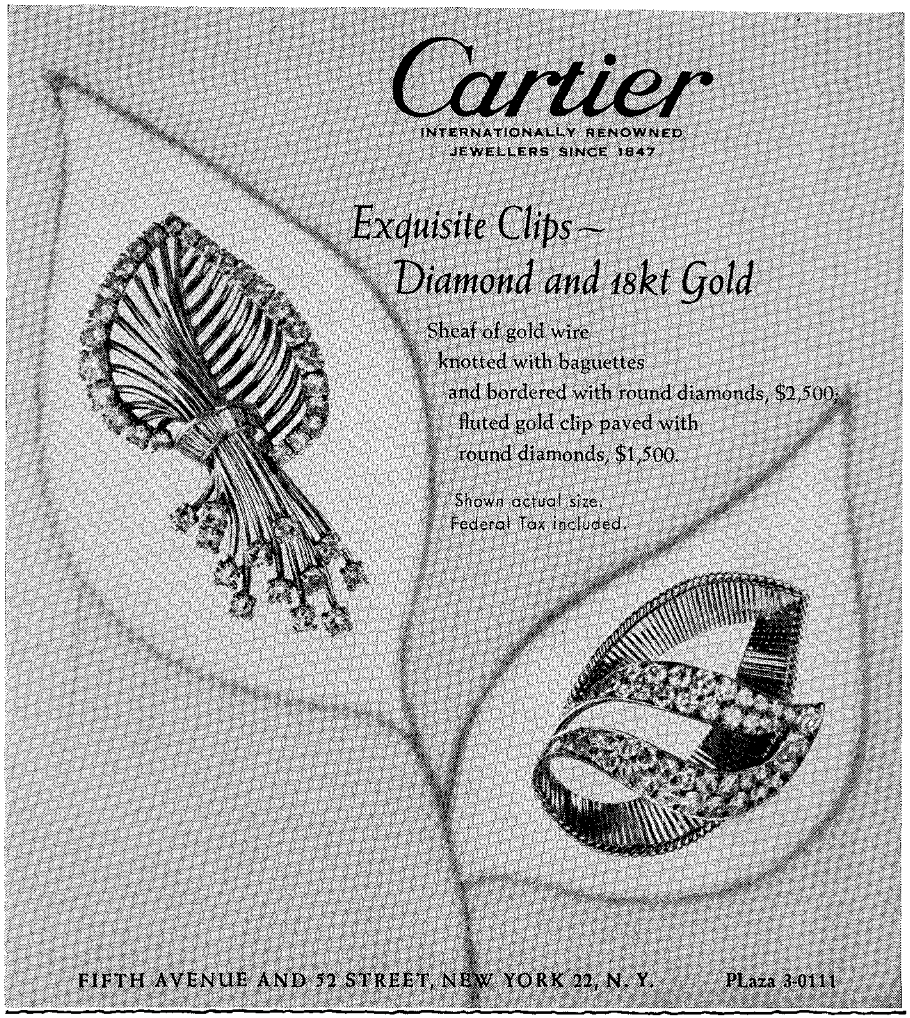
perhaps the only place in our beloved Union where people can walk about naturally, what costume can be better than a healthy summer tan, and perhaps something on the feet for the burs? Why do the noble womanly proportions that God has assembled need protection against the stares of our fellows? Yes . . ." He went on like this at such length that the authorities finally became exhausted and proposed a compromise: Eagle could display naked women as long as he kept the audience moving. Suffused with delight, he thanked them for envisioning a constructive measure that he himself had overlooked. A knotty problem at Zoro had been the audience's tendency to loiter; people would come in and show a disinclination to leave, and a number of men, several quite elderly, had even made a practice of bringing a box lunch. After his enlightening conference with the authorities, Eagle encircled the garden with a long wooden runway and hustled the customers around it at a nippy pace. He was able to maintain a staggering volume, establishing the soundness of another lifelong Eagle maxim: "If enough money passes through your hands, it stands to reason that some of it's bound to stick." As Eagle candidly admits, he made a very nice dollar out of the San Diego Exposition.

THE inference should not be drawn that during these long engagements a man of Eagle's sensitivity remained deaf to the clamor of events in the world outside. Over and over, throughout his career, Eagle has shown a quick awareness of emergency. He was running his Midget City in Chicago when John Dillinger was shot, in July, 1934, and his reaction was hailed by show people from coast to coast. Carrying a box of flowers, he called on Dillinger's father and, after offering his condolences, suggested that they go into business exhibiting the late gangster, embalmed, in a hall that Eagle had rented for the purpose. "It's a very good idea," the father told him. "John's always been kind of a headache to me, and now when he's in a position to do something for his old daddy, I don't see why he shouldn't do it." Unfortunately for Eagle, and for the elder Dillinger, the Chicago Board of Health quashed the plan as soon as the first publicity about it hit the papers. That same year, Eagle boarded a train for Montreal within hours after the startling first flash about the Dionnes, hoping to take the quintuplets on a world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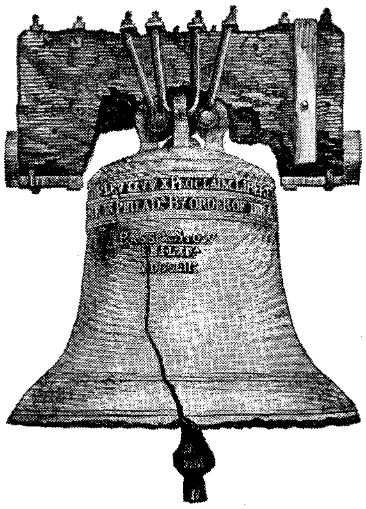

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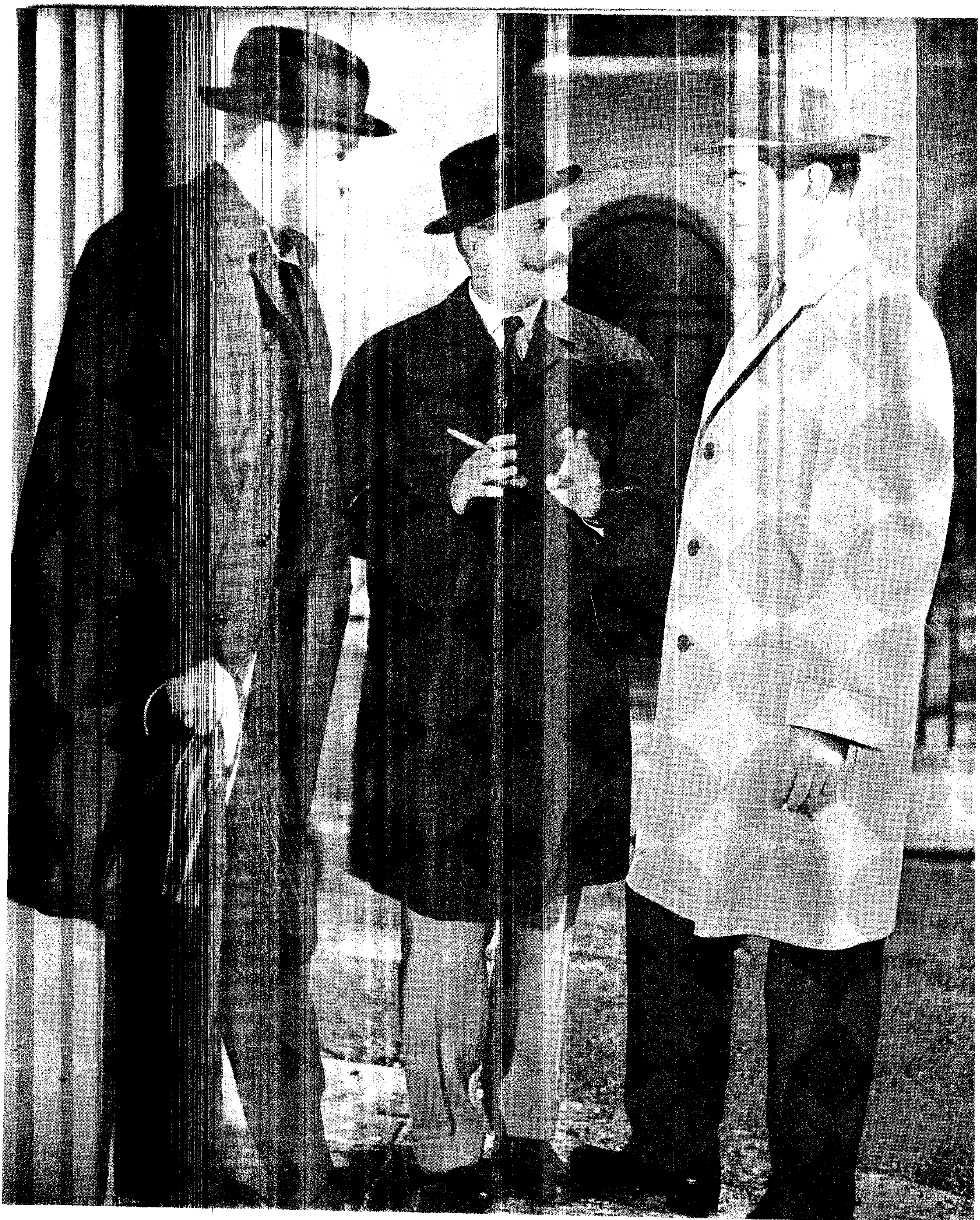
tour in a sort of glass-enclosed monkey cage. Overcoming an obstacle or two, he had a brief chat with Oliva Dionne, who seemed interested, and another with Dr. Dafoe, whose response was indignant. He returned to Chicago defeated. Eagle still thinks his project would have provided a heartening windfall of cash for everybody concerned. "Dr. Dafoe did a good job up there," he says grudgingly, "but he certainly wasn't any businessman. We could have hit the jackpot."

Eagle has always been indulgent toward students of his art, and has outlined many ways in which an alert bamboozler can leap into the breach of the news. He recalls a time, in the thirties, when he was managing the sideshow for a Shrine circus in Cleveland and a series of train wrecks created what he interpreted as a national train-wreck psychology. Thus inspired, he got busy organizing a topical attraction. One evening, the Shriners went to bed peacefully, their circus quietly thriving, and the next morning they awoke to find a headless woman on their hands. The woman, displayed on a platform in a device that resembled an incubator, had, it seemed, been rescued by Eagle's agents at the scene of a train wreck in Belgium and magically kept alive while being brought to Cleveland. "Never was so egregious a farce perpetrated on the Ohio public," one of his friends has said. "Its elaborateness alone would have brought a blush of shame to the cheek of the average showman." The victim was surrounded by a complicated network of restoratives—hoses, plasma suspended from racks, bottles of gurgling fluid, gauges, and a lot of other equipment, much of it dramatically in motion, including, as perhaps the most macabre touch, a hand pump obtained from a retired deep-sea diver. Eagle was accoutred in the starchy habiliments of medicine, but he had another doctor on hand—the specialist in charge of the case, who was a former popcorn hawker, now wearing a false beard. There were several white-coated attendants—all roustabouts—and a number of nurses, recruited from a stranded taxi-dance troupe. It was perfectly clear to the customers that the woman's life hung in the balance. Eagle himself was in a state of incomparable agitation, springing back and forth, brandishing scalpels, and trying, in defiance of all probability, to pull the case out of the fire. Having dug up some medical terms and added a little double-talk to make things sound authentic, he would cry to the specialist, "What's the blood pres-



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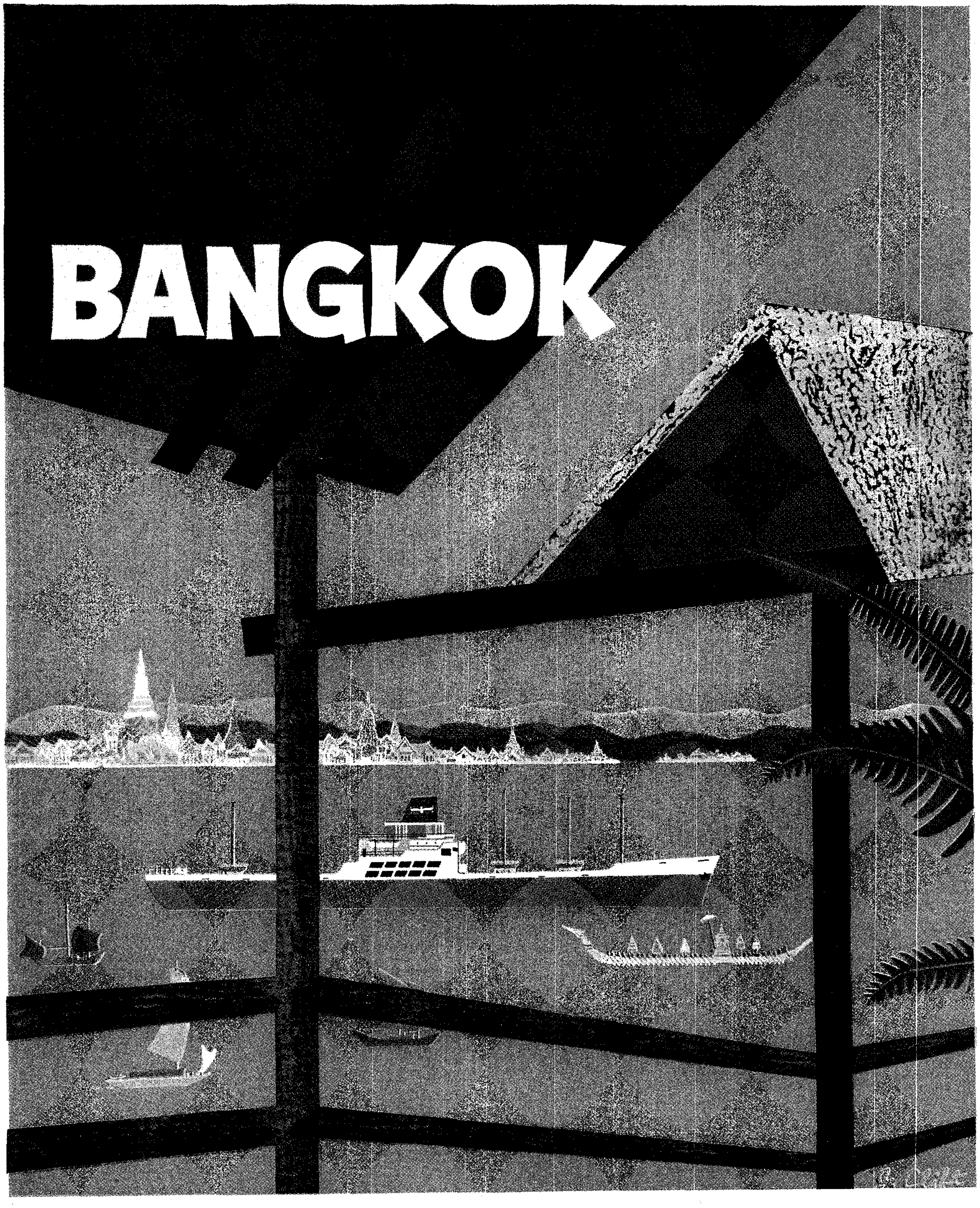

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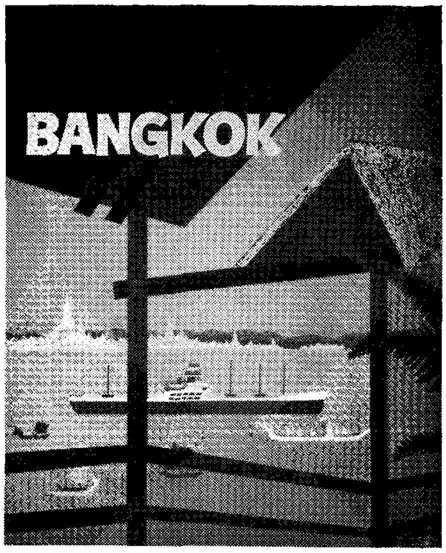

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sure now, Doctor?," and the answer would come back, "Forty-three over two eighty-seven, negative."

"Metabolic perspiration?"

"Medium to dense, with a coagulation of the lower fibia."

"My God, this is terrible!" Eagle would shout, and exhort the roustabout on the pump to buckle down to his work.

The exhibit, cleverly arranged with mirrors, brought in a fair harvest of money before the coroner dropped around and broke it up.

In certain circumstances, Eagle has not spurned imitation. He points out that show genius is often derivative, just as artists and writers look back to the classics for their first, triggering spark. When the Ringling circus imported a tribe of Ubangis, with saucers in their pendulous lower lips, Eagle availed himself of precisely the same sort of group, as was plainly advertised by the show he was with at the moment. The only difference was that Eagle's Ubangis were fakes. He had hired some colored field hands and given them saucer lips to be stuck on with spirit gum. But the locale was Southern and the season summer, and when a tribal dance began, the spirit gum melted and all the saucers fell off. The spectacle, Eagle hastens to acknowledge, was received unfavorably by nearly everybody who saw it. Ringling's imported pygmies also stirred Eagle to heights of inspired emulation. He was able to enlist a few Negro midgets and dwarfs, but their number fell short of tribal strength, so he hired some full-size personnel and stationed them in holes. While the little people bustled about the compound, performing pygmy ceremonies that Eagle had dreamed up, the rest were limited to swaying back and forth. In the end, the deception proved unworkably thin when a practical joker in the audience cried "Fire!" and the previously rooted pygmies jumped out of their holes and scampered like whippets for open country.

MANY close followers of Eagle's career contend that he put in some of his best licks at the New York World's Fair, in 1939 and 1940. Eagle is not a boastful man, but he does claim, modestly, to have racked up a couple of "firsts" there. For one thing, he was the only concessionaire to receive an official rebuke from the management of the Fair, and, for another, he was the only one to be apprehended by the police. The latter episode was the result of an assignment he received from Lew Dufour and Joe Rogers, the owners of

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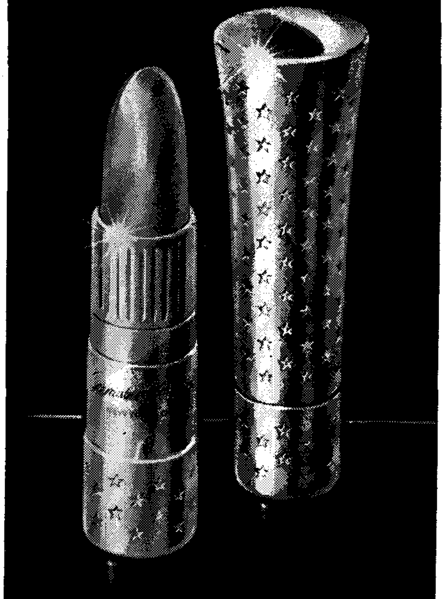

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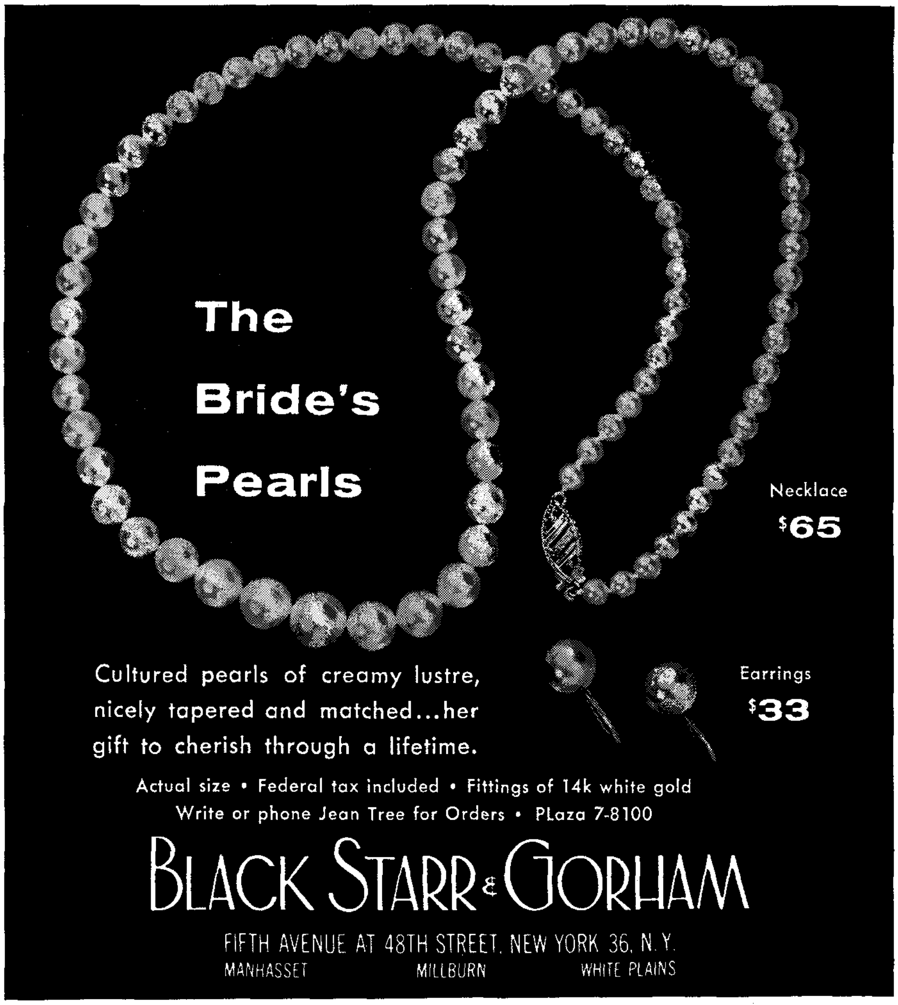

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the African Village and the obstetrical exhibit he had run in Chicago in 1933, to erect a gigantic Seminole Indian Village, wherein some hostile denizens of the Florida Everglades could be enclosed and kept under the strict surveillance warranted by a fearsome reputation that Eagle would attempt to give them through the press. When a train bearing the savages pulled into Pennsylvania Station, a pretty large crowd was on hand. Easily outstanding in it was Eagle, wearing a frayed Indian bonnet he had borrowed, and accompanied by two attendants carrying oddly shaped bundles. The assembled New Yorkers—friendly and hospitable, as always—raised their voices in welcome as the tribe (in costume, by prearrangement) piled into the concourse. There Eagle, holding up a hand for silence, cried "How!" to the chief. "Good morning, sir," the chief replied, at which point Eagle sailed into action. "Stand back! Stand back!" he called to the spectators. "These people are two days out of the swamp, and starving. They dine solely on their native alligator meat." As the crowd gave way, Eagle's two assistants stepped forward and opened their bundles, from which one pulled out some kindling and several long, pointed sticks, and the other a twenty-pound roast of beef. "Stand back! Stand back!" Eagle continued to shout, though by then the warning was largely superfluous. Working quickly, the helpers made a fire on the floor, and Eagle parcelled out hunks of beef to the Seminoles, who glumly affixed them to the sticks. The chief, explaining to his host that the tribe had just enjoyed a full breakfast in the diner, said, "This is certainly more than we expected, Mr. Eagle. I hate to disappoint you, but, to tell you the truth, we're stuffed." Eagle now feels that the Seminoles were probably spared a serious digestive upset by the timely arrival of the police. He was arrested on a number of capriciously suggested charges—arson, hunting alligators in Pennsylvania Station without a license, stirring up Indian troubles—and hustled off to Police Headquarters. It was exactly what he had hoped for. He was released without undue embarrassment, and the Seminole Village got off to a well-ballyhooed start.

Eagle's official rebuke from the Fair authorities was earned in connection with a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound bearded woman he presented at another Dufour & Rogers attraction, called "Strange As It Seems." The woman, Mrs. Frances Murphy, had a flat in downtown Manhattan, to which she

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commuted by subway, making the trip home at a late hour each evening, after the closing of the Fair. At such times, the subways are sometimes regrettably clogged with roisterers, and one night Mrs. Murphy was rudely accosted by a group of overstimulated sailors. They had the bad taste to make fun of her beard and to mimic her before a large number of other riders. Then the leader of the group had the further bad taste to seize her beard and give it a disparaging tug. Mrs. Murphy arose, hitched up her sleeves, swept her skirts out of the way, and knocked the sailor about half the length of the car. Then, to tidy up the situation, Mrs. Murphy went ahead and brained those of his companions who hadn't the agility to flee into other parts of the train.

Both Mrs. Murphy and the principal gob were arrested, and the Fair, with special reference to Eagle, came in for what the management regarded as some very dubious publicity. Eagle gave out a statement in which he implied suspicions of fraud. Accompanied by his lawyer, he called at Police Headquarters and insisted that Mrs. Murphy be "examined." His suspicions turned out to be correct; all unknown to her boss, Mrs. Murphy had been falsely proclaiming her sex, and was, in fact, a female impersonator, with a creditable side record as a semiprofessional prizefighter and wrestler. Eagle was summoned to the office of Grover Whalen, president of the Fair. "You know, Eagle," said Whalen, looking dispirited, "you're almost too high-powered for us here in New York. It's got to the point where we don't know what to expect next." Eagle took the floor and began an impassioned plea in his own defense. It went on and on, mounting in eloquence, until Whalen unexpectedly got up, put on his hat, and left. "I talked him out of it," Eagle says. "A thing like that isn't difficult when you've got *right on your side*. Naïve and trusting, I had been completely taken in by a bearded mountebank."

Over the decades, Eagle's adventures in legally flimflamming the public have made him a great deal of money, but his custody of it has been sporadic. The melancholy truth is that he can manage almost anything but wealth. He has been—and still is, to a lesser degree—a champion spender, and will provide backing for any old friend who comes forward with an idea that appears meretricious enough to separate the American hayseed from his surplus. This is a matter of concern to Eagle's wife, the former Muriel Malone, a

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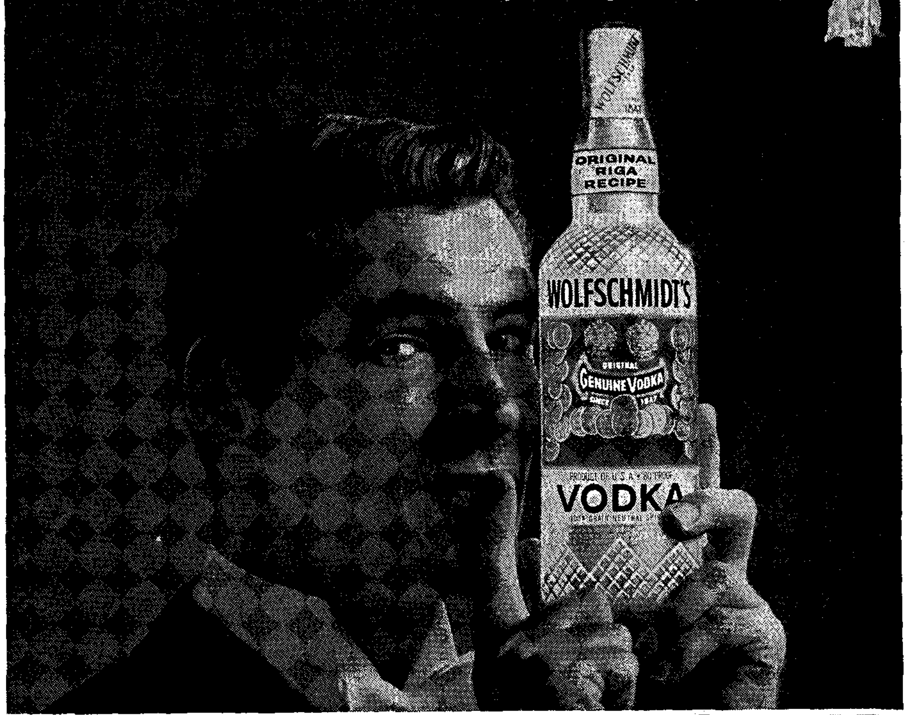

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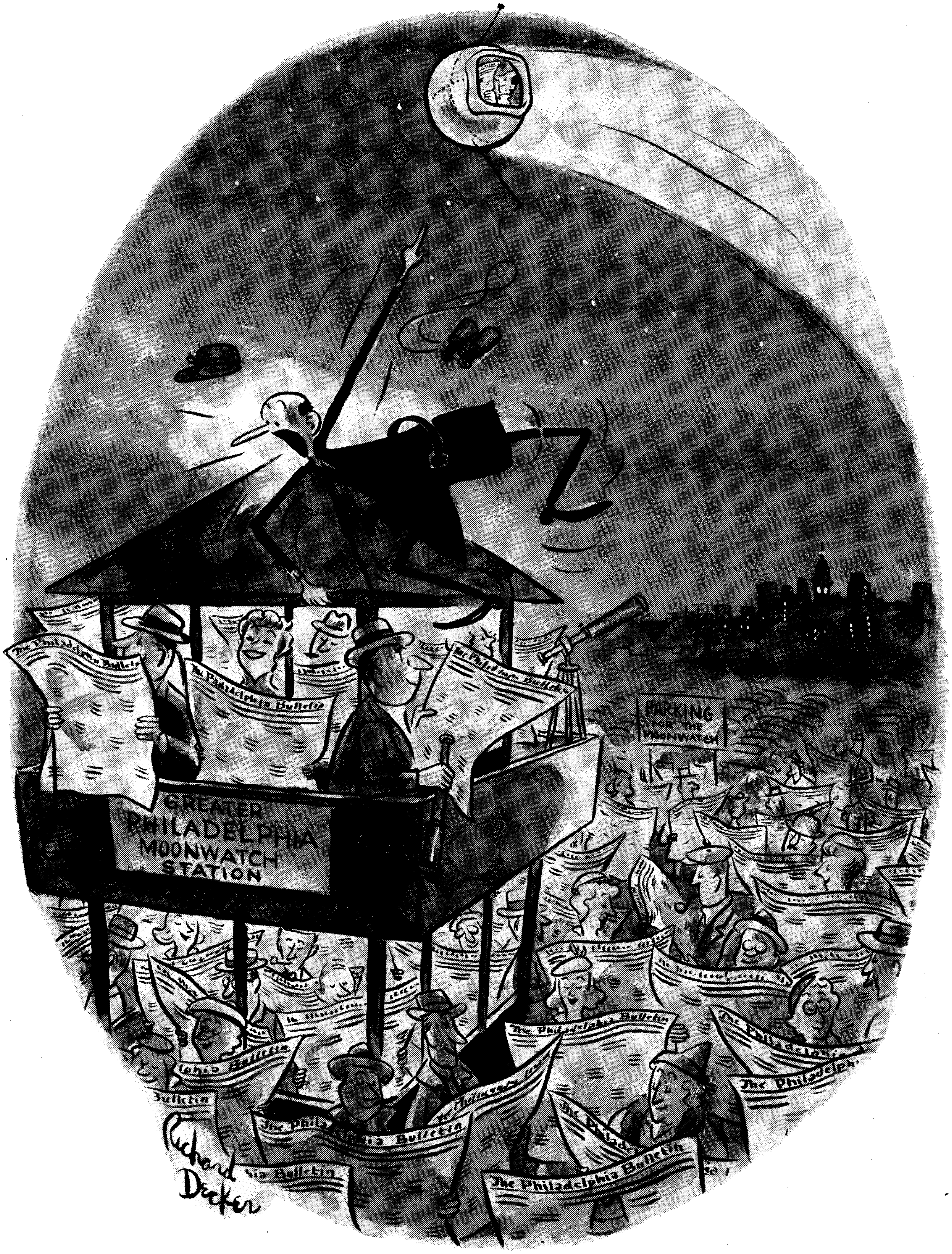
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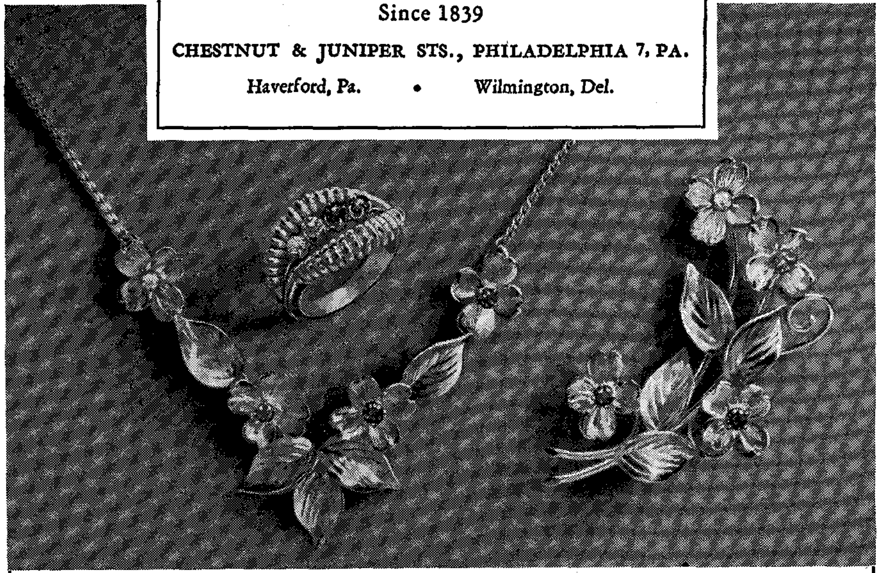

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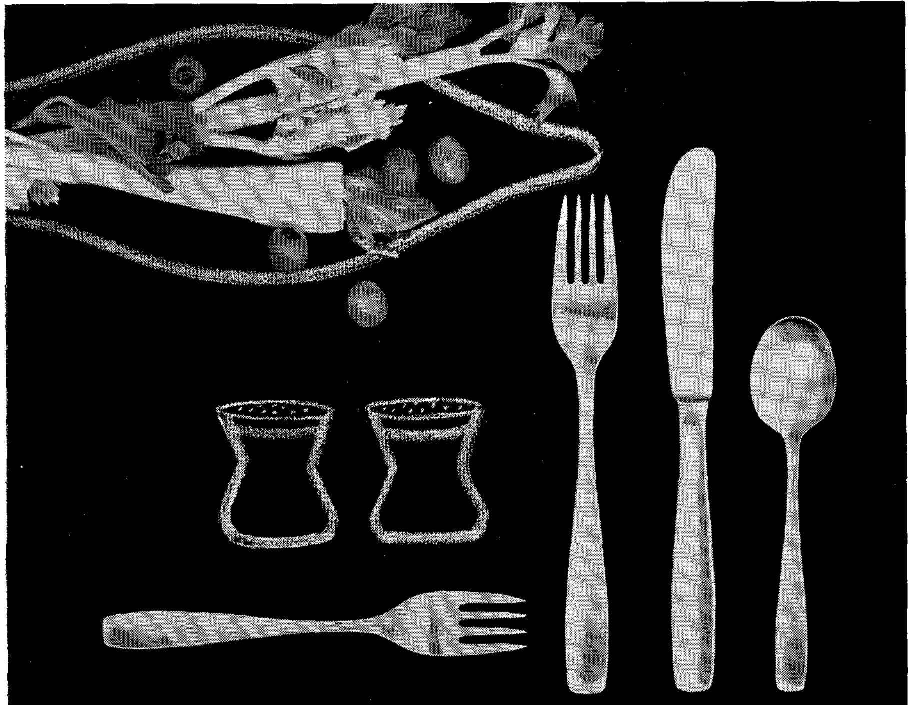

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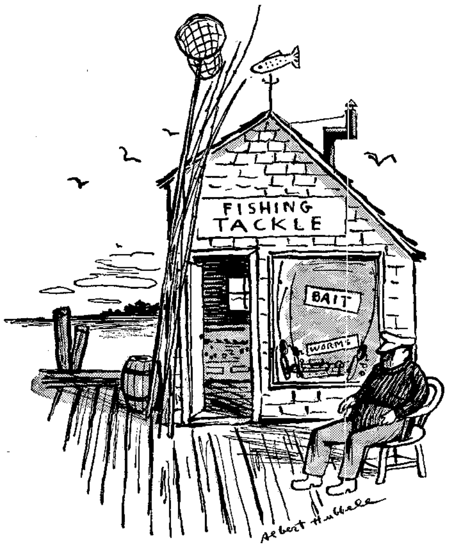
Roxy showgirl whom he met at the Chicago Fair and married in 1935. In his youth and early manhood, Eagle was wed and divorced with method and regularity, but his present, enduring union seems eminently successful. Mrs. Eagle, a tall, handsome woman of charm and intelligence, somewhat younger than her husband, provides the balance necessary to keep him from making implausible commitments involving headless women and bullet-ridden bodies of gangsters. It has not, however, kept him from making one kind of commitment that in his middle years, when he was travelling with carnivals and circuses, caused him to become known in the profession as Seventy-Suits Eagle. Perhaps because his early days on the road were very lean, Eagle suffers from compulsive clothes-buying—an inorganic medical condition that is usually limited, doctors say, to wives without enough to occupy their minds. As soon as Eagle fastened onto some cash, he would plant it in hundred-and-fifty-dollar tailor-made suits. Then, at the first intimation of personal hard times ahead, he would begin to molt, selling his frequently awesome wardrobe to friends. (Merle Evans, the noted former Ringling band leader and a man with so strong a feeling for bargains that he dined for years on fish pinched from seals, bought several of Eagle's suits for seventeen dollars each.) Eagle's plowing of increment exclusively into textiles was probably the worst investment program ever devised by a man otherwise mentally sound. Mrs. Eagle, though financially vigilant in general, has succeeded in curtailing Eagle's clothes-buying only slightly. In the closets of their comfortable apartment in Sarasota, he has rack upon rack of suits, forty-dollar slacks, and custom-made shirts, practi-



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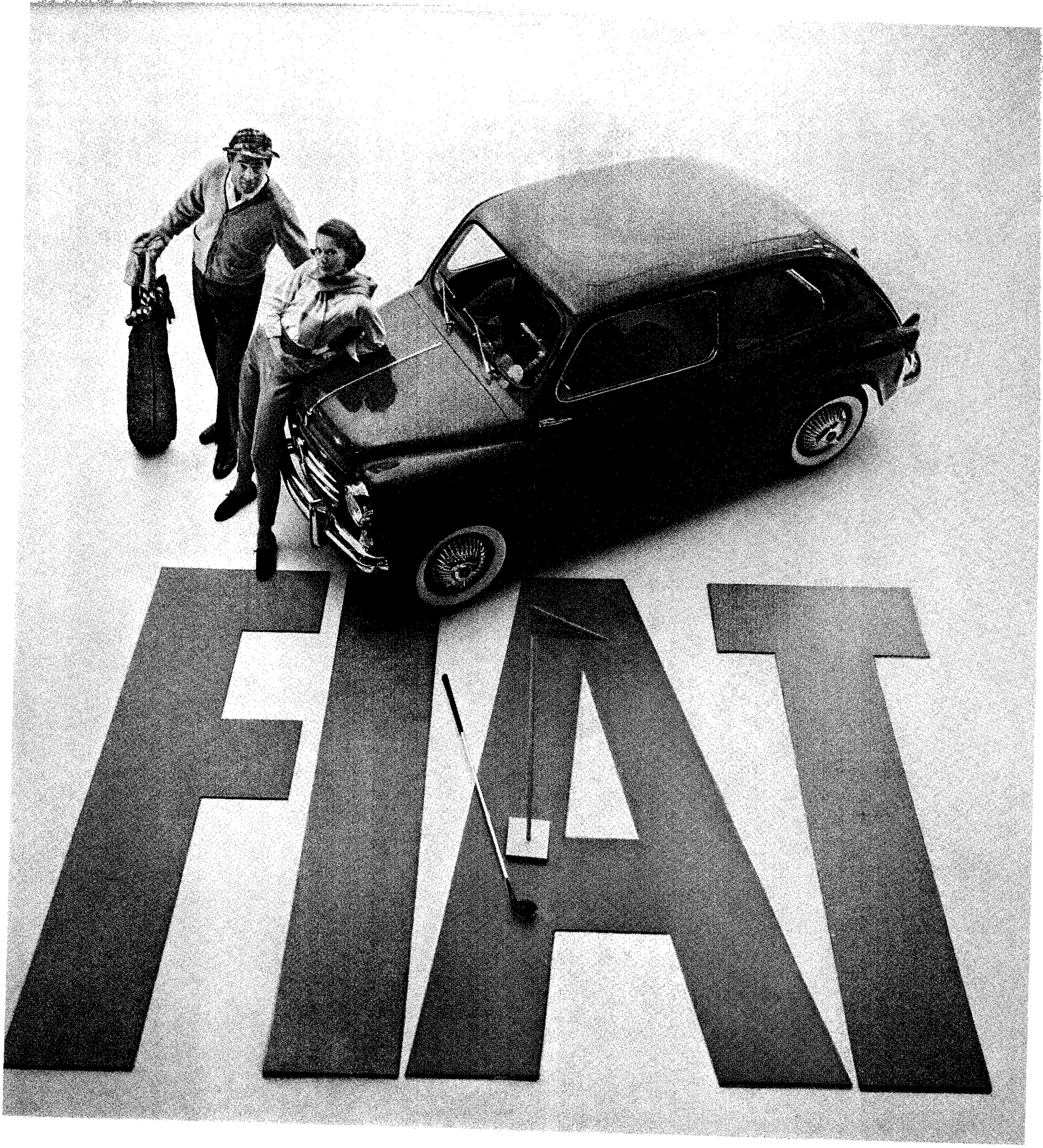
cally none of them ever worn. Eagle has another weakness that his wife hasn't been able to do much about, either. He drives a Cadillac, and is apt to buy a new one any time the local dealer, finding a dead spot in the day, wishes to drop around and make him an offer to swap. Recently, at his home, when Eagle was asked by a friend, "Isn't that a new Cadillac, Nate? What happened to the one you bought in December?," his wife replied morosely, "It got dirty." "Correction!" cried Eagle, unmoved by her ribbing. "It was necessary to trade. I hadn't any choice. The company came out with a model that had power-operated *side-ventilator* windows."

IN Sarasota, Eagle and his wife live handily close to the homes of his midgets. Paradoxically, while he is inclined to put his own money into new clothes and Cadillacs, he has shown brilliance in guiding the monetary fortunes of his troupe. Nearly all its members—he maintains a year-round company of eight or nine little people—own the houses they live in, and they have investments of the kind that should support them when they retire. Nita Krebs, an excellently trained Viennese ballerina, who is forty-six inches tall and may well be the only midget ballerina on record, keeps a large bungalow, with several bedrooms, simply because she likes housework. She is the only person of small dimensions in a family of eight, and her parents encouraged her to go on the stage. "I remember when I first wondered about myself," she says. "My mother and father bought me a big doll, and as I grew older, the doll and I stayed exactly the same size." Her next-door neighbor, Don Williams, who is a singer and tap-dancer, fifty inches tall, has a garage filled with power tools, which he uses in making his own, normal-size furniture. Like the other men in the troupe, he drives a big car, with foot brake, clutch, and accelerator raised seven or eight inches above the standard height. Williams' two brothers—large, husky men—spent three weeks visiting him last winter and were, as is their custom, deferential toward the only member of their family with a national reputation. The three went fishing and organized several picnics, taking along other members of the troupe, who strove gracefully to put the visiting brothers at ease and not make them feel bulky. For recreation, the midgets like to watch television, go to movies, and gossip, mostly about show business, at one another's houses. Ev-



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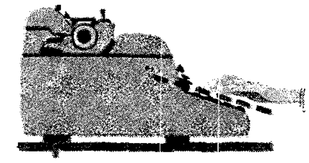

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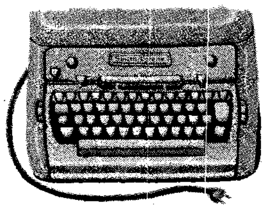

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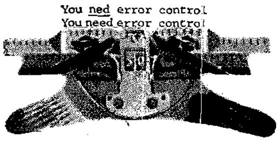
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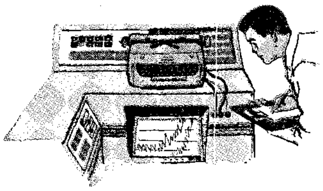

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ery morning about ten, they can expect Eagle to show up; he spends most of his day visiting first one and then another of them.

To the casual observer, the midgets' houses do not differ substantially from many other houses in Sarasota; the only points of departure lie in their kitchens, where the stoves, sinks, and cabinets are recessed a foot or so into the floor, thus making it possible for someone like Miss Krebs to cook in comfort the seven or eight meals a day that midgets habitually eat. It is physically impossible for them to eat very much at a time, and, further, their metabolism demands frequent infusions of energy. In content, their diet is unremarkable; Dottie Williams, Don's wife, who is billed as a Rita Hayworth in miniature, prefers starchy foods, like potatoes and spaghetti, but she retrenched to salads a while ago when she felt that her figure—spectacularly good—showed promise of becoming plump. It is a matter of concern to Eagle's players that on the road they waste a good deal of food. For reasons of pride, they decline to order children's portions, and they frequently leave the greater part of, say, fine T-bone steaks. In addition, though they enjoy a drink as much as most people, they must be exceedingly cautious about drinking too much. One weak highball meets the average midget's requirement for an evening of conviviality.

Mrs. Eagle, drawing on her Roxy experience, plans the new revue that the midgets put on each season, and plays the piano accompaniments for them on tour. She has taught most of them nearly everything they know about the theatre—singing, dancing, and acting—and under her coaching midget stars like Patty Maloney and Anne Cucksey, to name only two who have appeared in the movies and on television, have become genuinely fine performers. She supervises the buying of their clothes, which, unfairly, cost more instead of less than larger people's; men's tailored suits run to at least a hundred and thirty dollars, and the tiny shoes of both the men and the women cost around sixty-five dollars a pair. Frank Cucksey, Anne's former husband, has been taught the coveted skill of carnival "talking" by Eagle, the master elocutionist himself, and helps the boss over occasional spells of laryngitis or ennui. Cucksey is possibly the most popular man in Sarasota, and takes a leading part in its principal civic functions, often doing the announcing. Long ago, at the Chicago World's Fair, Eagle adjured the residents of his

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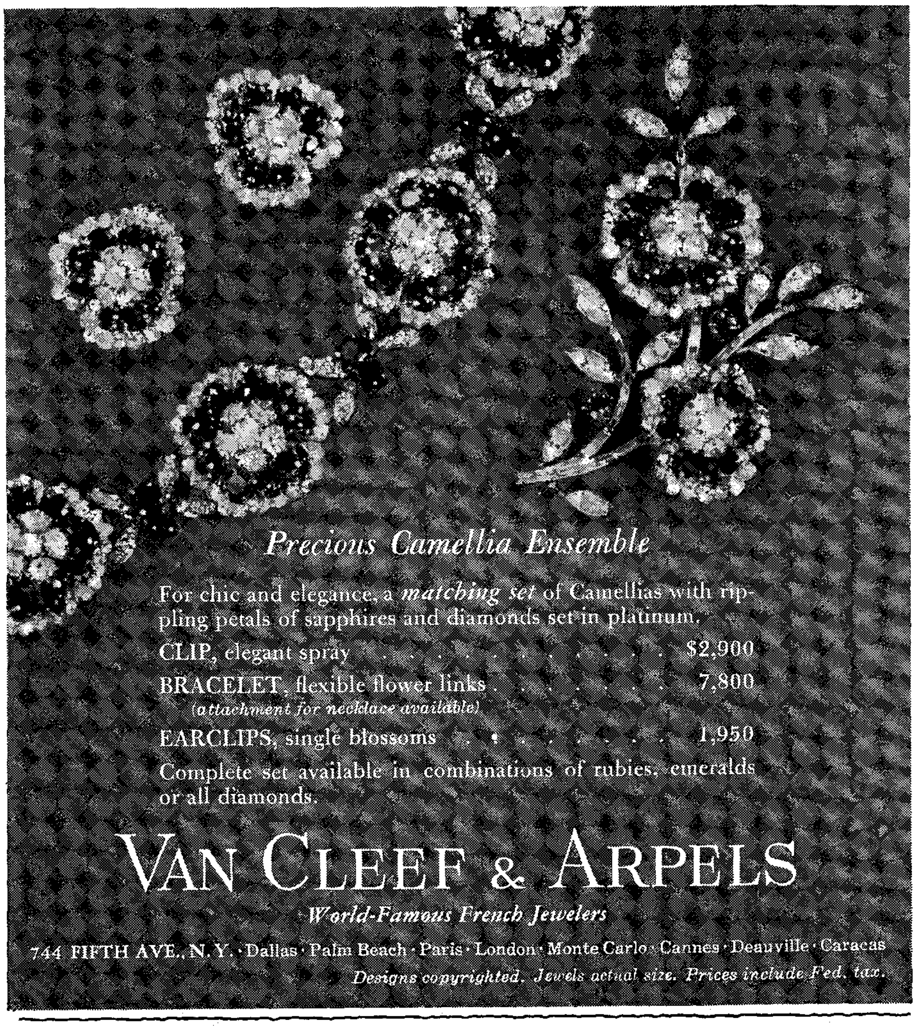

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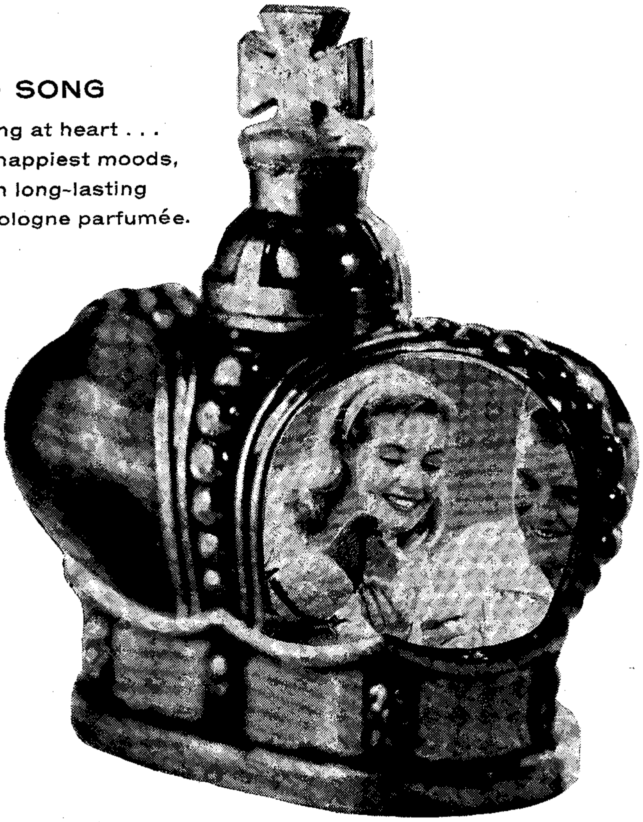

Prince Matchabelli

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Midget City to address him as the Great White Father, a phrase he now wishes had stuck in his throat. The members of his present troupe invariably call him Mr. Eagle to his face but enjoy using the earlier designation *sub rosa*, a secret to which he is privy. They regard him as a ubiquitous blend of parent, teacher, spy, friend, and employer, and are not above committing trivial acts of mischief to plague him. At such times, Eagle's manner is decorous but aloof, and he appears hurt; it is of greater interest, as one of the troupe has pointed out, that "these are the sole occasions when Mr. Eagle is entirely silent." Fundamentally, Eagle's midgets understand that without him their life might be painfully dull and self-conscious; at home, in a family of persons of ordinary size, they would receive, at best, specialized attention.

Eagle rarely seeks out the little people he employs. Anxious for an approximation of normal living, nearly all of them first write to him, enclosing a photograph. If their qualifications seem valid, he travels to their homes and has a talk with their parents. He explains that, in a town where all the other adults are so much larger, a midget may suffer a badly scarred psyche, and he adds what is unquestionably the truth—that little people feel happier in the company of their fellows. He says, too, that the business of appearing before the public is a sure cure—the big specific—for hypersensitivity. Later, when he starts the tutelage of a newcomer, he stresses the theme that smallness of stature is an identifying mark of superiority. Eagle's midgets have no strict taboos in their relationships with other people. Perhaps a midget's most vigorous dislike is that of being lifted from the floor by the armpits, like a child. And, curiously, it is only children who, with their thoughtless gibes and gestures, can seriously get on a midget's nerves.

In March, in Sarasota, Eagle assembles his sideshow for Ringling's. To augment his midget revue, he hires a few other attractions; then he retires to an isolated patch of palmetto scrub, and, like Demosthenes addressing the waves, privately puts his voice *intonato*. For this rackety interlude, he straps a board against his stomach, to bring up the deep, pedal tones that must coax the nation into parting with its change. Toward the end of the month, he and his wife and the midgets start north in two Cadillacs (the other attractions travel by train), headed for the spangled glitter of the circus and afterward a round of trouping with carnivals in every part of the country. It is certain that his customers will get full value for their money. Even if he announces, with bland and convincing sincerity, that his show offers "an authentic two-headed baby" and it turns out to be a rubber one, the audience has had the incomparable thrill of anticipation. Eagle has gone through life selling hundred-dollar dreams for a quarter—the moment of expectancy, richer by far than fulfillment. In his way, he has contributed importantly to contentment. —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Eagle.*)

•

The poem may nominally argue for many things, may have many subjects, may be descriptive of the world at large; but always it will implicitly argue for one thing—the vital necessity of its own existence and of the ego which creates and informs it. Its essential argument is the life of poetry itself, as this life makes viable a conception of man as radically free to know, be, and make himself. Herein lies perhaps the crucial quality of its so-called romanticism.[1]

[1] At this point the reader, like the author, might want at least to raise the proper comparatist question as to the relevance of English and European "romantic" poetry—with *its* conception of the role (or roles) of the self—to the American poetry under discussion. Since the question is not directly relevant to the discussion, the author has come to feel that it should be raised and answered only in a footnote. In the first place: I am concerned to move centripetally, to define the basic style only in such a way as to relate it to some of the basic issues in American culture; I hope thus to make the poetry more available historically, as it were, to the American reader who is of that culture and to the non-American who would understand it. And in the second place: I should hazard the guess that the basic American style may be differentiated from the basic European and English style (or styles) precisely to the degree that it centers on the confused dialectic involved in having oneself and losing it, of being apart from society even as one redefines the integrative force of society in terms of that very apartness. The burden of being oneself seems to be more bearable (or better borne) in the English and European romantic poetry that I know; the anguish, and the triumph of the anguish, seems to be purer; the diversitarianism, more completely achieved; the basic style (or styles) more fully realized. But this is a guess that only the proper comparatist is entitled to make and to evaluate. And I like to think that he had best begin with "nationalistic" considerations like those in my essay. I take refuge, in short, in the wise opening words of Américo Castro's "Presence of the Sultan Saladin in the Romance Literatures," *Diogenes*, No. 8 (Autumn 1954), pp. 13-36: "Cultural phenomena never exist except in connexion with the agents of human life that make them possible and endow them with their authentic value. Culture is not of itself a fertilising rain—nothing human can be 'of itself' an island of abstraction. Literary themes, then, are things that happen in and to someone's historical life. Their value is manifested to its full extent when the theme that interests us is seen as the expression, through an individual, of a particular people, who, in giving life to the literary theme, achieves its self-realisation in terms of a value structure. . . ."

—*Roy Harvey Pearce in the Hudson Review.*

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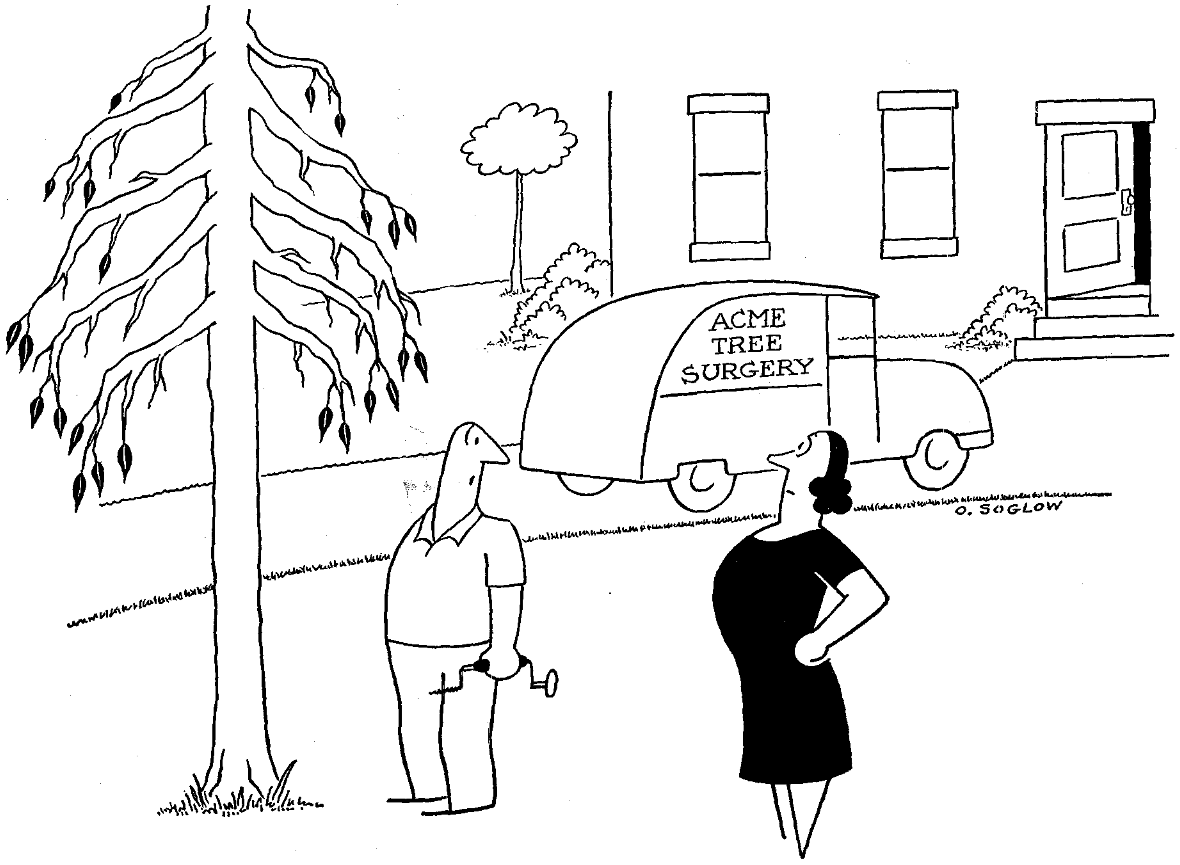
THE AIR

The Jolly Side of Sunday

SUNDAY-AFTERNOON television on the two biggest networks has come to be regarded as an area set apart from the medium's normal frivolity for the cultivation of wisdom and reason. "The intellectual ghetto," observers have been known to call this time of week, with a playfulness that fails to hide their respect and admiration. Personally, though I share the admiration, I'm more inclined to think of Sunday-afternoon television as an intellectual drill ground. The mood of the occasion, it seems to me, is imperative, and the spirit watchful and disciplinary. Words of command ring out from the schedule: "Face the Nation," "Meet the Press," "Look Here," "See It Now." The orders are reinforced by plain hints that resistance will be challenged and investigated: "Citizens Union Searchlight," "Youth Wants to Know." In the circumstances, it's a relief to the viewer to realize that he has certain Constitutional rights and is free to sidestep Youth or to evade the Press occasionally in favor of lighter programs, even on a Sunday afternoon. Lighter stuff is available. The non-intellectual channels make a practice of shooting the Sabbath air full of non-intellectual themes. Channel 7 presents the Roller Derby and a ventriloquist act; Channels 9 and 11 deliver, when possible, a baseball game. Even Channel 2, ordinarily a pillar of high-mindedness and cosmic significance during these hours, tires of the strain from time to time and slips you a football game or a golf tournament. In particular—and regularly—it compromises with the worldly standards of normal television by giving you "The Last Word" (6-6:25 P.M., Sundays).

I won't say that "The Last Word" signals the end of austerity quite as clearly as "Lassie" (Channel 2, 7-7:30 P.M., Sundays) does. "Lassie" is definitive; with the arrival of the crowd-pleasing collie at nightfall, the medium loosens its collar and reverts to a policy of *Gemütlichkeit* on all fronts. But I think that "The Last Word" also represents a relaxation from the rigors of the day. It's a comfortable, gregarious, jocund, obliging kind of program. Apparently unsponsored, it has—the entertainment business is full of such ironies—a popular bias and a stoutly commercial viewpoint. The moderator, Bergen Evans, is what might be called a cultural disc jockey—a brisk, knowing, and genial performer who supplies his own studio laughter. The panelists, though invariably urbane and literate, are much given to the use of box-office gambits, or routines. There's no more reliable routine in the entertainment field than a display of enthusiasm for money, and whenever I see the program, the panel of "The Last Word" seems to be working this one strongly. On a recent Sunday, John Mason Brown, a permanent panelist, and Faye Emerson and Max Schulman, guests, were asked to discuss certain words that bear on the practice of tipping, like "gratuity." They made it obvious that their dislike of the practice itself exceeded their interest in any of the words that describe it. Mr. Brown, in touching on the term "honorarium," was concerned with its painful practical significance—not getting paid well—rather than with its etymology. On another afternoon, proceeding from the reliable to the surefire, Dr. Evans and the panel attacked fiercely and as one man a specimen of bureaucratic English—a sentence of two hundred words or more taken from the prose of the Internal Revenue Service, which almost nobody loves.

The sentence was a difficult one, it's true. It struck me as no less reasonable, however—and certainly as less flavorous and fit for stimulating discussion—than many specimens of the nonbureaucratic English I hear from announcers and other taxpayers on the air. For instance, "Matters have reached a semi-head," and, from the ringside at St. Nicholas Arena, "Neither boy will give or take a quarter," and, from a master of ceremonies presenting a box of White Owls to a guest, "Please accept this as a token of our expression," and, from Barry Gray, the midnight orator, "What would our future fore-



"Tired sap."

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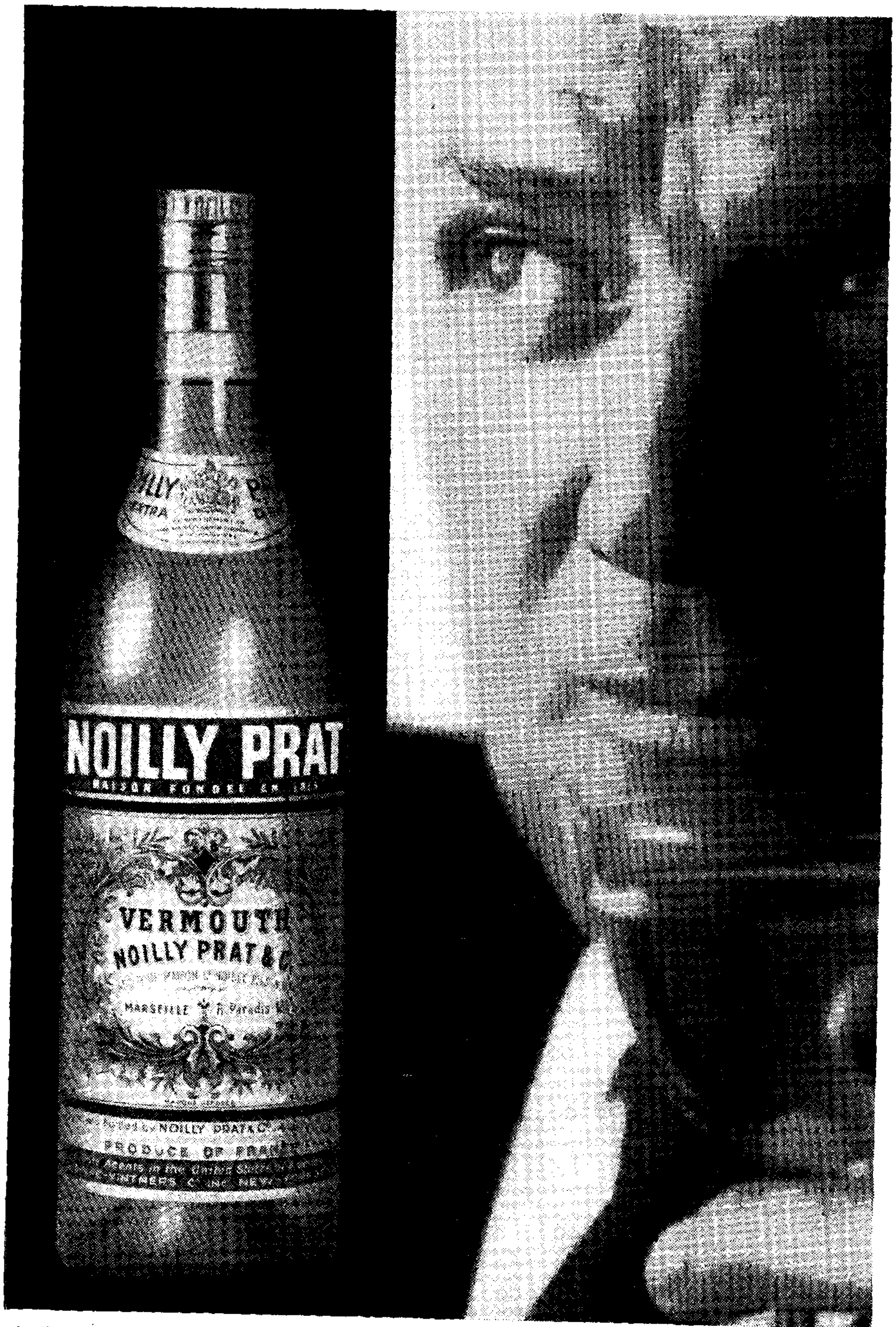
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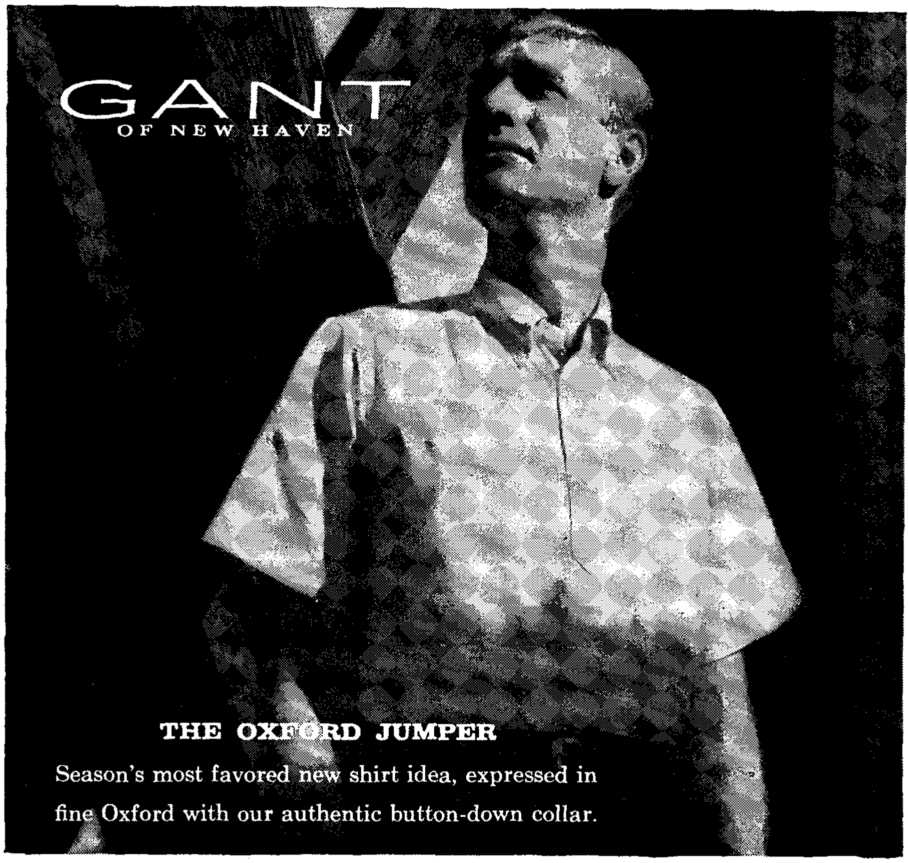
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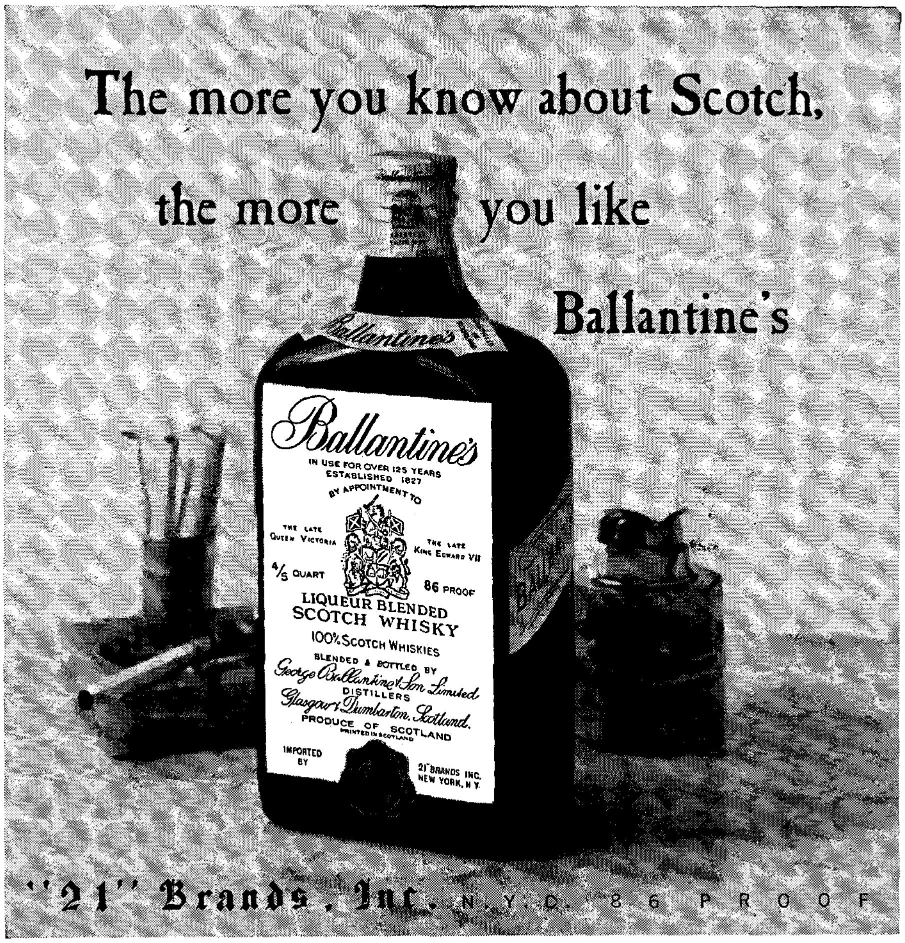
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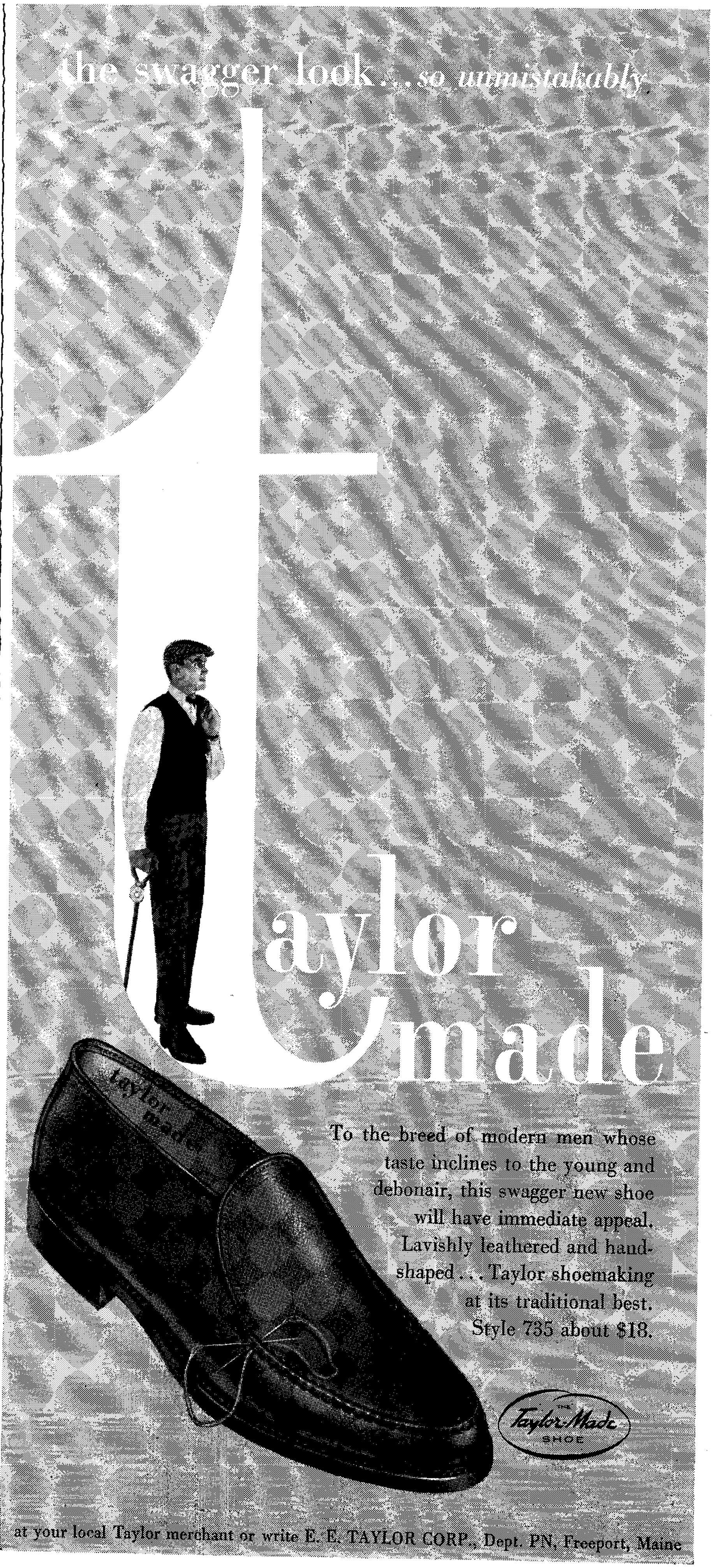
fathers say?" and "He was the clay pigeon on whom the character was modelled." Dr. Evans—who, it appears to me, gives "The Last Word" its special quality, or point of view—is, in general, a warm advocate of living, *breathing American English.* He is opposed to the tyranny of so-called literary English. I wish that he, and the listeners who send him questions, would sometime explore one of the most noticeable language phenomena of our day—the fascination that literary English holds for living, *breathing* Americans who speak on radio and television, and the results that this fateful spell produces.

The pro-American, or pro-colloquial, policy of "The Last Word" is administered by Dr. Evans with skill and authority. It is, of course, a popular policy, and Mr. Brown's occasional resistance to it provides the program with another popular touch, the element of controversy. It's possible that Dr. Evans, in his aggressive Americanism, has now and then been unfair to the old country. The slang of Britain has had an underrated capacity for influencing American slang. In a discussion, a few weeks ago, of the origin of the phrase "the real McCoy," the moderator spoke a little vaguely of a putative barroom brawl, presumably in America, in which a genuine McCoy had required identification. Mr. Brown, whose range of historical information is uncommonly wide, mentioned a man named Shelby (for the record, the actual name of this remarkable artist was Norman Selby) as having probably inspired the phrase under his trade sobriquet of Kid McCoy. Specialists in the subject feel that there's not much doubt that the words "the real McCoy" got their chief impetus in America from a San Francisco newspaper headline in 1899, following a prizefight between Kid McCoy and Joe Choynski, which had followed a disappointing bout between a Joe McAuliffe and a Peter McCoy. "CHOYNSKI IS BEATEN," the headline said, "BY THE REAL McCOY." Whatever the merits of this theory, there's reason to believe that turns of speech like "the real McCoy" came easily to mind because of a legend imported from Scotland about a "real McTavish" or a "real McIntosh." The genealogy has been pretty thoroughly covered in a monograph by the British philologist Eric Partridge, who might, in certain aspects of his work, be called the Bergen Evans of England. I think Dr. Evans, who is the author of an excellent dictionary of American usage, would do well to keep an eye on the researches of Mr. Partridge, who practically exudes dictionaries. The two experts patrol what is still, essentially, one language, and they can be mutually useful.

Slang—even when it seems to be indisputably American slang—is the branch of language that gives "The Last Word" the most trouble. That's natural enough; Dr. Evans and the panel are, fundamentally, interpreters rather than researchers. They considered the word "corny" at length one day, but dwelt on its up-to-date connotations, as they saw them, instead of on its history. Nothing was said to confirm a misty impression of my own that "corny" first came into general use in the late nineteen-thirties, in connection with the revival of jazz under the name of swing, and that it was meant primarily to designate sentimental or orthodox popular music as opposed to jazz. I would have liked to know if my idea was right—and "The Last Word," I'm afraid, was not the place to find out. It's not a detective agency, as I rather wish it were, but a court of appeal to taste and judgment. As such, it offers a good deal of sound sense and shrewd entertainment. I'm particularly partial to its work on points of grammar and on fashions or trends in speech and writing, genteel or otherwise. Along these lines, I hope the panel and Dr. Evans will shortly take up the matter of the current widespread passion among writers for the use of "convince" ("She convinced her fiancé to cut his throat") in place of "persuade." I'd be pleased to see and hear an analysis of what I think of as wire-service English; those words, that is, on which the Associated Press and the United Press seem ready to rest their case—"plush," "offbeat," "parlay" ("He parlayed ten thousand dollars and a pair of cuff links



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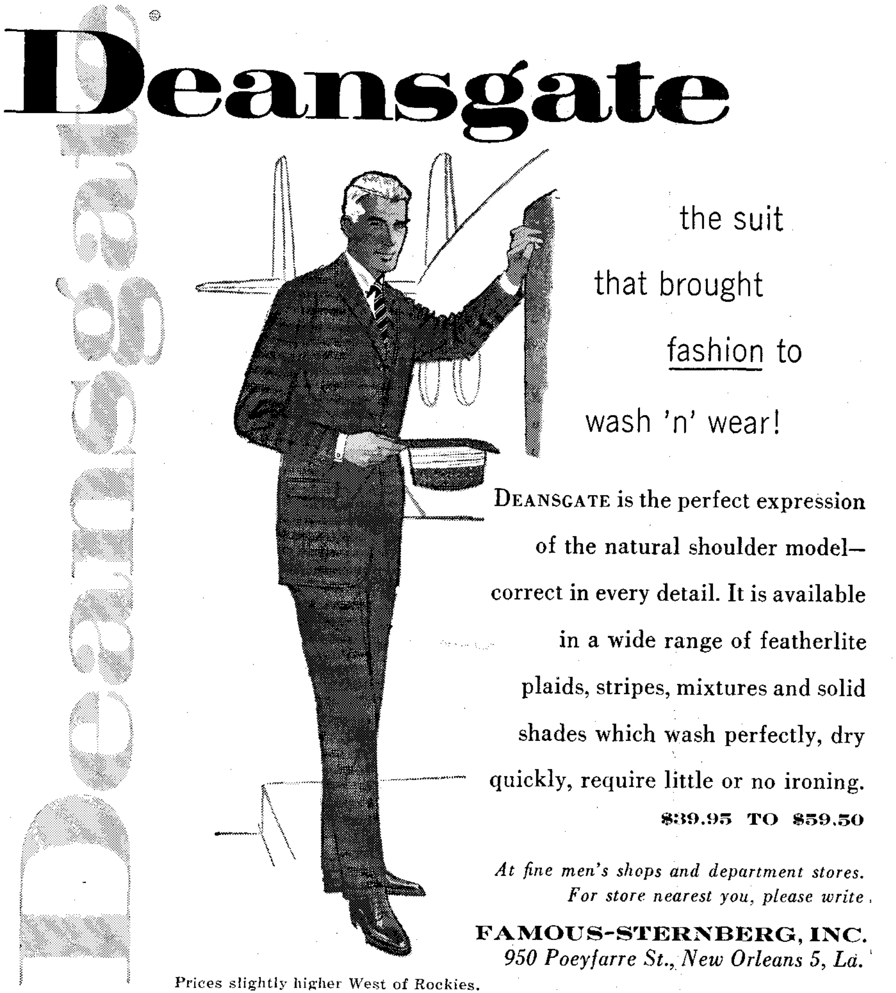

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into a job as Sewer Commissioner"), "sexy," and not many more.

I feel that there may also be food for thought in the predilection of Russian statesmen for one, and only one, American joke. "That is the question of—how you say?—sixty-eight dollars," I've heard Alexander Kerensky say on television. "That is what you call the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question," I've heard Ambassador Menshikov (a sharper student of figures than Kerensky) say on television. Why do they like that one? That's what I want to know.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

THE SUN WINS THROUGH IN ENGLAND

[*Letter received by a man in Santa Fe*]

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HULLO THERE!

I had not intended writing to you for another few days yet . . . but the sun, after battling with our London rain clouds for the last couple of hours, has just won through. It has put me right in the mood for writing.

This should of course be a formal, final reminder that your subscription to PUNCH has now expired, and that you ought to renew it right away. But what the heck! You must already get more than enough notices and bills and forms and demands, and I really can't feel formal when the sun is shining.

So let me just spread a bit of my own contentment; pass on my best wishes; and let you know that there is at least one other person who is glad to be alive. I must say that working for PUNCH helps to keep me in this state. It's the most stimulating job ever, with colleagues whose optimism and good humor are contagious. So what if the world is not always as we would like. . . . There's a bright side to most subjects, and as you will know by now PUNCH manages to find it.

Yes, I would like to have you back with us as a subscriber, as a reader, as a confederate in the PUNCHPLAN for international goodwill and good humor. Because the sun is still shining I won't press the point, but I will be glad to hear from you any time. Soon, for preference.

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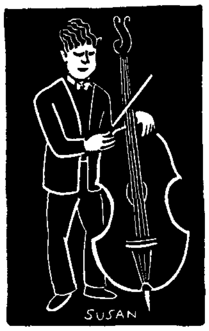
MUSICAL EVENTS

Delightful Shrew



LAST week, after a brief foray out of bounds in search of material, the New York City Opera got back into its proper territory again, presenting as part of its festival of American opera two works that are undeniably operas, and one of which—Vittorio Giannini's "The Taming of the Shrew"—is close to being a masterpiece in the *opera-buffa* style. Having missed its only previous performance hereabouts—a television broadcast by the N.B.C. Opera four years ago—I was scarcely prepared for the mature artistry and unfailing skill with which Mr. Giannini has set Shakespeare's comedy to music. "The Taming of the Shrew" is both a wholly delightful comic spectacle and an opera in the grand manner. It opens with one of those virile themes (a sort of leitmotiv characterizing its hero, Petruchio) that have been conspicuously absent from opera since the time of Richard Strauss; the love scenes between Bianca and Lucentio are frank and melodious; and the horseplay between Petruchio and his balky bride, Katharina, is so deftly contrived that its humor, which is hilarious, never strains the musical framework.

After listening to "The Taming of the Shrew," one leaves the auditorium in high spirits—a rare enough reaction where contemporary opera is concerned. But one also leaves with a feeling of respect for the enormous technical competence with which Mr. Giannini has carried out his task and the sureness with which he has manipulated the materials of the operatic form. Indeed, the most unusual feature of the work, considered against the background of nearly all the other recent ventures in the field, is the way it utilizes the total resources of this form. Its characters are not merely actors who happen to break into song occasionally but full-scale operatic figures, demanding singing of the most uninhibited and eloquent sort. The orchestra, too, is used with maximum effect, playing a score that, though apparently simple, succeeds in exploiting all the exuberant virtuosity an operatic ensemble has to

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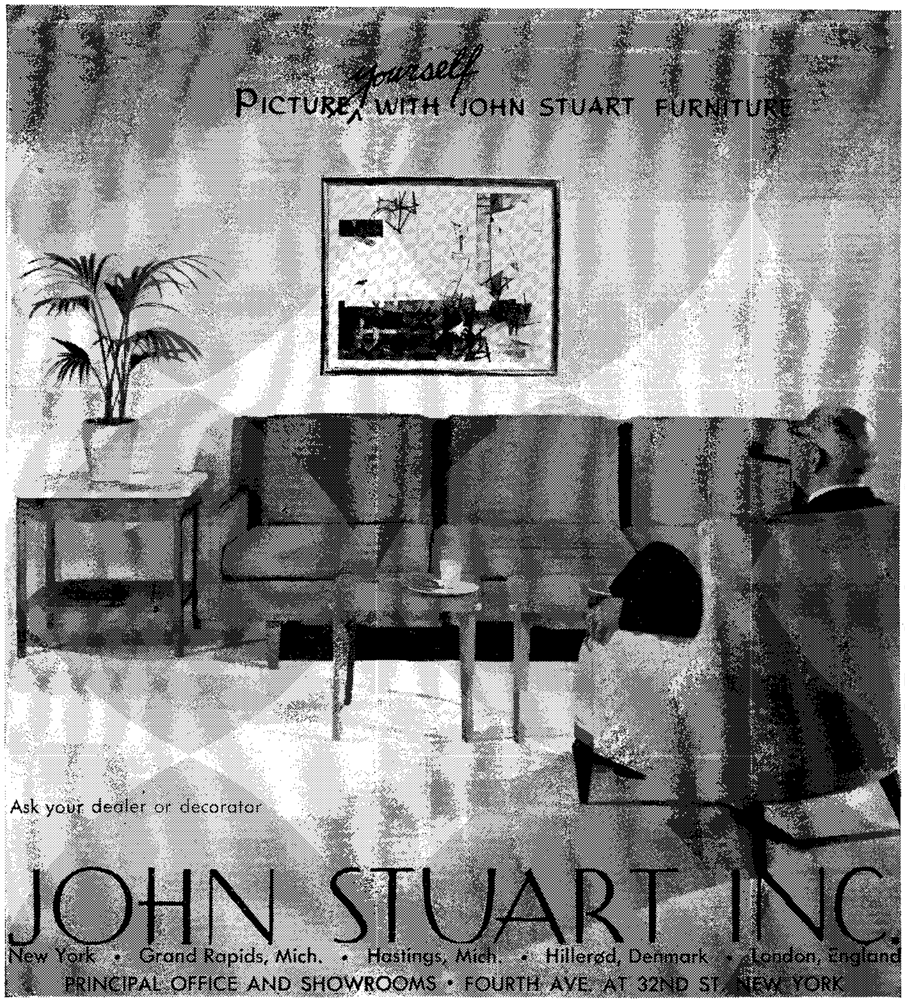

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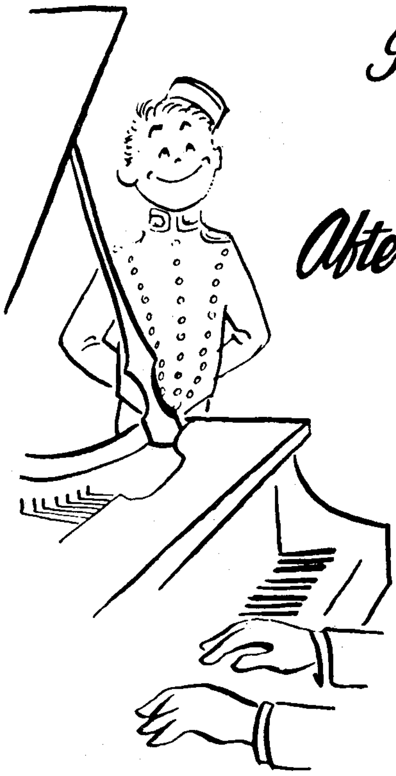


offer. Mr. Giannini's approach to opera, securely founded on the Italian tradition, of which he is obviously a modern American exponent, is to put first things first and write something to be played, acted, and, above all, sung—and what else, really, is an opera house for? I strongly suspect that, by doing so, he has created in "The Taming of the Shrew" a repertory work capable of rubbing elbows with the masterpieces of the past, and of being listened to over and over again, with the added relish that comes from hearing what singers of different personal and vocal gifts will do with it.

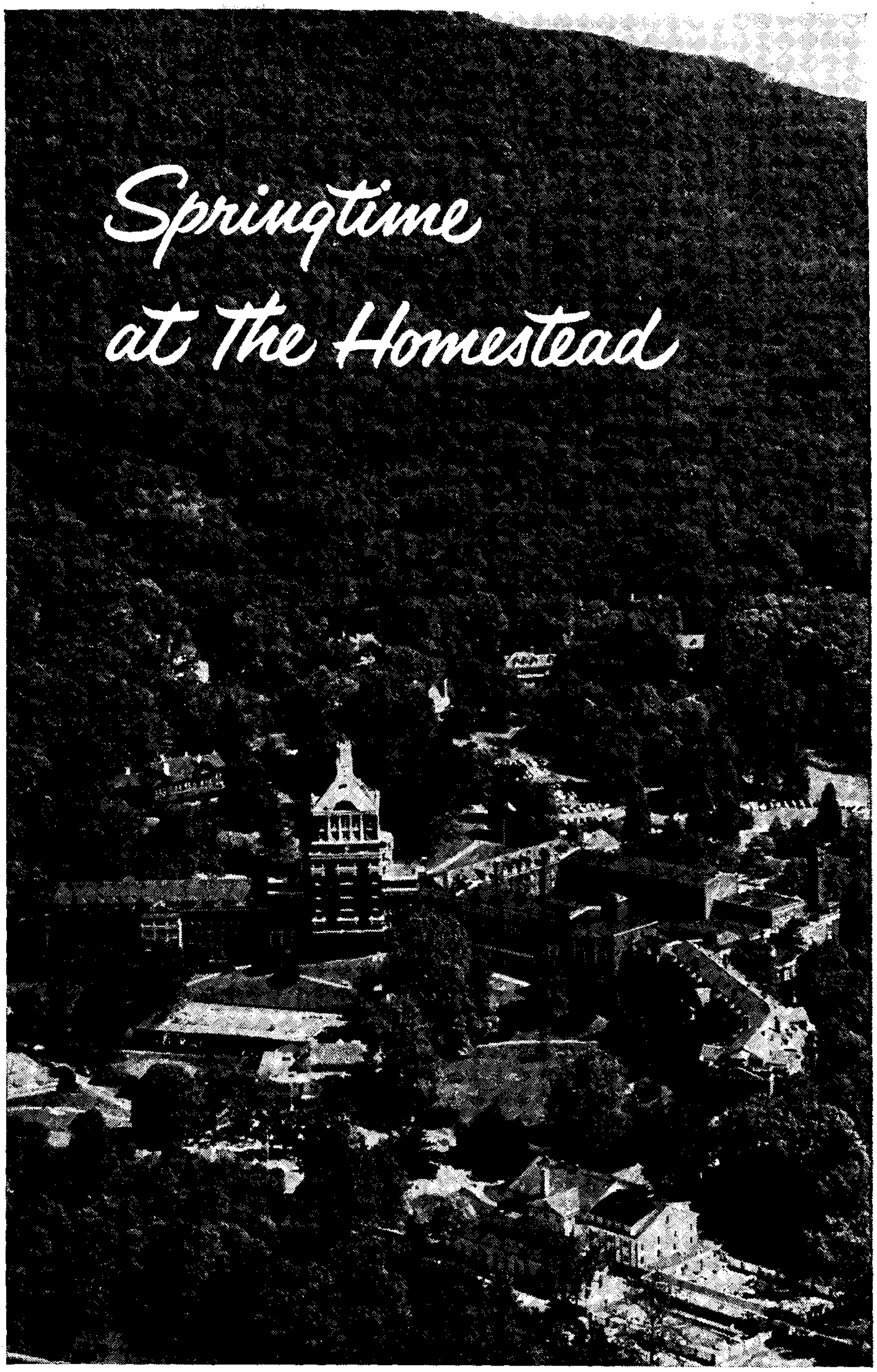
The singers on this occasion were, with few exceptions, well up to the lusty standards set by the opera. Walter Cassel, who is rapidly furthering his reputation as one of the most dashing of current operatic baritones, was perfectly cast as the valiant and masterful Petruchio; Phyllis Curtin displayed the vocal brilliance as well as the good looks and temperament to cope with the role of the Shrew; John Alexander, an extremely promising tenor, sang very well indeed as Lucentio; Sonia Stolin gave an appealing, if somewhat small-scale, performance as Bianca; and the numerous lesser roles were all done with humor and verve. Much of the ebullient lightheartedness of the production was undoubtedly due to expert staging by Margaret Webster and to the conducting of Peter Hermann Adler, who paced things crisply and handled the delicate ensembles with just the right combination of efficiency and elasticity.

The company's other opera of the week—Marc Blitzstein's "Regina"—I have heard and commented on before. It is, of course, a musical adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play "The Little Foxes," a fairly grisly melodrama, which, to my mind, is not particularly well suited to operatic treatment. The play itself is quite a strong one, dealing with a lot of highly detestable characters whose dominant emotion seems to be avarice, and it is very difficult, I suspect, to make avarice something worth singing about. It is also very difficult to write a successful opera using dramatic material that concerns people for whom neither the author nor the composer can work up much sympathy. Mr. Blitzstein's score is an intricate and, in places, a rather original one, but it is constantly overwhelmed by the drama it is attached to, and in the most dramatic moments he often begs the question, from an operatic point of view, by letting

Miss Hellman's characters speak their lines instead of singing them. Still, the result is more than just a play with music, for Mr. Blitzstein's score is genuinely operatic in its complexity and continuity. But it is not a good opera. The music, in its attempt to match the venom of its subject matter, often sounds merely angry, and anger, in opera, is generally bearable only if it is either heroic or satirical. "Regina," I am afraid, is neither.

On the other hand, the production was brilliant and effective in the best Broadway tradition, with stunning scenery by Howard Bay, adroit stage direction by Herman Shumlin, and a cast of fine singing actors, headed by Brenda Lewis in the title role. Virtually all the others—notably Helen Strine, who provided a sharp portrait of the helpless alcoholic Birdie Hubbard—were admirable, and a new conductor, Samuel Krachmalnick, whipped from the score all the sadistic emotion that Mr. Blitzstein had put into it.

I MUST confess that folk music, folk dancing, and other types of folk art—including those energetic knee-flexing exercises with which the peasants of Eastern Europe divert themselves—are apt to induce in me only a very moderate degree of enthusiasm. Thus, I am probably not the ideal person to report to you on the doings at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, when the Moiseyev Dance Company, of Moscow, opened its American tour. The occasion was a gala one. The Moiseyev troupe is the largest Russian company ever to appear on this side of the Atlantic. The Russian Ambassador and various other dignitaries held court in the nearest thing the Metropolitan has to a royal box, beneath which were draped the Stars and Stripes and the Hammer and Sickle. Avalanches of cheers and hand clapping swept the auditorium, and



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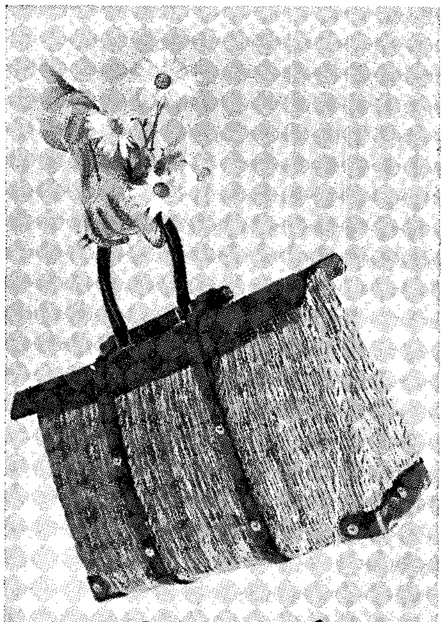
everybody seemed to be having a high old time. The dancers—about a hundred of them—were all youthful and formidably vigorous, their costumes were exotic and colorful, and what they did undoubtedly qualified as tops in innocent entertainment. I did not, however, find in it anything much beyond the sort of dance program that used to be put on here by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in the twenties, and I take it that it represents the Russian equivalent of what goes on at the Radio City Music Hall. Still, if you like boots and babushkas, Cossack uniforms, caftans, shakos, balalaikas, stunt dancing, and something of the atmosphere of old-fashioned vaudeville, you will no doubt find the company's offerings hugely gratifying. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Old Wine, New Bottles

A RECORDING taken from the sound track of the musical version of "Gigi," which will show up here next month, has just been released by M-G-M, and I am happy to report that the songs, with words by Alan Jay Lerner and music by Frederick Loewe, are an engaging collection. In fact, the only demurrer I care to enter is that the record confronts us with still another gaggle of merry Parisians, and merry Parisians, it seems to me, have been rather overexposed during the past few years in musical works for the stage and screen. I think the whole business became a little too much for me with the recent arrival of the Broadway show "Oh Captain!" (it is out on a new record, too, and I'll get to that in a minute), in which the Moroccan background of the movie it was based on is replaced by the Sacré-Cœur, sidewalk cafés, the Seine, and one or two other dog-eared French postcards—all set to some rather vapid music. Well, as I was saying, I find all this Frenchifying a shortcoming in the case of "Gigi," but I am not going to labor the point, because the Messrs. Lerner and Loewe are, at least, experts in the task of creating musical trifles, and in this new farrago, their first since "My Fair Lady," they get the kind of result you come across only when a superior Broadway songwriting team, anxious to pick up some tax money or simply to show off, succumbs to Hollywood for the first time (e.g., Rodgers and Hammerstein with "State Fair" and Martin and Blane with "Meet Me in St. Louis").

Although the Parisian setting of



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"Gigi" is far removed from the London of "My Fair Lady," you can tell merely by listening to the records that both stories are laid in roughly the same period, in the same atmosphere of romantic elegance, and with a central situation that involves the blindness of a worldly-wise hero to the blandishments of a gauche heroine until she magically attains the poise of womanhood. And while the scope of their efforts is smaller in "Gigi," Lerner and Loewe have written a collection of pieces that resemble those for "My Fair Lady" in their melodic sweep and wry humor as well. (The fact that Louis Jourdan, like Rex Harrison before him, raises his voice to a bleat in moments of stress also adds to the resemblance.) What interests me, though, is that Lerner and Loewe, in these two creations, have accomplished something fairly remarkable; by adorning time-worn situations with new verbal grace and with pretty tunes that often give the impression of freshness, they have revitalized the romantic operetta, a form that I felt certain had passed out with Lehár and finally been beaten to death by Romberg. Corks pop as Leslie Caron and M. Jourdan activate a galop entitled "The Night They Invented Champagne;" Maurice Chevalier chuckles his way through the jaunty measures of a ditty called "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and, along with Hermione Gingold, croons a sentimental, old folks' duet, "I Remember It Well;" and there is even a "Waltz at Maxim's." Yet these songs offer just enough fresh insight into such things to make them work—to keep the listener's spirits up. And, incidentally, when the hero discovers the girl-turned-woman, he has an amusingly rebellious patter chorus to deliver before he sinks voluptuously into the broad melody of the title song. True, there isn't a singer in the lot, but M. Chevalier, even at his advanced age, is a sly dog with a song, and the others get by nicely. For a sound-track recording, "Gigi" is exceptionally free of those familiarly blatant orchestral passages meant to underscore wild dancing interludes on the screen and of no value whatever to the home listener.

And now to deal briefly with "Oh Captain!," a Columbia recording of the show's musical numbers, made by the Broadway cast except for one leading role, in which Abbe Lane, who is in thrall to another record company, is replaced by Eileen Rodgers. The Parisian scenes are set to strikingly unoriginal music and lyrics, but the song-

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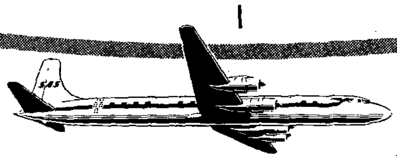

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writers have come up with some pleasant notions for the episodes that take place in England (the captain shuttled between Gibraltar and Morocco in the movie; now it's London-Paris), and have created one or two standard popular songs that have their charm. Among the various interpreters, Jacquelyn McKeever, who has a sweet lyric soprano, and Tony Randall, who has a ridiculously—and appropriately—prim baritone, stand out.

"THE MUSIC MAN" (Capitol) is a roundup, by the Broadway cast and orchestra, of songs from another period musical, and I found it vigorous, tuneful, and generally entertaining. It gets off to a bracing start with a train song, executed by a handful of travelling salesmen, who establish the time, the place, and even the leading character of the show before the locomotive wheezes into River City, Iowa. Thereafter, we are treated to a triumphant succession of sentimental ballads (Barbara Cook sings the tender ones very prettily, and a barbershop quartet bawls out the others), rousing chorus numbers, and rapid-fire comments in song by the city slicker of a hero (Robert Preston), along with an exultant march for full band and a chorus of "Good Night, Ladies." I must confess that there is nothing very distinguished about any of the pieces, which were composed by Meredith Willson, but I admired the score, all the same, for its breezy assurance, its good-naturedness, its lack of pretension, and the skill with which it realizes its simple aims. Furthermore, it is performed here with great verve.

While I'm on the subject of period pieces, I'd like to call attention to Columbia's recent revival of a fairly early product of the Gershwins—the 1926 musical comedy "Oh, Kay!" I'm sure you are all familiar with such enduring excerpts as "Maybe," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "Clap Yo' Hands," and "Do, Do, Do," and while it may be that they are the only really outstanding numbers in the show, I enjoyed some of the lesser-known pieces, too. For example, the opening song, "The Woman's Touch," in which a chorus of housemaids (this was 1926, you recall) accomplishes much the same thing those salesmen do in the first scene of "The Music Man." Then come an arch little tranquillizer entitled "Dear Little Girl;" a rhythmic inspiration that goes by the name of "Fidgety Feet;" the sprightly-as-all-hell title song; and a couple of other bonbons. The perform-

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ing orchestra is a small one, conducted by Lehman Engel, and I have a feeling that here and there (mainly in "Do, Do, Do") he has slowed down the tempo to suit contemporary tastes, but there's no harm done, and on the whole this is pretty much of a lark. Barbara Ruick and Jack Cassidy, heard as the girl and the boy—Kay and Jimmy—do their stuff attractively, and I was especially pleased to hear, darting up out of the orchestra from time to time, tinkling two-piano arrangements of the kind that used to enliven musical-comedy pit bands.

AND here are a couple of other new releases of more than passing interest:

THE MANY SIDES OF PAT SUZUKI. Singing a rather nondescript collection of songs in her first album, Miss Suzuki reveals impressive talents, which enable her to give dramatic urgency to love ballads in a full voice and to flit through rhythm numbers in half voice. Henri René's orchestra lends good support. (*Vik*)

MARY MARTIN SINGS. RICHARD RODGERS PLAYS. Miss Martin sings, all right, and most appealingly, with that distinctive catch in her voice, but Mr. Rodgers' piano is heard only intermittently—either in introductions to the orchestral accompaniments, arranged by Robert Russell Bennett and conducted by John Lesko, or in breaks provided for him in the orchestration. No matter; the Rodgers songs (eight are from his days with Lorenz Hart, and four from his subsequent career with Oscar Hammerstein II) are beautifully finished products, and a couple of them—"Moon of My Delight," from "Chee-Chee," and "Sleepy Head," from the second edition of the "Garrick Gaieties"—are welcome rediscoveries. (*Victor*)

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

THE NEW BOSTON

[*From the Boston Globe*]

The Harvard Club of Boston has lost all of its "servants," the club's Bulletin, mailed to all members, disclosed today.

Instead, the club has acquired "employees."

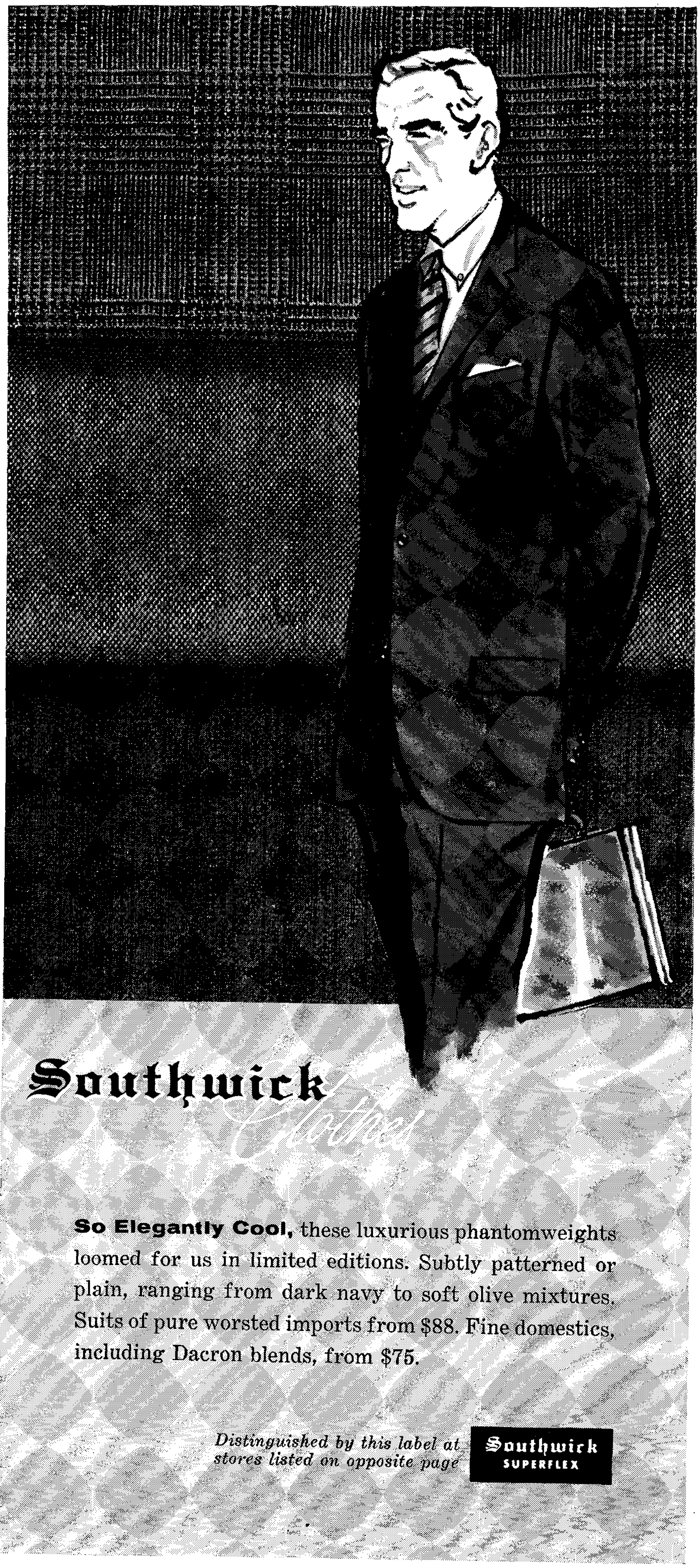
The Harvard Club, which celebrates its 50th anniversary with a dinner next Monday, solemnly revealed that at its 50th annual meeting held last Mar. 21, the by-laws were amended as follows:

"By striking out the word 'servants,' appearing in the first line on page 4, and by substituting therefor the word 'employees;' and by striking out the word 'servant,' appearing in the third line on page 4, and by substituting therefor the word 'employee.' "

•

Here's Alston's opening day lineup: Gilliam, lf; Reese, ss; Neal, 2b; Hodges, 1b; Gray, 3b; Cimoli, cf; Furillo, rf; Pignatano, c; Drysdale, p. and Mrs. Bavasi.—*The News.*

O.K., but can she hit?



So Elegantly Cool, these luxurious phantomweights loomed for us in limited editions. Subtly patterned or plain, ranging from dark navy to soft olive mixtures. Suits of pure worsted imports from $88. Fine domestics, including Dacron blends, from $75.

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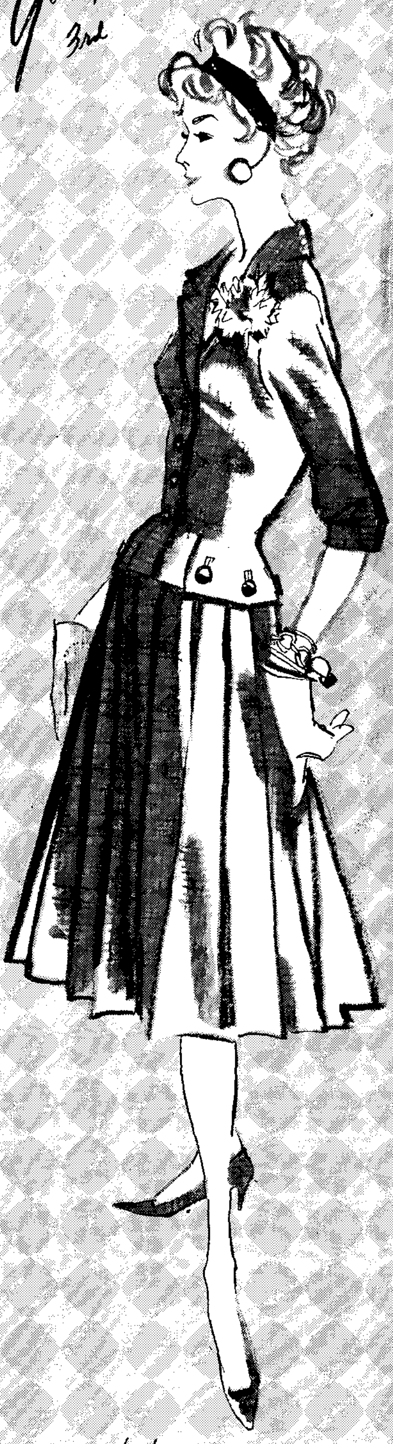

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SHOULD (OR WOULD) YOU LIKE SOME VEGETABLES?

ONE of my weaknesses as a travelling correspondent is that I like travel better than writing. Long before I have decided what to write about the place I am in, I want to be someplace else, and the call usually comes out of the ether when I am within a short head of broaching the political significance of something or other. This may have stopped me from becoming an Alsop.

I was just settling down to Athens last spring, for example, when I received through the mail an envelope forwarded from the hotel where I usually stop in London. It was marked in the upper left-hand corner with a printed "Private," so I opened it with distaste, although I couldn't remember anybody I owed money very badly. It wasn't a dun, though, but an invitation to get rich, from a London bookmaker. "Office Open from 10 A.M.," it read. "Ring [a telephone number that I shall not publish, because of our narrow postal regulations]. Full Comprehensive Service." On the back was a list of race meetings for March and April, and I could not help seeing that on that very day there were fixtures at Birmingham, Epsom, Chepstow, Uttoxeter, and Wetherby. The Acropolis was all very well, I thought, but I wondered what Chepstow, Uttoxeter, and Wetherby were like in the spring.

There are races in Athens at a course called Phaleron, against a background of the Acropolis and Mount Hymettus, on Thursdays and Sundays, but they are of an interest sufficient only to stimulate nostalgia. On the Sunday before my receipt of the friendly letter from the London bookie, I had gone to Phaleron, where I bet on a horse named Aeolus to place in a race for Arabs. I bet a hundred drachmas, which is three dollars and thirty-three cents, and Aeolus placed, all right. Then, when I went to the counter to collect, the mutuel clerk handed me back a hundred drachmas. I tried to tell him that I considered this an insufficient return on a winning bet, but since I have no Greek beyond the cardinal numbers, which are indispensable in buying mutuel tickets, I could not make my indignation explicit enough. Since I seemed angry, he called over a colleague who spoke English. I told him a small part of what I thought, and the two clerks engaged in a long colloquy. When it was over, the interpreter said, "He says you were lucky not to lose."

The friendliness of the bookie's letter and my recollection of the short odds at Phaleron set me to thinking about England, and in this mood I left my hotel for a walk. I strolled in the sun past the crowded terrasses of Zonar's and Floca's, the two big cafés that are so stylish they will not sell thick, sweet Greek coffee but only *café au lait*, *café viennois*, and other foreign drinks, such as tea, for which they can charge as much as the equivalent of twenty-five cents without rousing public protest. A little farther on, I reached the intersection of Odos Panepistimiou (University Street) and Odos Asklipiou (Aesculapius Street). Here there are booksellers' stalls—the lockup type, like the ones beside the Seine—set up along the south wall of the university compound, and I crossed the street to see what books in languages I can read had stranded there. I am not really a rare-book hunter, but it wouldn't be half bad to turn up a dog-eared, tattered, yellowed copy of "Don Juan" in the original boards, and find on the flyleaf Byron's autograph and a long, affectionate, possibly erotic dedication to a Greek sweetheart, maybe with a short, hitherto unpublished poem in her honor. I might make enough on a thing like that to compensate for a lot of unwritten think pieces.

There was nothing of that sort in the display. Most of the English items seemed to be by Agatha Christie, unautographed, and the French books were almost all translations of American detective stories. I did see, at ten drachmas, which is thirty-three cents, a small green cloth volume published by J. Bielefelds Verlag, of Freiburg im Breisgau, and entitled "The Little Londoner," by an author of sex indeterminable from the name on the cover—R. Kron. When I turned to the title page, I found the subject so in accord with my mood of gentle *Heimweh*—for London has become a *Heim* away from *Heim* for me—that I bought it.

"The Little Londoner" describes itself as "A Concise Account of the Life and Ways of the English with Special Reference to London. Supply-

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ing the means of acquiring an adequate command of The Spoken Language in All Departments of Daily Life. By R. Kron, Ph.D." I did not buy it as a first. It said plainly on the title page, "Seventeenth Edition, 1924." In the preface, the author states, "This little book is a parallel volume to my *Petit Parisien.* ["Le Petit Parisien" is now high on my list of desiderata.] I have called it *The Little Londoner* for two reasons; firstly, because it treats of almost every aspect of London daily life, London being generally recognized as the leading English city to which the foreigner usually goes first, and where he makes his longest stay; secondly, because the book is written in such English as the educated Londoner of the present day uses in his ordinary unconstrained conversation. . . . The old Chapter XXVI (Colloquial English, Slang and Cockney) has been left away."

When I got "The Little Londoner" to a café table—I couldn't wait to carry it all the way back to my hotel—I entered upon English life with R. Kron in the correct manner, by the front door. The first chapter is called "Calls,[1]" the footnote explaining that Calls means vi.sits. (The dot, in R. Kron's works, follows the stressed sy.llable.)

" 'An Englishman's house is his castle,' says the pro.verb," the book begins. "No one, not even a poli.ceman, is under o.rdinary ci.rcumstances enti.tled to pass (or cross) the thre.shold of an English pri.vate house. Thus a well-bred Englishman would consi.der it a bold intru.sion on his pri.vacy if a stranger were to call upo.n him without an invitation or a letter of introduction." There are quite a lot of footnotes here and throughout, but I shall omit them except when espe.cially re-ma.rkable.

"Persons who are provi.ded with a letter of introduction," R. Kron continues, "must, at their first call, leave that letter along with their card and addre.ss. It may be advi.sable not to go in on that day, but wait unti.l the lady or gentleman to whom the letter is addre.ssed sends an invitation. One (or A single) introduction from an English friend is worth more than a score of introductions from fo.reigners in high posi.tions.

"Sunday is not the proper day for making formal calls; week-days should always be chosen for that pu.rpose. The u.sual (or cu.stomary, proper) time for calling is between 4 and 6 p.m. (i.e. *post meri.diem,* in the a.fternoon). No

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call should be made at any other time, unless on a very i.ntimate (or close) friend. Strange to say, these calls, although made in the afternoon, are termed (or styled) 'morning calls.' They are, it is true, made before di.nner, the time for which is u.sually between six and eight (o'clock). Morning calls are made in morning dress, i.e. a dark frock-coat (do.uble brea.sted and with long tails), or a si.ngle-brea.sted cut-awa.y coat with tails, fa.ncy-co.loured trousers and gloves. A well-brushed silk hat (o.r top-hat) is now no longer the fa.shionable head dress."

Herr Kron—I took it that a lady would not be wearing a si.ngle-brea.sted cut-awa.y coat with tails—wrote of a London anterior to that with which I am familiar; I don't know anybody now who knocks off work at four to receive visitors. It is also, in the opinion of English friends I have consulted, a London before 1924—probably indicating that he revised each of the preceding sixteen editions only slightly. Anyway, it was quite a Little London.

"A gentleman should take his hat and stick, but not the umbrella, into the room, and keep them in his hands unti.l he is invited to put them down. The right-hand glove must be remo.ved." In the umbrella bit, I recognized a vestige of the old Druidical superstition about not opening an umbrella in the house, lest you draw rain through the roof. To retain the stick seemed to me to imply too great a lack of confidence in one's reception, though. It is a good social principle not to call on anybody with whom one cannot cope barehanded.

Here Herr Kron, as I shall from now on presume to call him, switches into the first person, throwing off the slightly inhuman mask of the first paragraphs:

"When I intend (or wish) to go and see a friend, or any one that has asked me to pay him a vi.sit (or to call upon him, to look him up), I go to his house and ring the (vi.sitors') bell; or, as is more co.mmonly done in England, I give several (at least 4 or 5) raps[16] [Footnote: "knocks, blows"] with the knocker, a kind of iron or brass hammer, such as are (to be) seen on most English front-doors. A se.rvant (a footman or a maid) will come and open the door. In speaking to him (or her, as the case may be), I need not take off my hat. . . . Before announcing me to his master, the servant will reque.st me to step (or walk)

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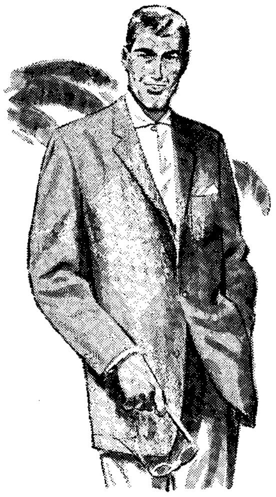

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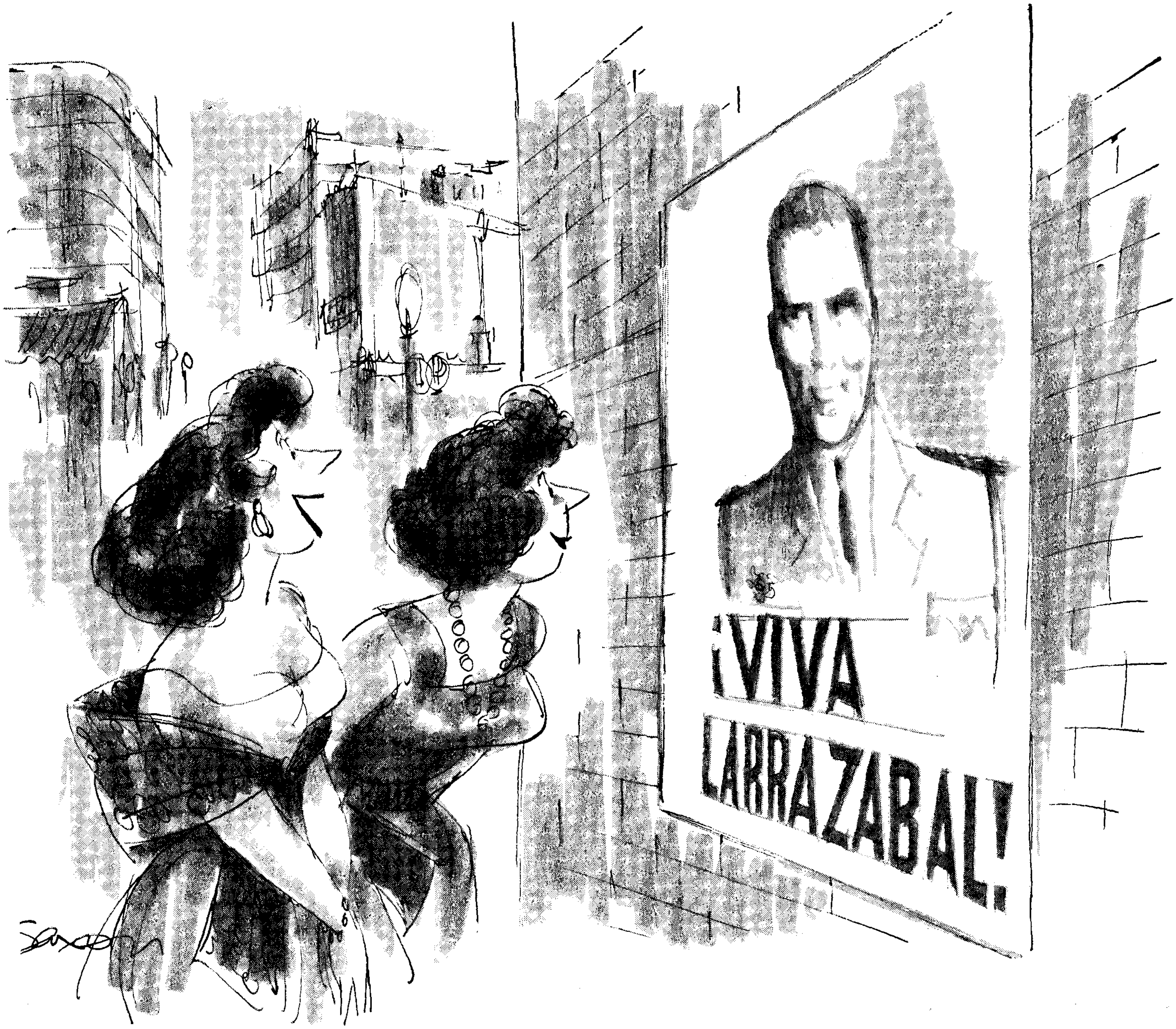

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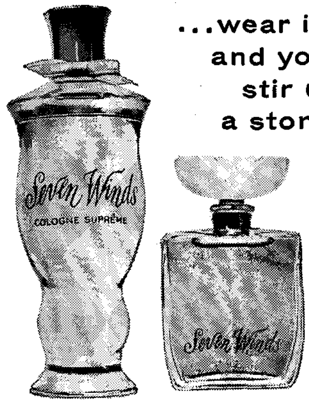

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in, and will show me into the drawing-room. Here I await (or wait for) Mr. ——'s arri.val."

Mr. ——, whose costume is not described, puts in an appearance, and "The Little Londoner" continues: "In the eve.nt of my not knowing Mr. —— pe.rsonally, I bow when he e.nters the room, and say: *Mr.——?* (in a questioning voice), or again: *Have I the ple.asure of speaking to Mr. ——?* Mr. —— will then a.nswer: *That* (or *Yes, that*) *is my name; will you take a seat, please?* and pro.bably conti.nue: *What can I do for you?* I may perha.ps say in reply, *I hope I am not tre.spassing on your time.* He will assu.re me, *O(h,) certainly not.*"

From the house of the insincere Mr. ——, Herr Kron continues his round of calls to that of an i.ntimate friend, who we.lcomes him by saying: "*Good morning,* (*afternoon, evening*), or *Hallo., old man,* or *old boy,* or *Fred, &c.*[27] [Footnote explains that *&c.*, &c., or etc. are abbrevia.tions of *et ce.tera* = and so on.]; (*I'm*) *very pleased* (or *glad*) *to see you. It's ages since I saw you last. What's the news?* . . . (*Will you take a seat? Take a seat! Sit down!*) . . . *Well, how are you? Well, how are you getting on? Well, how is the world using you? How are you all at home? I hope you are all well at home. How is your father* (*getting on*)*? &c.*

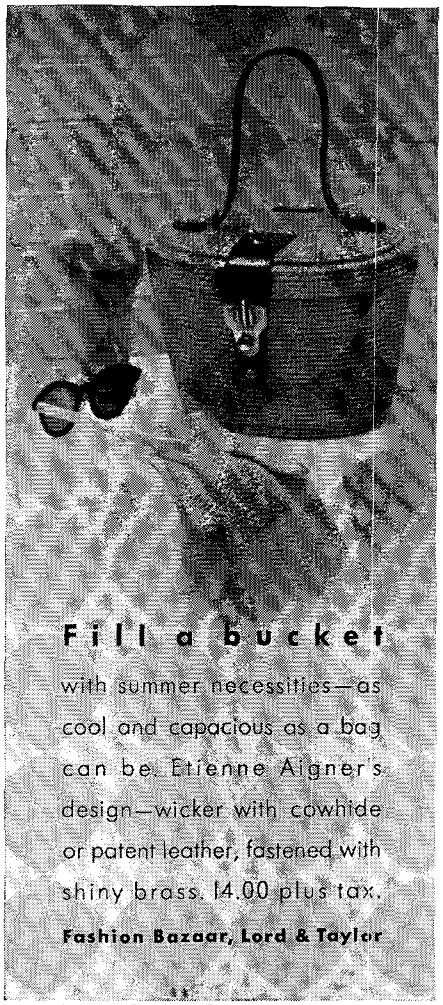
"My a.nswers may va.ry as follows: *Capital* (or *Very well, Quite well, To.lerably well, Pretty well, Fairly well*), *As u.sual, thanks* (or *thank you*). After these or si.milar preli.minary to.pics of conversa.tion, we have a co.mfortable chat."

"The Little Londoner" also furnishes detailed instructions for getting away:

"The usual form of leave-taking is *Good-by.e,* or *Good da.y,* or *Good night,* and among friends sometimes *Ta-ta.* . . .

"When i.ntimate friends leave each other, no bows are made. They just shake hands and se.parate with some such rema.rk as: *Good-bye, old fellow, I must be off now; Now I must say good-bye; Then good-bye, till to-morrow, till Friday week; So long;* (*I shall*) *See you again, &c., &c., &c.* . . ."

IN Chapter II, "Shops and Shopping," Herr Kron reveals an aspect of his character that contrasts with his hat-in-hand civility to Mr. —— and his careless joviality with the i.ntimate friend who called him *Fred, &c.* On entering the shop, he states, it is permissible to say



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Whims, Scraps,
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—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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WHEREAS the Subscriber, by his Care and Skill has acquired general Approval with his whiskey, whose casks are known by the Mark, James Crow's Whiskey; And others, envying his success, have made and sold their bourbon with this Mark, and imposing it on the Public as the Authentic Crow's bourbon; This is to notify that whatever bourbon is sold by the Subscriber, has only the Mark, James Crow's Whiskey, and any other Mark is an Imposture.

James Crow

A Toast

—to the improvement that comes with time.

Old Wood *burns the brightest*
Old Friends *are the truest*
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Strayed on Wednesday, *14th Inst.* A RED COW

She is marked with white on her flank and is remarkable for having lost nearly half her tail. A drink of Old Crow and Five Dollars reward is being offered for her return. Daniel Andrews, 130 Half-Moon Street.

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GEN. NATHAN B. FORREST NEVER SAID "Get There Fustest with the Mostest!"

Confederate Gen. Basil Duke in his memoirs wrote of his famous fellow officer: "I was present at an interview between him (Forrest) and (Gen. John Hunt) Morgan. Morgan wanted particularly to know about his (marked success) at Murfreesboro. 'Oh,' said Forrest, 'I just took the short cut and *got there first with most men.*'" (italics added). After the war, Gen. Duke, who called Old Crow "the most famous whiskey ever made in Kentucky," frequently met with Forrest to reminisce over a glass, no doubt, of this famous whiskey.

Which Theory Do You OK?

Ever wonder where "OK" came from? One theory traces it back to the red-hot 1840 presidential campaign, when supporters of Martin Van Buren mysteriously named themselves *The Democratic O. K. Club.* A newspaper revealed *O. K.* stood for *Old Kinderhook,* Van Buren's birthplace. But *our* theory goes back to when barrels of James Crow's great bourbon were stamped *OK*—designating its origin as *Old Kentucky.* Since everyone knew the best whiskey came from Kentucky, OK on the barrel meant a treat in the glass! So pick your theory; either one is OK with us.

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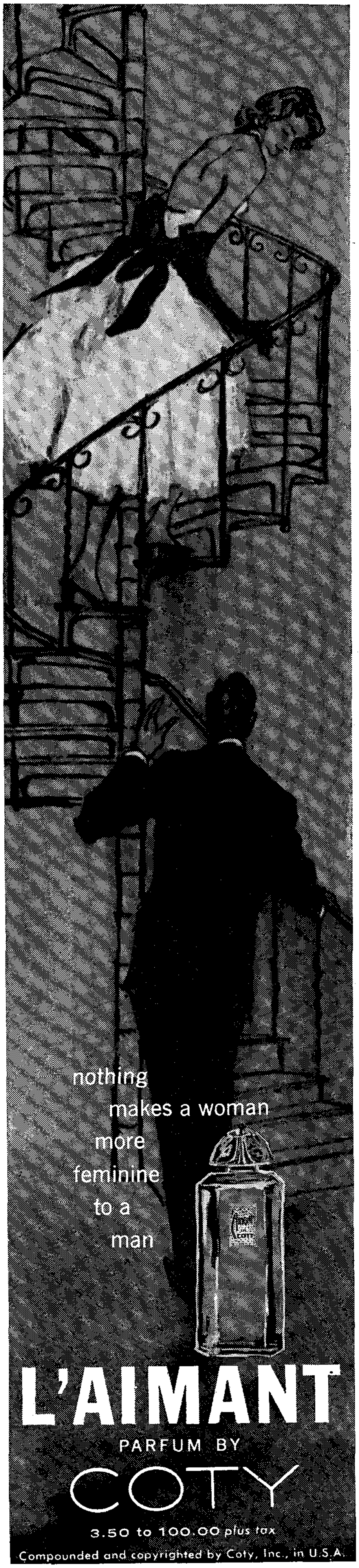

L'AIMANT

PARFUM BY

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"Good morning (day, a.fternoon, evening)," but "In most cases the English dispe.nse with a greeting." The shop(wo)man, however, is effusive. "Good morning, Sir (Madam. Mrs. Cox)," he (she) says. "What may (or can) I do for you?—What may I have the pleasure of getting you?—What can I show you?—What for you, Sir?—Are you being attended to?—Is any one attending to you?—Now, Sir?"

All he wants is a pair of brown kid[73] [Footnote: "young goat (La.tin: *capra*)"] gloves, but he asks several deceptive questions to arouse the shop(wo)man's hopes of making a more considerable sale, like *viz.*[9] [Footnote: (from the Latin *vide.licet*) is read *namely*, or *to wit.*] "Do you keep i.llustrated (or picto.rial, or pi.cture) po.st-cards with views of the town?"

The shop creature answers politely, "Yes, we have a very good asso.rtment. Will you kindly come to the other counter?"

Instead of going with him (her), Herr Kron, perhaps miffed (cheesed) at having been called Mrs. Cox, merely changes the challenge.

"I see you have advertised in to-day's (*Daily*) *Mail* the latest sci.agraphs[85] by Röntgen's X-Rays; may I have a look at them?"

At this point, I needed a footnote myself. It said, "[85]pi.ctures showing the inte.rnal structure of an o.bject."

The shop person, however, is not stumped. He (she) replies briskly: "Certainly, Sir. We have a very large colle.ction of ra.diographs (or X-Ray photos). Will you walk this way, please?"

"Do you sell French no.vels? Have you (got) any new ones?" Kron may have expected this to make the shop (I incline here to think wo)man blush, but it doesn't rattle her.

"No, we keep English books only."

"What is the price of that travelling trunk in the window?"

"Seven pound ten."

The succinctness of this last answer indicates that the shop(wo)man is tired of his nonsense. From then on, nothing more is said about the po.st-cards, the sci.agraphs, or the trunk. Herr Kron sticks to the gloves, which were what he came in for.

The next section of the chapter is headed, "*The purchaser does not care for the article shown (to) him; he expresses a wish to see others:*

"I don't quite care for (or like) this style (or these, those). Have you no others to show me?

"This pair (of gloves) seems to be

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A quartet of coordinates in
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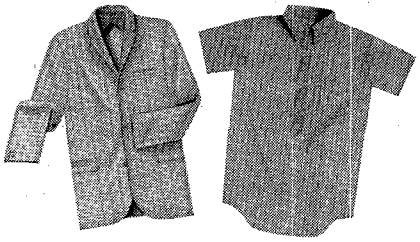

1. Traditionally styled blazers, narrow lapels, ¼" lap seams, deep center hook vent. Deep toned plaids or *stripes in grounds of red, olive, brown, blue or gold.*
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INC.
New York

too tight (wide). May I try one on?

"The bu.ttons are sewn on very badly; there's one coming off already."

The shop person is at first conciliatory. "Yes, it is a nu.isance; they *will* sew them on so badly. If you'll wait a mi.nute, I'll have it put on for you."

"What is the price of this pair?"

"This pair is twelve shillings. That's a cheap glove (or line, or a.rticle)."

"The purchaser thinks the price rather high, but haggling not being the custom in good English shops, he takes the article:

"I think that very dear," he says, but the shop(wo)man, knowing he (she) has won, hardens.

"Dear? It's dirt-cheap."

"That seems rather dear. I know a shop where I can get them for less."

"Excu.se me, Sir. That's the best glove sold at the price. . . . You won't find them cheaper a.nywhere."

"Well (or All right), I'll take this pair."

"Very well, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

The purchaser makes a last effort. "Do you allow any di.scount for cash?"

"No, 12 s. is the cash price."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Sir."

IT is in Chapter III, "Food and Meals," that "The Little Londoner" comes most poignantly to grips with English life. "Everything that is eaten for no.urishment, is called *food*," the chapter begins. ". . . English ladies seldom interfere with the cooking. . . . All meals in England seem to be arranged very much on the same lines.

"In most English ho.useholds, four *meals* are taken a day (or *per diem*), *viz.*, breakfast (about 8 or 9 in the morning, an hour later on Sundays), lunch (or lu.ncheon, about 1 or 2), tea (about 5), and di.nner (about 6.30 or later on in the evening). . . .

"The *Dinner* is the pri.ncipal meal in well-to-do fa.milies. It is a very im-

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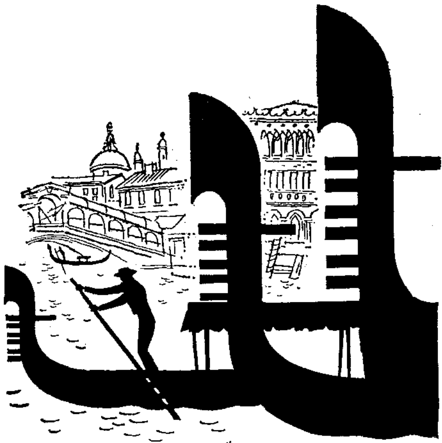

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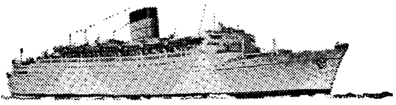

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portant matter, and a more or less so.lemn affa.ir; all members of the family ge.nerally dress for dinner. Pu.nctually at the fixed (dinner) hour (u.sually at 7 p.m.), the dinner bell, or the muffled sound of the gong (a me.tal disc, so.mething between a drum and a bell) is heard, and each gentleman 'takes a lady in (or down) to dinner,' and all sit down in their allotted places. . . .

"A thick or clear soup, which is very strong, and often seems to be prepared after Spa.rtan recipes—e.g. o.xtail or mock[24]-turtle[25]—so.metimes, but not re.gularly, o.pens the meal." [The footnote on "mock" says, "false, not real," while that on "turtle" is "large sea-to.rtoise (Latin: *chelo.nia mi.das*)."]

"The Little Londoner's" description of the rest of the meal is pretty diffuse, because it is a catalogue (voca.bulary exercise) of all the kinds of fish, all the kinds of meat, and all the kinds of ve.getables that could possibly turn up, including items that are highly improbable, like carp and moor hen. The ve.getables, it says, "are distinguished by the a.bsence of se.asoning. They are simply boiled in salt and water, and then seasoned with salt, pepper, and vi.negar, or oil (to be found in the cru.etstand) by each pe.rson according to his taste. A bottle of hot, ready-made sauce, 'Wo.rcestershire Sauce' or 'Yo.rkshire Re.lish,' is on the table for those who requi.re a spe.cial seasoning."

However Herr Kron may sneer at simple, undeceptive English fare, he is quick to snap up an invitation when one offers—"To get an invitation to dinner is, of course, consi.dered a great honour"—and is Johnny on the spot (prompt) in his best bib and tucker (threads), eager to show his savoir-faire (know-how, *Waszutunwissen*).

"It must be understood that it is a breach of e.tiquette to come even a little before time to a dinner party; o.therwise you will run the risk of being mistaken for a waiter. [Particularly if you have a German accent.] It is the cu.stom to arri.ve a little late, but not more than a quarter of an hour. Therefore invitations are issued, no.wadays '. . . at 7 for 7.15,' i.e., you may come at 7, dinner beginning at 7.15. The invi.ted gentlemen as a rule appe.ar in evening (or full) dress, or dress-suit, i.e. dress-coat (or tail-coat, or swa.llow-tail coat) and black tie, black waistcoat, and black trousers, but without gloves. Evening dress is *de rigueur* (i.e. compu.lsory) unless the invitation tells you o.therwise. The top-hat, though not needed, may be worn, whether evening or

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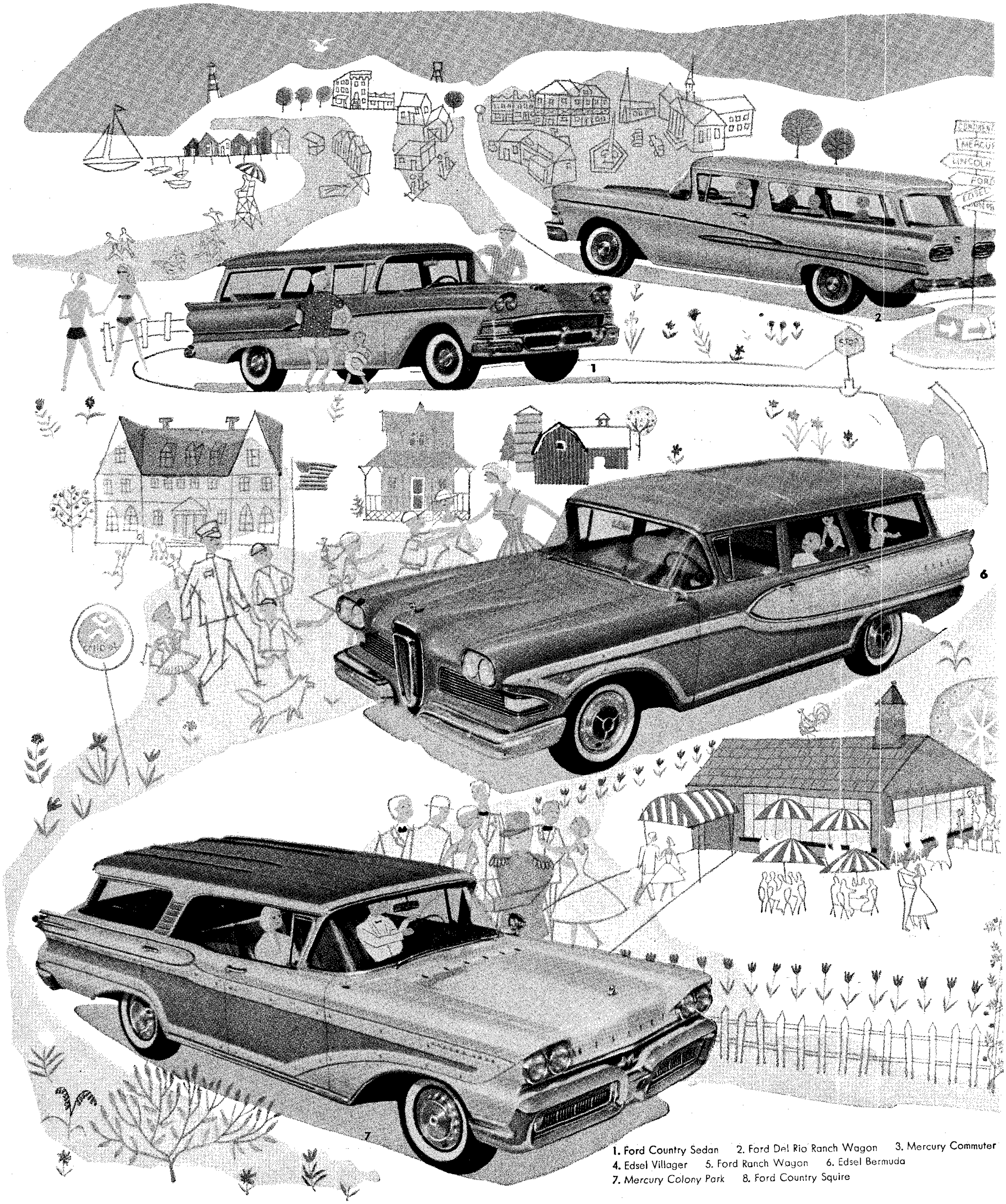
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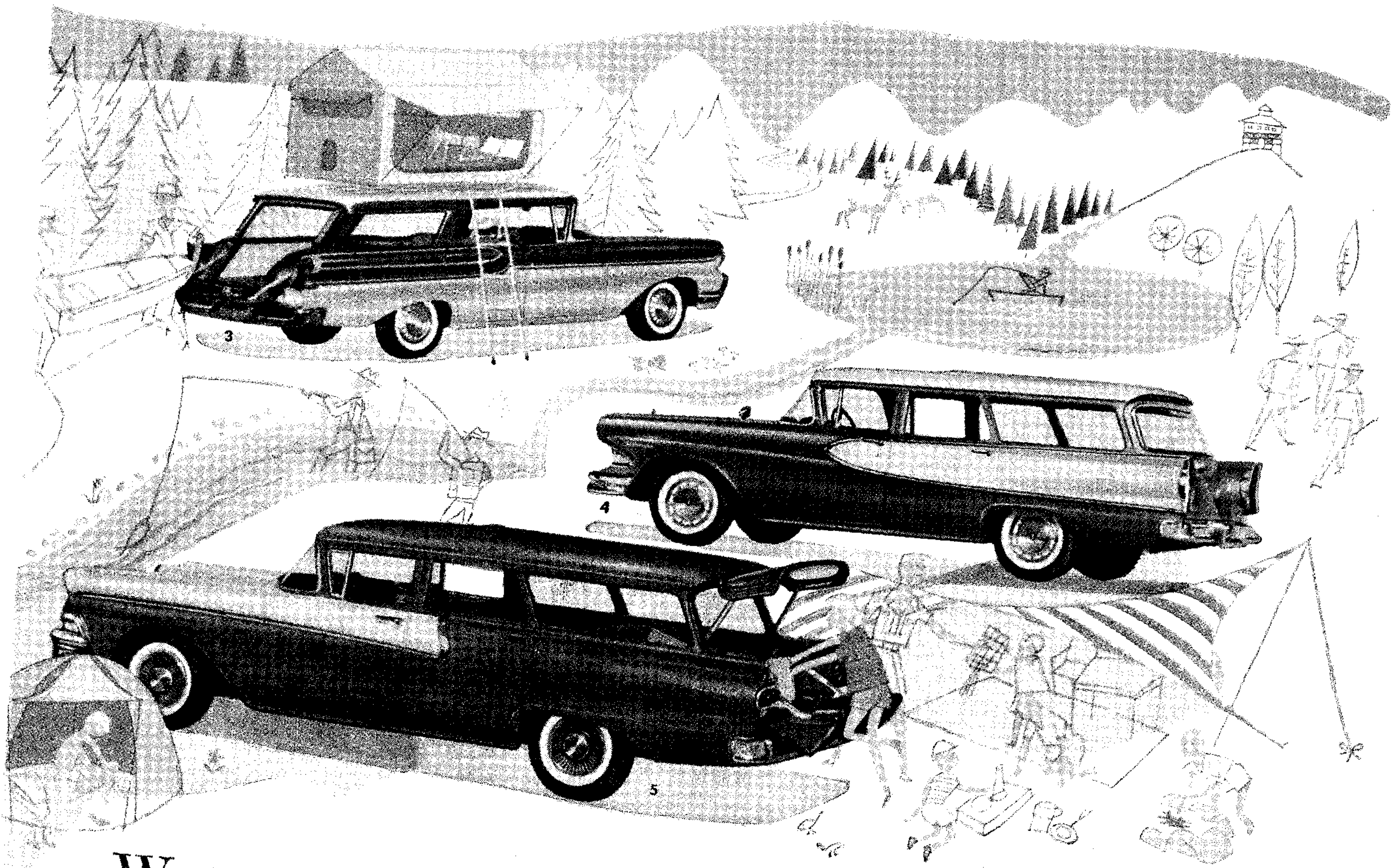

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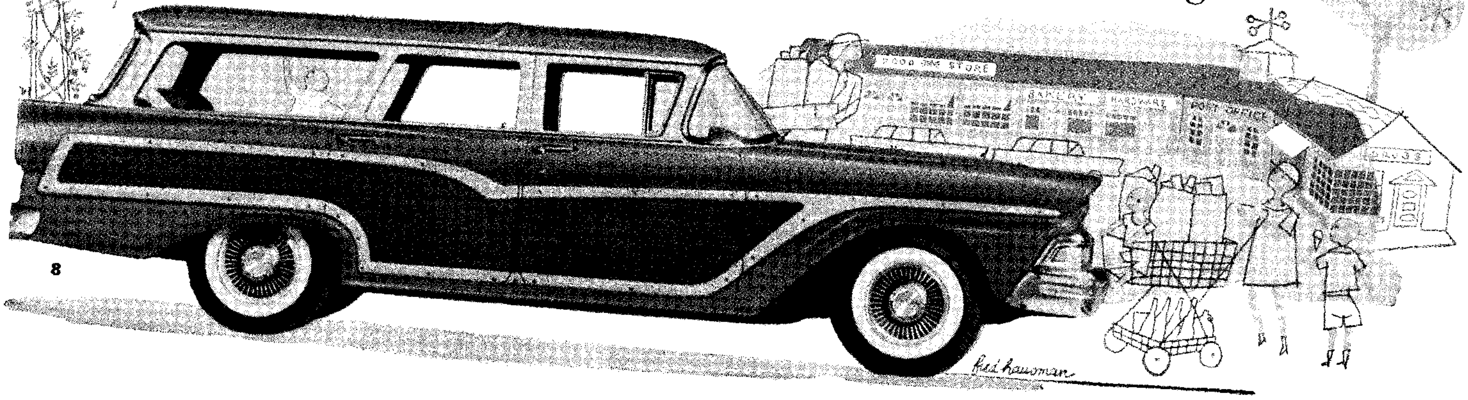

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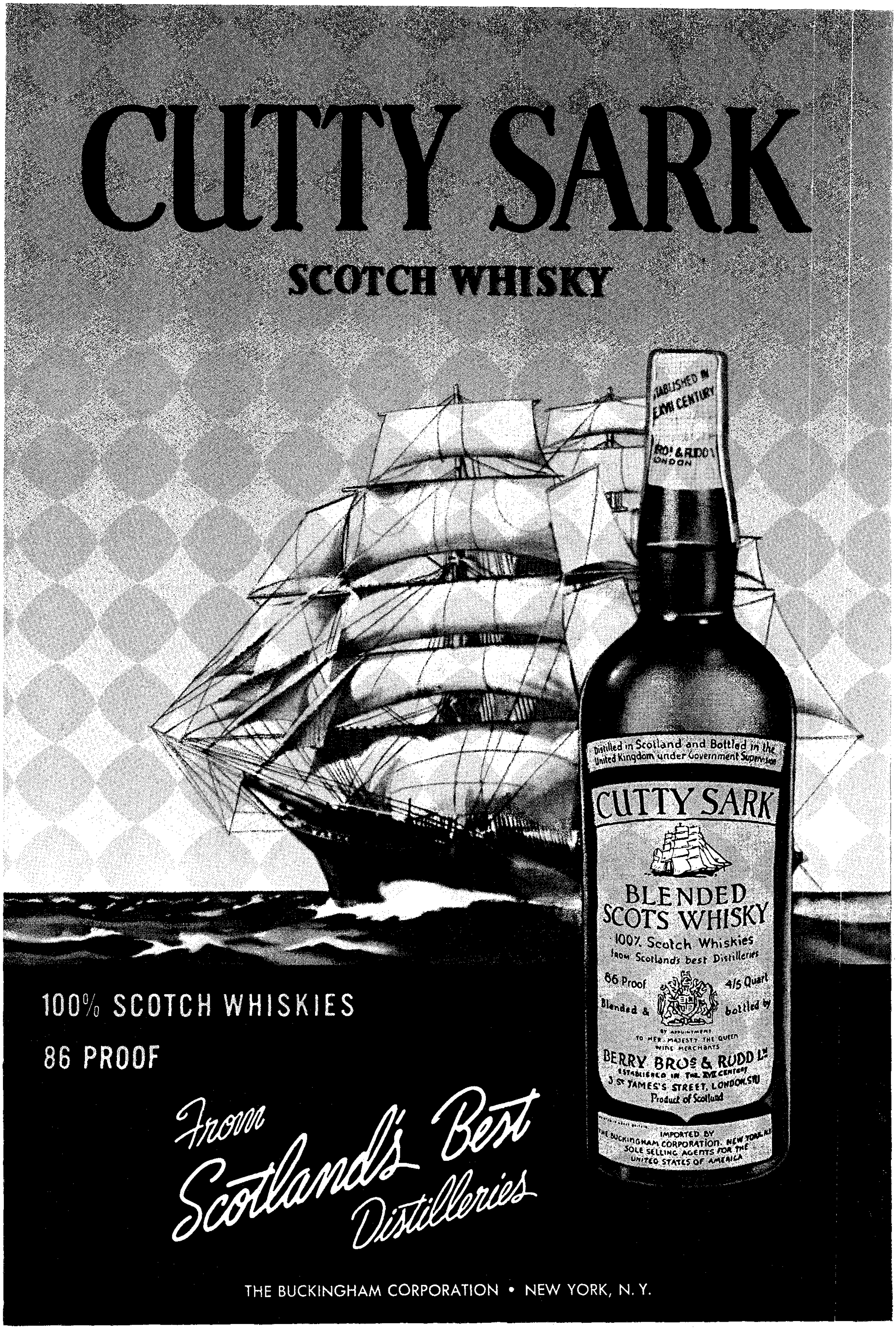
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morning dress or di.nner-jacket (at small family or ba.chelors' dinners) is expected, but it is left in the hall or cloak-room, or given to the footman or maid.

"Vu.lgar people have the ha.bit of eating with the knife, altho.ugh it is considered very bad form to use the knife instead of the fork; the knife is only for cutting the food, and no e.ducated person ever allo.ws it to touch his lips.—Using to.othpicks is shocking.—Bread or rolls should never be cut into small mouthfuls, but broken.—Clinking glasses strikes an Englishman as a fo.reign habit."

Once the meal begins, it is every (wo)man for him (her) self. This is what used to happen At Table in 1924, according to "The Little Londoner":

"*The ho.st(ess) asks the guest what (s)he would like to have:*

"What will you have (or take), tea, coffee, or cho.colate?"

"*The guest makes (or takes) his (her) choice:*

"Tea, please. I'll (i.e. I will) take a cup of coffee, if you please."

"Do you take sugar and cream in your tea?" This is clearly non-responsive, and from here on matters disimprove:

"Yes, please.—Only sugar, *no* milk or cream, thanks (or thank you)."

"Will you (or Won't you) eat (or take, have) some hot (or buttered) toast with your coffee?"

"No, thank you, I think. I'll have some bread and ma.rmalade."

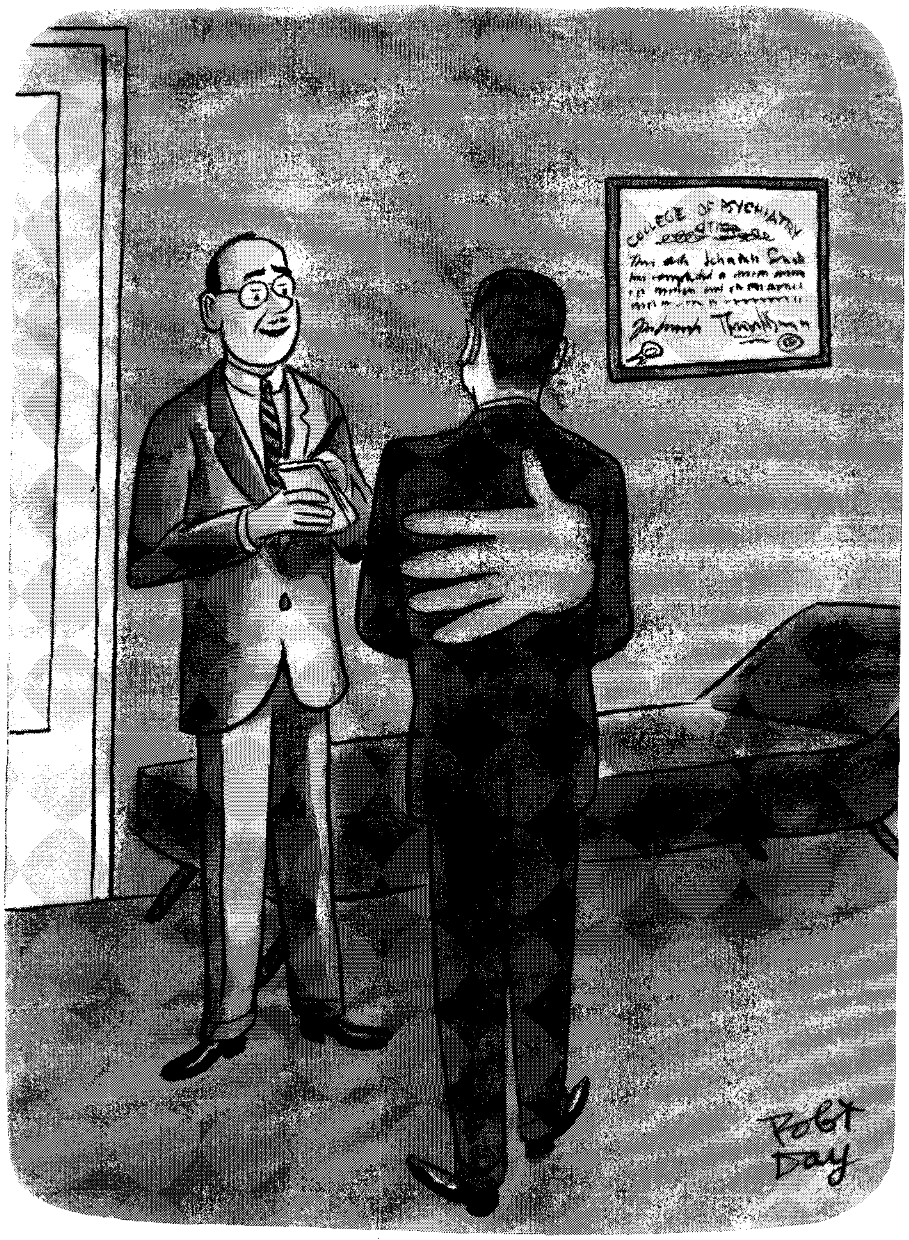
"May I send (or offer) you some bacon and eggs, or some haddock?"

"Thank you very much, I don't mind which (it is). I'm not very particular."

"Here is ham, cold beef, and kippered herring; which do you prefer?"

"I think I'll trouble you for a slice of cold beef, if you please."

"What soup may I help you to (or send you), Mr. Darling, vermicelli[112],



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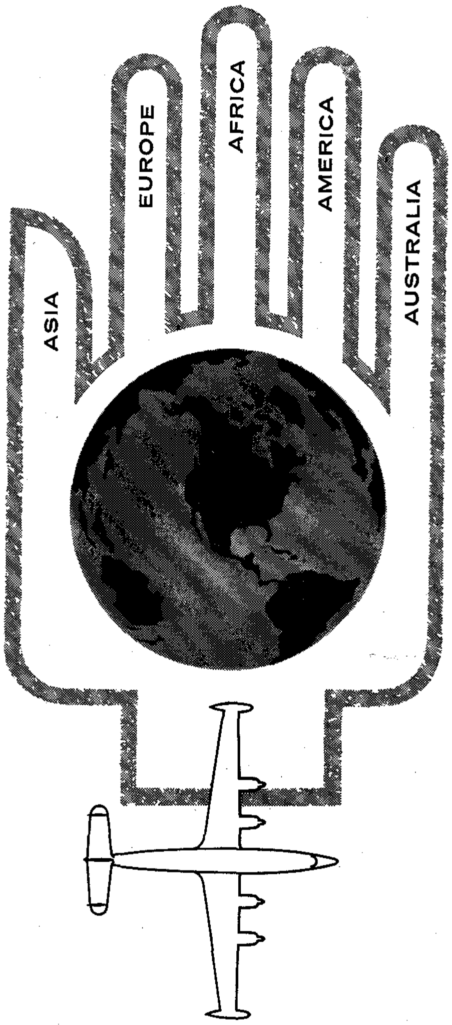

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or gravy[113]?" [The footnotes read: "[112](Ita.lian = little worms) soup with long, worm-like noodles, or macaro.nies." "[113]beef tea, i.e. juice (or soup) of beef."]

"Thank you, I'll trouble you for some gravy soup, a very little, if you please; I rarely take soup at all."

"What wine do you prefer? Cla.ret, sherry, hock (or simply: Claret, sherry, hock), or mose.lle, Sir?"

"May I trouble you for a glass of hock? I'm rather partial to it.

"No wine, thank you, I'd rather have a glass of water."

The hostess ignores this regression and asks, "Will you not have a piece of ice in your wine?"

"I think I will. Hock must be iced to taste really well."

Now that the company is contentedly drinking diluted wine, *"The ho.st(ess) asks (or reque.sts) the guest to make a hearty meal, and offers other dishes:*

"Take some more pi.geon pie, Doctor! It won't do you any harm, I am sure. Have another (or a second) helping, will you?"

"You are very kind, Ma.dam (or Mrs. Berry, Miss Cox); I really think I'll take a little more. I'm very fond of pie."

"Allow me to send you some more meat, Mr. Cox."

"Just a tiny piece, (if you) please; it is very nice indeed."

"May (or Can) I offer you another cup of tea?"

"Thank you, I think I'll trouble you for a se.cond cup."

"I see you have crossed your knife and fork. What can I help you to (or send you) now? Won't you take some Welsh ra.bbit?"

"Welsh rabbit? I never tried it. Would you let me have a very small piece, just to try it (or to see what it's like)?"

"Help yourse.lf, Sir."

"Thank you, I will."

The guy has now taken tea, coffee, bread and marmalade, bacon and eggs or haddock—whichever Mrs. Berry or Miss Cox happened to have handy—two helpings of meat (beef and unspecified), a chaser of gravy soup, a glass of hock with a hunk of ice in it, two sendings of pigeon pie, another cup of tea, and a segment of Welsh rabbit sufficiently rigid to be cut in pieces, but the hostess is unrelenting.

"Any more beef, Sir? Have some more lobster, Mr. Shaw."

"No more, thank you.—No, thank you, not any more."

The second, apparently, is from Mr. Shaw, a favored guest who has been

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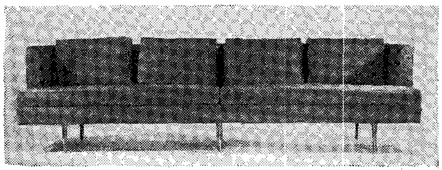

This is the nine-foot sofa #4907 which went out into the field for the first Dunbar advertisement and has been going out ever since to decorators, designers, architects who specify it over and over again and to just plain people who love this sofa. Today we hear #4907 is included among the Dunbar pieces at the Brussels Fair. Once again this sofa, designed by Edward Wormley, is recognized as one of the tastemakers of our time. Visit the Dunbar showrooms: New York, Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Seattle and Tulsa. Home Office: Berne, Indiana. (*Advertisement*)

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guzzling lobster while his convives made do with haddock and gravy soup. He is full up with it, or perhaps has a claw stuck in his throat.

"Now try some poultry with sa.usage, will you?"

Herr Kron spurs faltering appetites with a footnote on sausage: "(French: *saucisse*) se.asoned meat cut into very small pieces, and stuffed (or filled) into a gut (or intestine)."

"No more, thank you. I have done very well."

"I see your plate is empty, and you've placed your knife and fork side by side on it. May I not help you to some more fowl?"

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. D. [Food is pressing against the backs of his eyeballs, and he is seeing multiple hostesses] but I have finished and would rather not have any more, thank you."

"Will you venture on some plu.m-pudding?"

"No, thanks, if you'll excuse me, I will not take any."

She becomes frantic. "*Do* let me send you a go.oseberry tartlet, one only!"

"I had rather not, thank you."

Now she gets spiteful. "You *are* a poor eater. I fear (or I am afra.id) you have made a poor meal."

"No, thank you. I've made an e.xcellent meal. I've done very well, indeed." But the reader senses that he fears he will never be invited again.

Even in England, a Freiburg im Breisgau appetite cannot depend entirely on the hostess to keep it stoked (the lady above is an ide.alized po.rtrait), so Herr Kron has added some "Other phrases (addre.ssed to one's neighbour)," which will usefully fill in gaps in the conversation:

"May I trouble you for the bread, please?"

"Will you pass the water, please?"

"(I'll) Thank you for the mu.stard. (Colloquial.)"

"Kindly (or Will you kindly) pass the vi.negar."

And, to keep the neighbors happy and coöperative:

"Should (or Would) you like some ve.getables?"

"Do you (or I suppo.se you) take Yorkshire Re.lish?"

Laying aside "The Little Londoner," I decided I might be able to stand the eastern Mediterranean for a while longer.

—A. J. LIEBLING

• •

THE RENEWAL

I

What glories would we? Motions of the soul?
The centaur and the sibyl romp and sing
Within the reach of my imagining—
Such affirmations are perpetual.
I teach my sighs to lengthen into songs,
Yet, like a tree, endure the shift of things.

II

The night wind rises. Does my father live?
Dark hangs upon the waters of the soul;
My flesh is breathing slower than a wall.
Love alters all. Unblood my instinct, love.
These waters drowse me into sleep so kind
I walk as if my face would kiss the wind.

III

Sudden renewal of the self—from where?
A raw ghost drinks the fluid in my spine;
I know I love, yet know not where I am;
I paw the dark, the shifting midnight air.
Will the self, lost, be found again? In form?
I walk the night to keep my five wits warm.

IV

Dry bones! Dry bones! I find my loving heart
Illumination brought to such a pitch
I see the rubblestones begin to stretch
As if reality had split apart
And the whole motion of the soul lay bare—
I find that love, and I am everywhere.

—THEODORE ROETHKE

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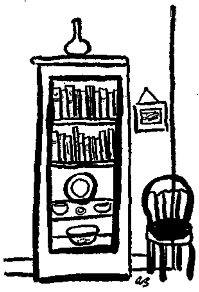
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

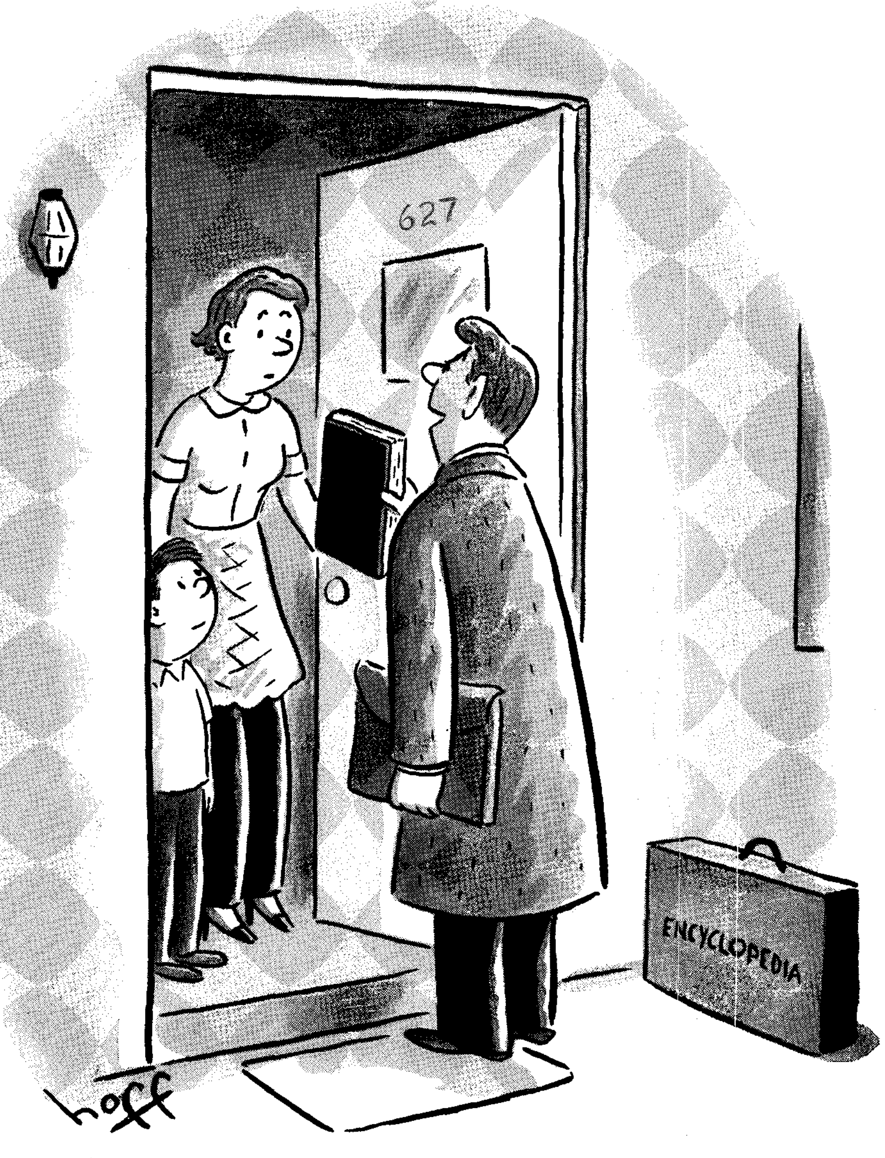
ABOUT THE HOUSE



NOT the least interesting anecdote in Miss Nancy Mitford's stylish new study of Voltaire is the one about how the philosopher, when he wished to furnish a house in Paris for the expected visit of Frederick the Great, commissioned an old priest and Mme. du Châtelet's midwife to select the *ameublement*. The time being the eighteenth century, there could, as Miss Mitford points out, be no opportunity for even such unlikely decorators to go wrong in the matter of taste. I have spent the past fortnight among the 1958 crop of outdoor chairs, tables, and so on, and I can't help wondering what the midwife and the old priest would do confronted with such fancy furnishings—or, when it comes to that, what you and I are going to do. Actually, what *I* have done is to separate, as best I could, the flocks of metal and rattan goats from the occasional sheep, which I now present for the consideration of householders who, in furnishing their gardens, look for comfort combined with some distinction. Perhaps I had better warn everybody concerned that most garden furniture this season is tagged with prices that would be less startling attached to authentic Louis XV fruit-wood, and add that I claim some credit for humanitarian picking and choosing among the price tags as well as among the designs.

A profitable first stop in shopping for outdoor chairs is the showrooms of Edward A. Roffman Associates, 17 East 48th Street, the sole New York outlet (through decorators, that is) for the garden furniture of two talented California designers, Hendrik Van Keppel and Taylor Green. Among some extremely simple and trimly good-looking pieces are a number of comfortable black metal armchairs in a crisscross openwork pattern, which, indeed, couldn't well be simpler or trimmer. The easy, or "host," chair in this group (I notice a trend to designate the most restful seat in each pattern as the host chair, which is all right with me) is $60; a matching side chair, low-armed and inviting, is $55; and a chair with an exaggeratedly high back is $85. The same frames are also available with hand-woven natural rattan used, quite effectively, in place of the crisscross metal; the host chair of this type is $85, the side chair $75, and the high-backed one $110. There are also bar stools in the rattan group, and bar stools may be what you are in need of, but I'm afraid that these, owing to their spindly frames, don't add much to the aesthetic value of the set. A much more successful Roffman notion is something called a sun lounge—a very commodious couch, thirty-one inches wide, that is the last word in both sybaritic ease and terrace decoration. The cushion for this stunning piece is divided crosswise into three sections, each upholstered in a different color (it is on display in orange, black, and white plastic, but it can be ordered in anything the customer wants), and the lounge itself can be adjusted to three positions. The price is $255, which does not include the material for the upholstery.

Georg Jensen is showing a collection of rattan chairs, imported from Holland, that have all the charm of an English garden—an Edwardian sort of garden, with handsome ladies carrying pale parasols, and young men in tennis flannels passing cucumber sandwiches—plus a striking modern grace and a most relaxing comfort. But since there is a shortage hereabouts of stalwart Edwardian domestic hands for toting things in and out of doors, I daresay that these chairs should be considered only for covered areas—porches, sunrooms, and the like—where they would have an entirely unpretentious



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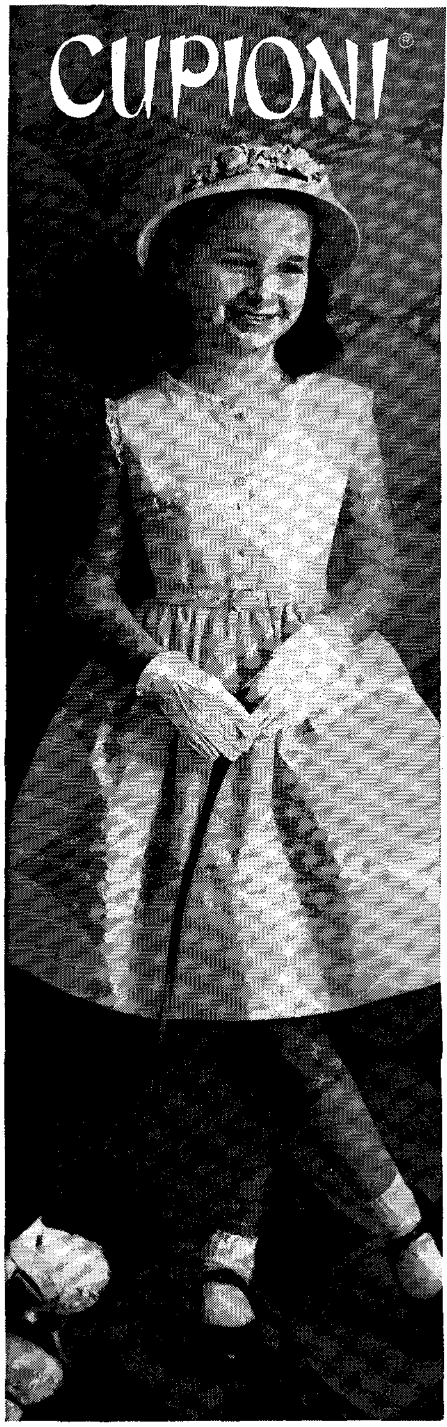

PEACHES 'N CREAM turns to Cupioni to make little-girl fashions pretty as well as practical. This adorable Val-lace trimmed dress is made of Candora by FULLER FABRICS, a washable, crease-resistant, minimum-iron shantung of cotton and elegant Cupioni. Pink and blue. Sizes: 3 to 6x, **$7.98**; 7 to 14, **$8.98**. Franklin Simon, New York and branches; Madigan Bros., Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Joske's, Houston; Thalhimer's, Richmond.

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elegance. Almost without exception, the chairs are very deep of seat, and the line of the seat continues in one graceful curve to make the back. Some of them are armless, and rather low, and there are also armchairs that seem to have been designed for moderately long-legged people. Most of the pieces range in price from $32 to $42, but one particularly spacious model costs $60.

THE splendid new studios, at 50 East 64th Street, of the high-toned firm of Luten-Clarey-Stern is a likely place to go not only for pretty outdoor chairs but for all sorts of delightful odds and ends that won't be found in other shops or, I should think, in other people's gardens—not yet, at any rate. Among these frivolities is a small cabaña, consisting of a rattan frame and a loose-fitting red-and-white or blue-and-white striped canvas cover, that makes a convenient dressing room (two dressers could squeeze in at one time) for a home swimming pool. Aside from being extremely serviceable (it probably has dozens of uses), this little tent, which is six feet ten inches tall, thirty-five inches wide, and thirty-three inches from front to back, and light enough to be easily portable, would add a cheerful and distinctly stylish note to any landscape; it costs $95, complete with its gay cover. Then, there is a very handsome rattan chest, from Hong Kong, which is adorned with a large, decorative (and also functional) brass lock and must be exactly what every woman who has ever tried to keep some sort of order on a terrace or patio has always longed for to store outdoor cushions and other such impedimenta in; $75. You will find here, too, the almost forgotten old Bath chair, rattling around in which you might almost expect to discover the same ancient Englishman you last saw holed up in one of these cozy shelters against the rigors of a British summer's day. The only innovation that has been added to the pre-World War I—or, for that matter, the pre-Cromwellian—Bath chair is a little stand for a highball glass; this modern touch is no doubt what has made the price hop up to $115. For outdoor sitters of more usual tastes, there are comfortable barrel-shaped rattan chairs, big enough to inspire sprawling and with seats that lift off to disclose storage space for pillows and whatnot, at $55, and smaller versions, of more or less the same form but without the storage space, at $33. Also on hand are those perfectly flat-on-the-ground folding beach rests of rattan, one of which

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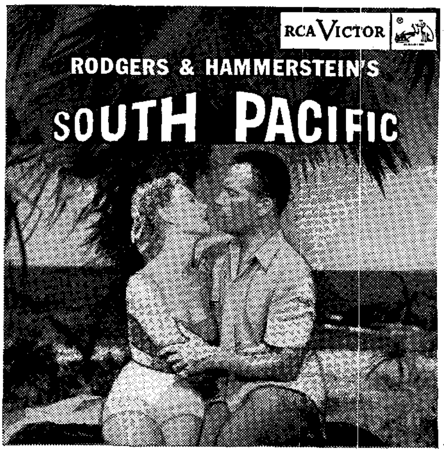

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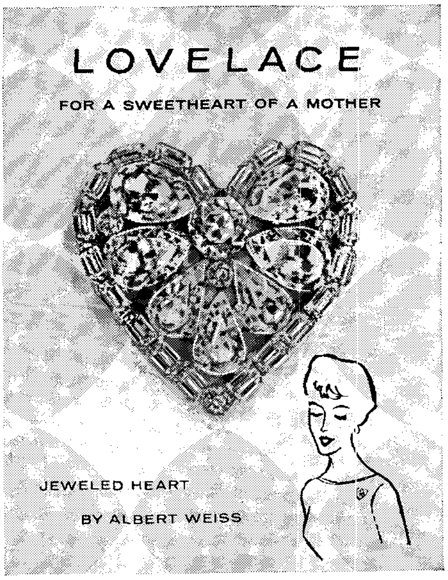

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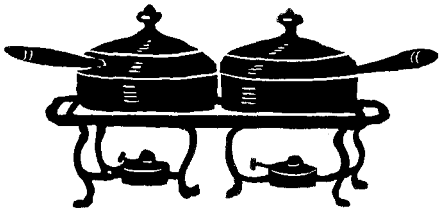
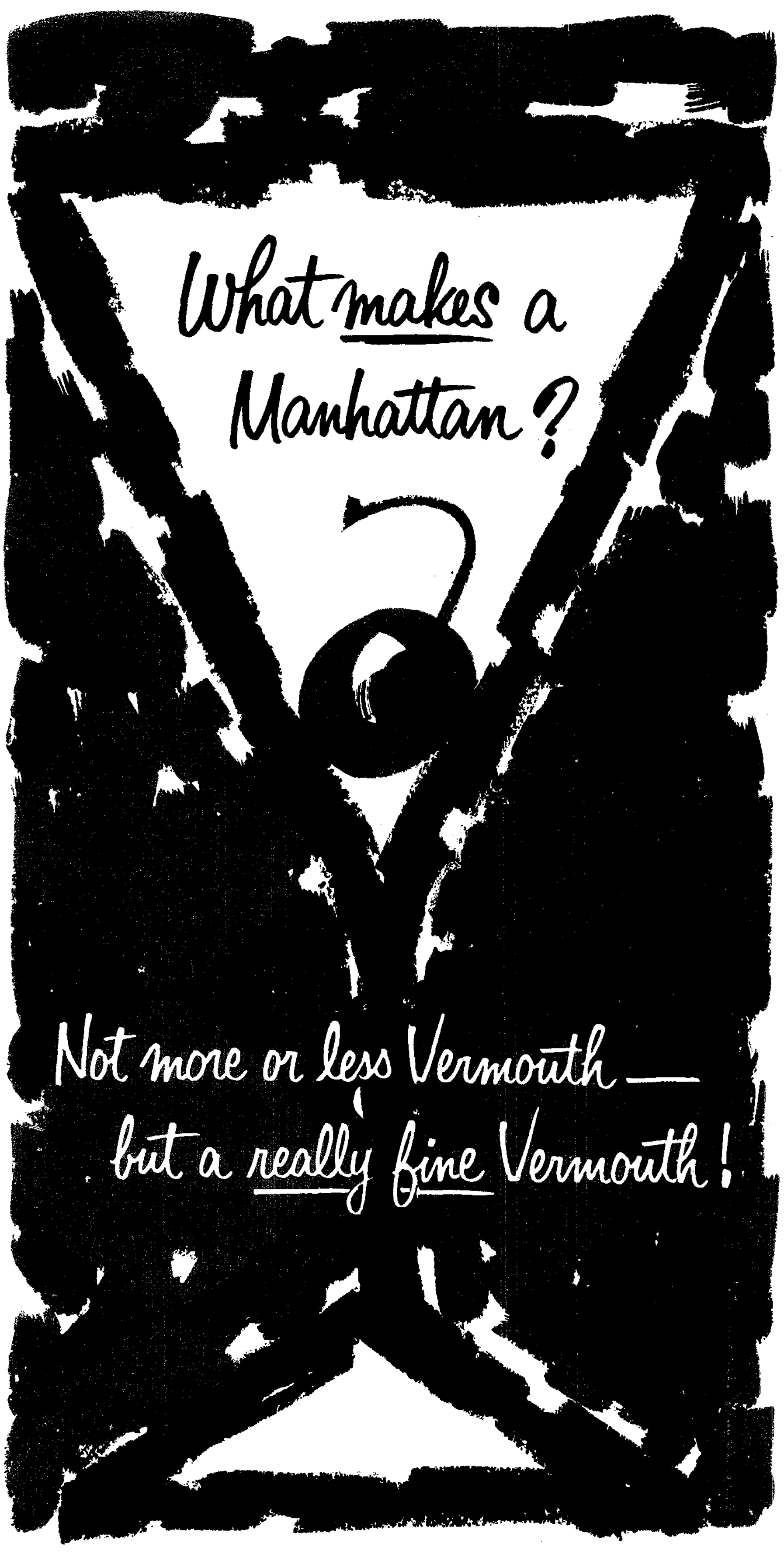
might well be included in everybody's collection of outdoor furniture, since they are inexpensive ($14) and since it's certain that in any gathering there will always be at least one person spry enough to choose such a seat. Since L.-C.-S. is another firm that deals only through decorators, I should mention here that most of the merchandise will eventually be on sale at one or another retail store around town. And, speaking of decorators, this is probably as good a time as any for me to pass along the news, which I gleaned from a trade magazine the other day, that such gentry have now officially resolved not to answer any longer to the name of interior decorators; henceforth they are to be known as interior designers.

ALTHOUGH the outdoor furniture at Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, may not all be eighteenth-century, any old-priest-and-midwife team would find it hard to go wrong among the ancient bits of garden decoration on display there. For instance, you will find—what are more or less rarities—numerous outdoor kerosene lanterns of real distinction, many of them taken from the coaches of the old Chemins de Fer du Sud de la France. They could be very effective set on posts for driveway illumination or mounted on gateway pillars; prices begin at around $85 apiece. The shop also has an extensive collection of smaller antique lanterns, suitable for doorways and porches; made of tôle, brass, or copper, they are priced at $25 and up. In addition to a lot of graceful wire chairs and love seats—some new, some from nineteenth-century France—the Merrell shop can provide such varied outdoor ornaments as a pair of charming lead deer (a standing buck and a couchant doe), at $375; a group of the dwarf-like stone musicians that abounded in eighteenth-century French gardens (twenty-seven inches high), at $125 each; some really dashing pressed-stone poodles, cast in Vicenza, who would lend great style to a pair of entrance pillars, at $150 each; a good many stone or tôle finials in the shape of pine cones, which would also serve well on entrance pillars, at $75 a pair for the stone ones and $250 a pair for the tôle; and, beginning at $65 apiece,

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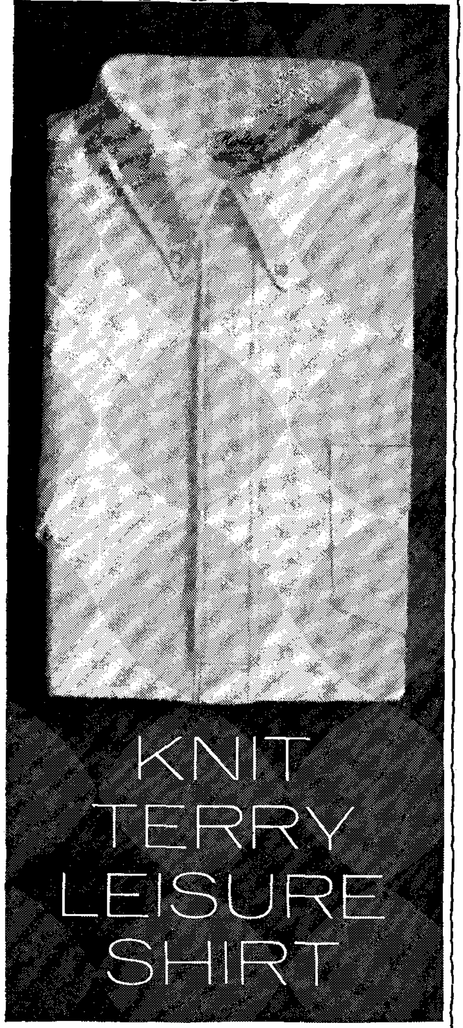

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a fanciful array of mid-nineteenth-century wire stands for holding potted plants, some of them three- or four-tiered arrangements on legs, others cylindrical in design and meant to be hung by chains from a ceiling.

In the department stores, outdoor furniture is in such a muddle of profusion that you may be glad to be directed to one or two outstanding pieces amid the swarms of metal and rattan and canvas. Both Bloomingdale and Altman have an extremely pleasing black metal chair, done in a sort of latticework pattern and set on steel runners, that is conservatively good-looking and comfortable as well, for around $28. (To save people from getting lost in the black metal forests, I'll list the stock number of this one; it's 5/c 50 at Bloomingdale and 830/c 50 at Altman.) Some fine old street lamps that lighted Baltimore for heaven knows how long and have now been replaced in the name of progress are being sold, while they last, at Altman, for $58 apiece (including a plain wooden post), and very fine illumination they would provide for somebody's entrance or driveway. The well-known British officer's chair—a combination of canvas and hardwood that, in my opinion, makes as satisfactory a moderate-priced garden seat as has ever been produced—has now come to roost at the Workbench, 46 Greenwich Avenue. It costs $19.95, in a variety of colors (red, green, rust, aqua, a bluish purple, black, and white), and in case you want to refurbish a beat-up officer's chair left over from other summers, the shop will make snap-on canvas seats and backs for $11.

If you have strung along with me this far, you will have realized that furnishing a terrace or garden isn't a matter of just checking off all your outdoor needs in one shop, so you won't be surprised when I direct you all the way down to the Pompeian Studios, at 169 Lexington Avenue (31st), to have a look at a metal bench, which, I should think, anybody who wants a metal bench will agree is just about the most graceful thing of its kind in these parts. It is a reproduction of an eighteenth-century English bench, slightly curved and very long (sixty-two inches), with an openwork back of interlocking ovals, which give a nice effect of lightness despite the heavy iron they are made of. Pompeian turns out this engaging reproduction in its own studios, for $225. More usual benches, of white Carrara marble—some straight, some slightly curved—cost $125 and $135, respec-

Says Mrs. Arthur Murray!

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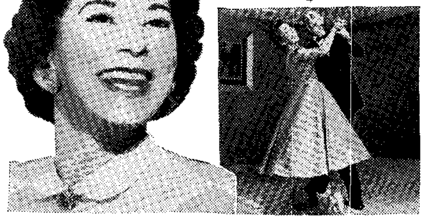

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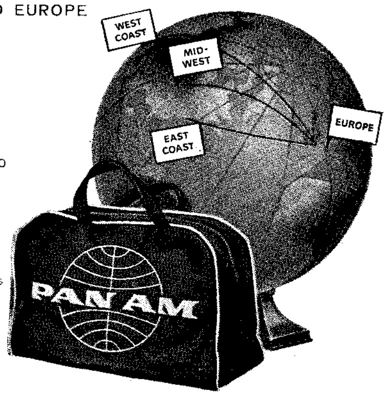

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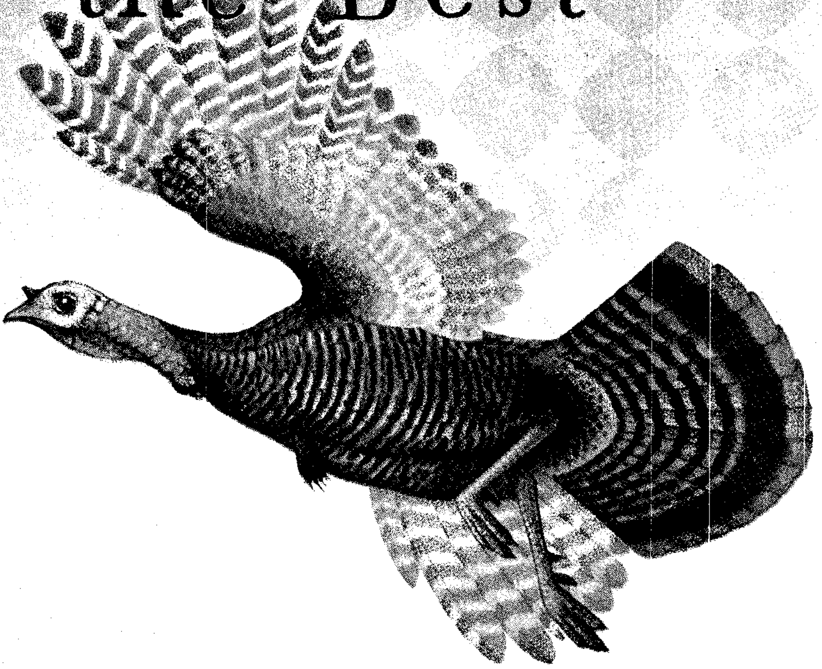

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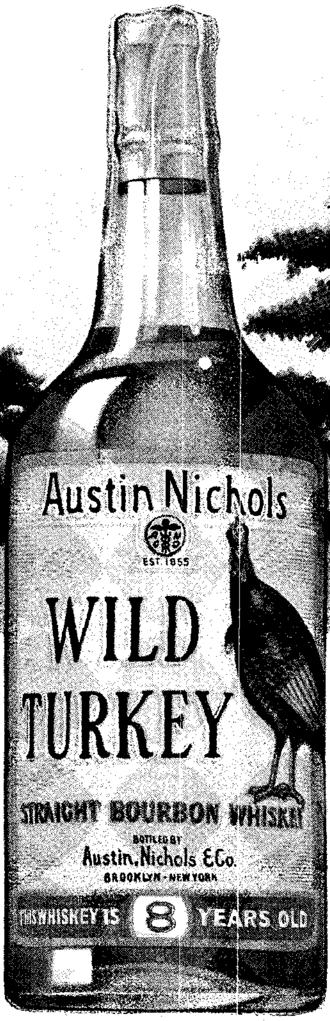
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tively, and one very striking model in black-and-gold Italian marble is $140. In a group of outdoor furnishings made by Pompeian's craftsmen in the company's Italian factory, in Carrara, is a handsome and original round tabletop, thirty inches in diameter, which has eight beautiful varieties of colored marble set into white Carrara to form a decorative conventional pattern. It costs $85, and since it is sold without a base, it should be a find for people who are always picking up something suitable for a pedestal at a junk shop or who want to use a treasured piece of driftwood for the purpose.

SUCCESSFULLY hidden among a horde of anemic pressed-stone St. Francises and exuberant cherubs riding dolphins in the showrooms of Florentine Craftsmen, 479 First Avenue (28th), are a surprising number of beautiful antique fountains and wall basins, any one of which would greatly enhance a garden. These lovely pieces are, of course, one-of-a-kind, and are as varied as French, Italian, and English craftsmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries could make them. There are, for example, several rather similar early-nineteenth-century lead fountains from England, with basins upheld by swans in one posture or another, for around $450; quite a few eighteenth-century French marble fountains, at prices ranging from $375 to $750; early-nineteenth-century Italian pools, some six feet in diameter, with carved stone rims, at around $650; and marble wall fountains of a convex, fluted design, beginning at $100. This is a collection impossible to cover in a brief report—in fact, it isn't a collection at all but a series of interesting objects that seem to have got marooned among some very showy garden decoration—so anyone who is looking for a fountain or a wall basin should by all means head at once for the First Avenue establishment and take a look.

AND now, having got the garden all spruced up, let's move indoors for a moment to consider some brilliant-colored summer rugs that have recently arrived from Spain. On their native heath, these dashing specimens are not floor coverings but matrimonial bedspreads (*colchas matrimonias*), in which role they form a traditional part of the trousseau of Andalusian peasant girls. It is as rugs, though, that the imports—so spirited in design and extravagant in color—are almost bound to have great success over here, and it is as such that householders would do

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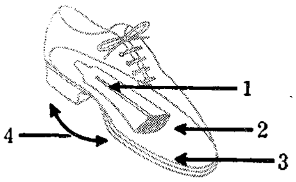

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Symptoms of unrest at
Lower Montgomery Street
Olive or Onion Society

Last year those well-known San Francisco intellectuals, the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, voted in favor of the conservative 3-to-1 Martini.

Their recipe: *3 parts gin to 1 part Cresta Blanca Triple-Dry White Vermouth.*

But dissension arose. Not content with the safe though somewhat earth-bound 3-to-1 job, some rebel souls championed the 4-to-1, some even the 10-to-1 or free-orbiting Martini. Fierce forensics and uncouth cries featured their latest Martini Tasting, at Romanoff's atop Nob Hill.

But on this all parties agreed: the best Dry Martinis are made with Cresta Blanca Triple-Dry White Vermouth. Martinis made with this very white, *very* dry vermouth are bright as liquid silver, alive with subtle flavors, brimming with light and humor. They should happen to you. Try some!

CRESTA BLANCA TRIPLE-DRY WHITE VERMOUTH

L to R—Tasting committee members: Willard Cox, Barney Vogel, Paul Nyeland, Tom Collard.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY • LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

well to consider them before laying anything less boldly original on summer floors.

Both Lord & Taylor and Heinz, 56 East 53rd Street, have imported these rugs, or spreads, and although the stores drew on different Spanish sources, the rugs at both places have the same general characteristics, with just enough dissimilarity to make of them two distinct collections. In both groups, the rugs are of wool (the ones at Heinz have cotton warps, but are still ninety-four per cent wool), are what is called semi-handmade—that is to say, they were woven on old-fashioned hand-guided machine looms, with a part of the finishing work done by hand—and are embellished with a fringe in the predominant color of the rug. The rugs at Lord & Taylor, priced at $139, measure approximately six feet by nine, and show bold designs of leaves and birds in any of fifteen two-color combinations (always black and another color—turquoise, orange, red, white, and so on), which, intense and vibrant as they are, it would be a mistake to call gay, although I'm sure that's what a lot of people will call them. Those at the Heinz shop measure seven and a half feet by ten and a half, and are of a slightly heavier weight; they come in combinations of three colors, and in designs that are frequently of a greater subtlety than the two-color mixtures permit, and they cost $275. Both these and the L. & T. floor coverings are sufficiently lightweight to make an underpad of felt an urgent requirement.

Handsome as these unusual objects are, I am told that they are not a patch on some magnificent antique rugs of the same genre, the arrival of which Lord & Taylor is expecting from day to day. And I have this extravagant appreciation not just from L. & T. but from returned travellers who have admired them in Andalusia. —S. H.

•

The winner of the tri-state contest will have a color photo of herself published on the cover of the May 12 edition of Roto Magazine. A biological sketch of the "queen" will accompany the photograph.—*State College (Pa.) Daily Collegian.*

Just give the measurements, please.

•

The people, Alcorn said in a statement, should call on Democratic legislators to get to work promptly on the recession curses proposed by the Eisenhower Administration.—*Hartford Courant.*

Strong language never solved anything, Alcorn.

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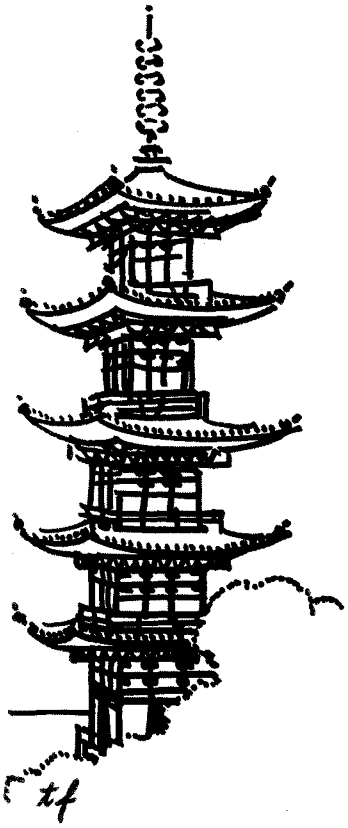

BEFORE I left the United States, I was told that Kyoto was where I would find the real Japan. What I found instead was a great, rotting capital city left over from another age and dying slowly on the flat floor of a wide valley. What has happened to Kyoto is what would probably happen to Washington, D.C., during the next century if the federal government and all its agencies were to pack up and leave next year and the President were to follow them fifty years or so afterward, returning only for inaugurations. Actually, Kyoto's decline, although it has followed exactly this course, has been much more attenuated than that. The Japanese administration moved off to Tokyo a few years before the Mayflower reached America, leaving behind it a powerless priest-emperor and his entirely ornamental court. When, after two hundred and fifty years of being ciphers, the emperors were restored to power, the court moved to Tokyo to join the administration. Since 1868, Kyoto (the word means "capital city," as opposed to Tokyo, which means "eastern capital") has had a purely formal significance. The emperors go there for their enthronement ceremonies, but these rare events are not enough to keep the city's pulse stirring. It is easy to see what is happening to the city by comparing maps that show it as it is with old ones that show how it used to be in medieval times, when it was the administrative and religious capital. Since then, the city has drifted eastward across the valley floor. Buildings that were once near its center are now over on its west side, and its former east side is now its center. The significant thing about the shift is that the dying west side was the old government quarter, while the new center—the pole of the city's modern life—lies in what were and still are the geisha and brothel quarters. Kyoto has become a good-time city, a place for tourists to visit. Compared with nearby cities like Osaka and Kobe, to which many of its middle-class residents commute, it is a miserably poor place, and obviously in bad economic trouble. Kyoto gives practically nothing to Japan, and most of its wealthy men make or have made their money elsewhere. Almost the only going concerns that rival the prostitution and geisha businesses are hotelkeeping and a handcraft pottery industry. The town is full of lifeless buildings and palaces where important things used to happen and where nothing much, important or unimportant, is likely to happen in any predictable future. Many of the buildings are, in essence, of the greatest beauty, but the stamp of their reduced status lies heavy on them. The hundreds of robed courtiers who used to wait in attendance upon the royal palaces, such as Nijo Castle, in the city, and the Katsura Palace, just outside it, have been replaced by a small force of navy-blue-uniformed park attendants. The Katsura Palace, in particular—a more frivolous and unsubstantial building than I'd expected it to be—gave me the impression, almost, of an empty picture frame. The splendid temples, although several of them are still very prosperous, also gave me a melancholy feeling. They were designed for ceremonies and rituals that no longer take place or that have lost much, if not all, of their meaning; the religious life that flowered in them and that they were built to express dwindles almost tangibly as the tourists troop in and out. The great majority of these tourists are Japanese, but that does not improve matters. The Japanese tour dynamically, trying to see just a little more than is humanly possible. Kyoto has an unbelievably large number of shrines and temples, and a day's sightseeing can easily be made into an ordeal. I have seen Japanese tourists tottering with fatigue as they were bustled through buildings and gardens, lectured at in front of national treasures, and quacked at by public-address systems in their buses. When they have gone, they seem to have taken something with them—something more than the calm of the precincts and holy places. Perhaps it is a part of the integrity of those places. The shrines, I thought, were being eroded by a curiosity that was too shallow and too readily satisfied. The tourists came to see without wanting to understand, and the simplicity of their desire bred a kind of contempt, just as, in an earlier stage of the decline, I've heard, the simplicity of faith of the pilgrims who came had moved the intellectuals and philosophers among the priests to patronize them. But it is hard for an outsider to judge these things.

During my recent stay in Kyoto, I used to go rather often to the Nanzen-ji—a former palace that has been a monastery for the past three hundred years—not only because it has splendid buildings, surrounded by magnificent trees, on a site of great beauty but also because it is possible to eat very well there. The restaurant is beside a pond half choked with irises and water lilies; most of its "tables" are simply wooden platforms under the trees, and one sits cross-legged at them to eat the two dishes that are all that the cooks ever make in their tiny kitchen. These are a meatless sukiyaki of bean curd and a tempura of such vegetables as eggplant and chrysanthemum leaf, dipped in batter and fried very rapidly in very hot vegetable oil. These dishes are in accord with the strict dietary rules of the Zen Buddhist sect, to which the place belongs. Often, while eating this chaste but delicious food, I could see large, rowdy drinking parties going on in a big building on the far side of the pond. When I asked some of the Zen people what they thought about their neighbors, they told me that the other place was theirs, too; they rented it out by the hour, and it was a favorite place for Kyoto people who lacked space for big parties at home. This, I discovered, is quite a usual way for temples all over Japan to add to their incomes; in fact, at various other holy places I have run into class reunions, a meeting of high-school teachers, a ward-club meeting of a political party, and an outing for the staff of a big restaurant—all jolly, tipsy, song-singing gatherings. But I soon learned not to be surprised by anything I saw at the Nanzenji, whether it was

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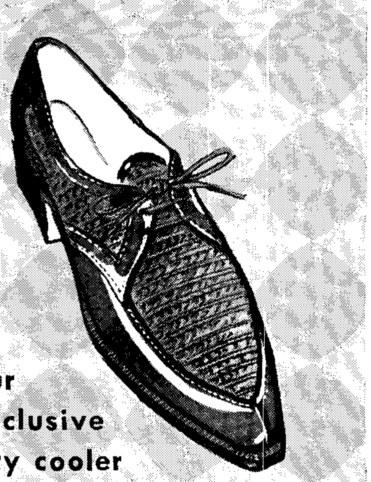
two of the monks quarrelling over a game of *go* in the monastery office, or a Kyoto movie company using part of the building as a set for a historical quickie. Usually, when I went to the monastery, I made a point of sitting for a time in a very splendid room in the part of the temple that used to be the royal palace. It had a mural of leopards and tigers behind whose civilized surfaces was an almost barbaric strength, making me think of Henry VIII's England and the France of François I. With Kosato Tanabe (the sister of a Japanese friend of mine, who was serving as my interpreter and guide) I would sit and ponder this mural, because it was so unlike anything I had been prepared to find in Japan, and looking at it made me feel that I had come closer to something that I had been missing—something, it seemed to me, that must be the source of the virile and active life of Tokyo and of hard-working, strong towns like Osaka and Kobe. Frequently, while I was brooding over this puzzle, a young novice in dark-blue robes, with a shaven head that seemed dark blue, too, would come and talk to us. He would speak either fast to Kosato, pausing to give her time to translate, or slowly to me, in awkward but well-pronounced book English. He described his life as a Zen student—a life bound down in every last detail by form and ritual. He told us that, at such-and-such an hour, he had to practice certain observances and perform certain acts in a manner that could not be departed from by a hairbreadth. Once, I heard him getting a lesson in reading—or, rather, intoning—sacred texts. The lesson was a simple one, consisting of the endless repetition of prescribed phrases until they were said exactly right. This would have seemed natural enough, since forms are, after all, important in every formal religion, but one of the things on which Zen is most insistent is that forms are meaningless, and that ritual observances are the death of the real religious spirit—points on which the novice was perfectly clear when he spoke about them. The last time I saw this young man was just before I left Kyoto; in fact, I had gone up to the Nanzenji to say goodbye to him. I caught him just as he was on his way out. He said he was sorry, but he couldn't stop to talk because he'd been given a ticket to the Miyako Odori, the spring revue put on by the Gion Geisha, and he didn't want to be late. The worldliness of religion in Kyoto takes some surprising forms. In another temple live two American ladies who have



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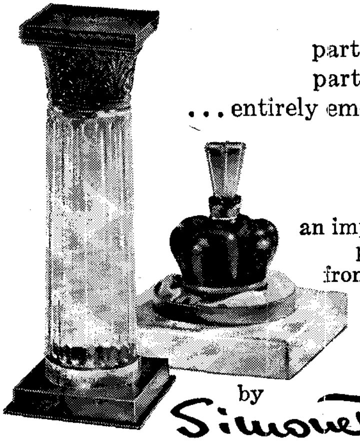

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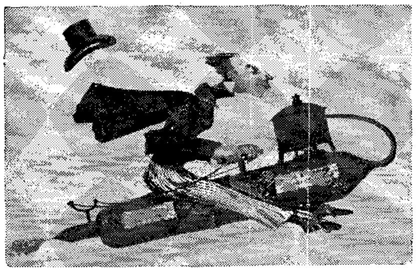

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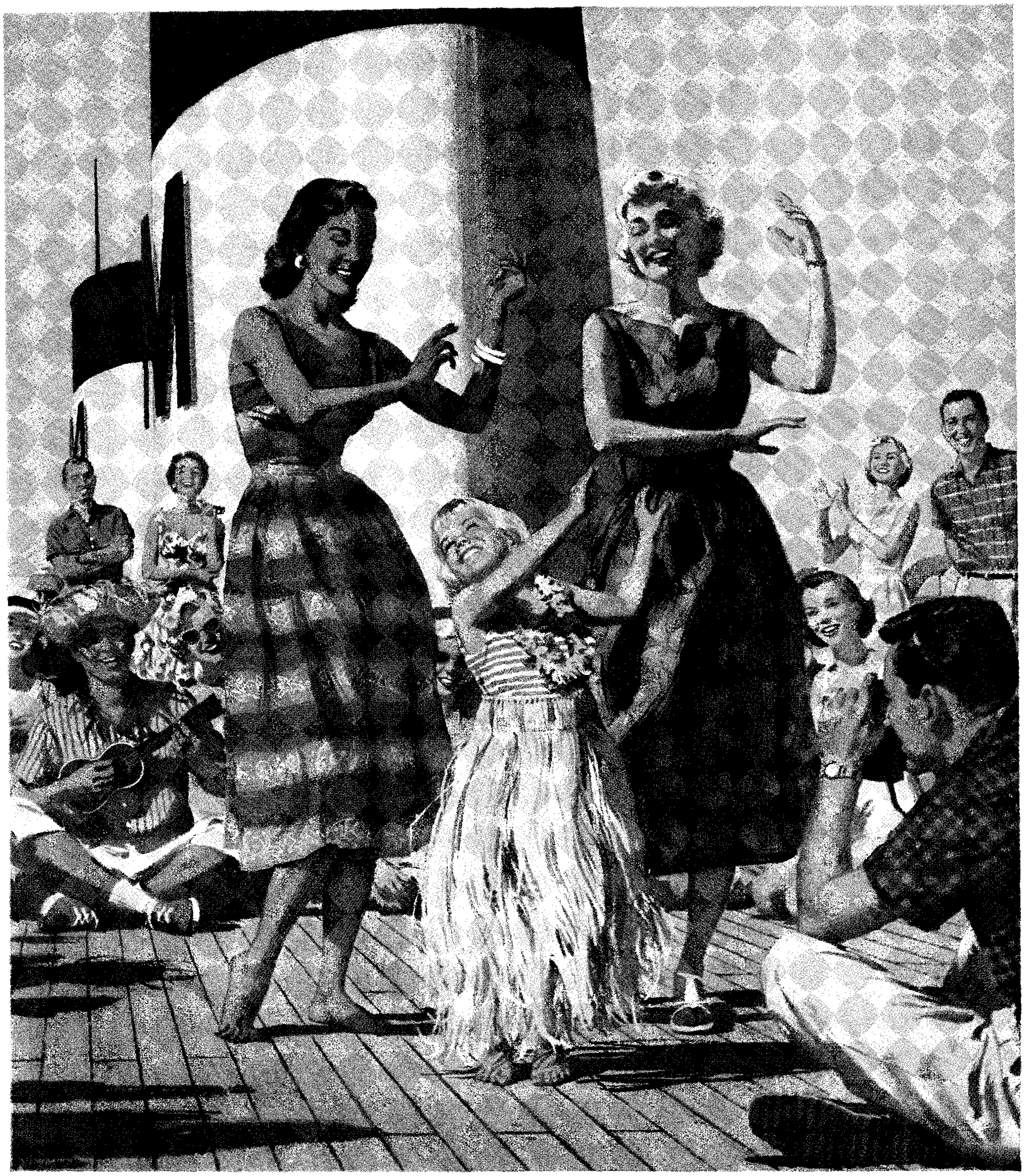

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ONE evening, when I came back from the Nanzenji—the big house across the pond had been taken that day by a rough-tongued group of women who smoked (an unusual thing for Japanese women to do) and sang bawdy songs—Mme. Sasaki, the proprietress of the small hotel where I was staying, asked me where I had been and what I had seen. When I told her, she threw up her hands in dismay. "But you aren't spending your time the right way at all," she said. She shook her head and clucked, and when her granddaughter came in to give me my dinner, she had a long talk with her. Then she hurried out of the room to telephone to Kosato, who was staying with some cousins in the town; to Mr. Kawai, a well-known potter of her acquaintance; and to M. Jean-Pierre Hauchecorne, a professor at the Franco-Japanese Institute of Kansai in Kyoto. A friend had given me a letter of introduction to M. Hauchecorne before I left New York, but when I reached Kyoto, I found that he was in a hospital recovering from an operation, so I had not troubled him. But Mme. Sasaki knew that he had now been moved to his home for his convalescence, and she had no hesitation about ringing him up to make him tell me what I ought to be doing and seeing. When she had explained to him how things were, she called me to the telephone, and he examined me in a kindly way about how I had been spending my time. After he was satisfied that I was sufficiently *sérieux* about Kyoto, he had me put Mme. Sasaki back on the phone so that he could reassure her, and then spoke to me again. "My dear fellow," he said, "Mme. Sasaki will take you to see Mr. Kawai tomorrow morning, and I will call you tomorrow evening, after I have arranged for you to go to Kurashiki to see my friend Mr. Tonomura. Kurashiki is about a hundred and fifty miles from here, and Mr. Tonomura is curator of a folk-art museum there. He will show you things that will help you understand Kyoto—and why

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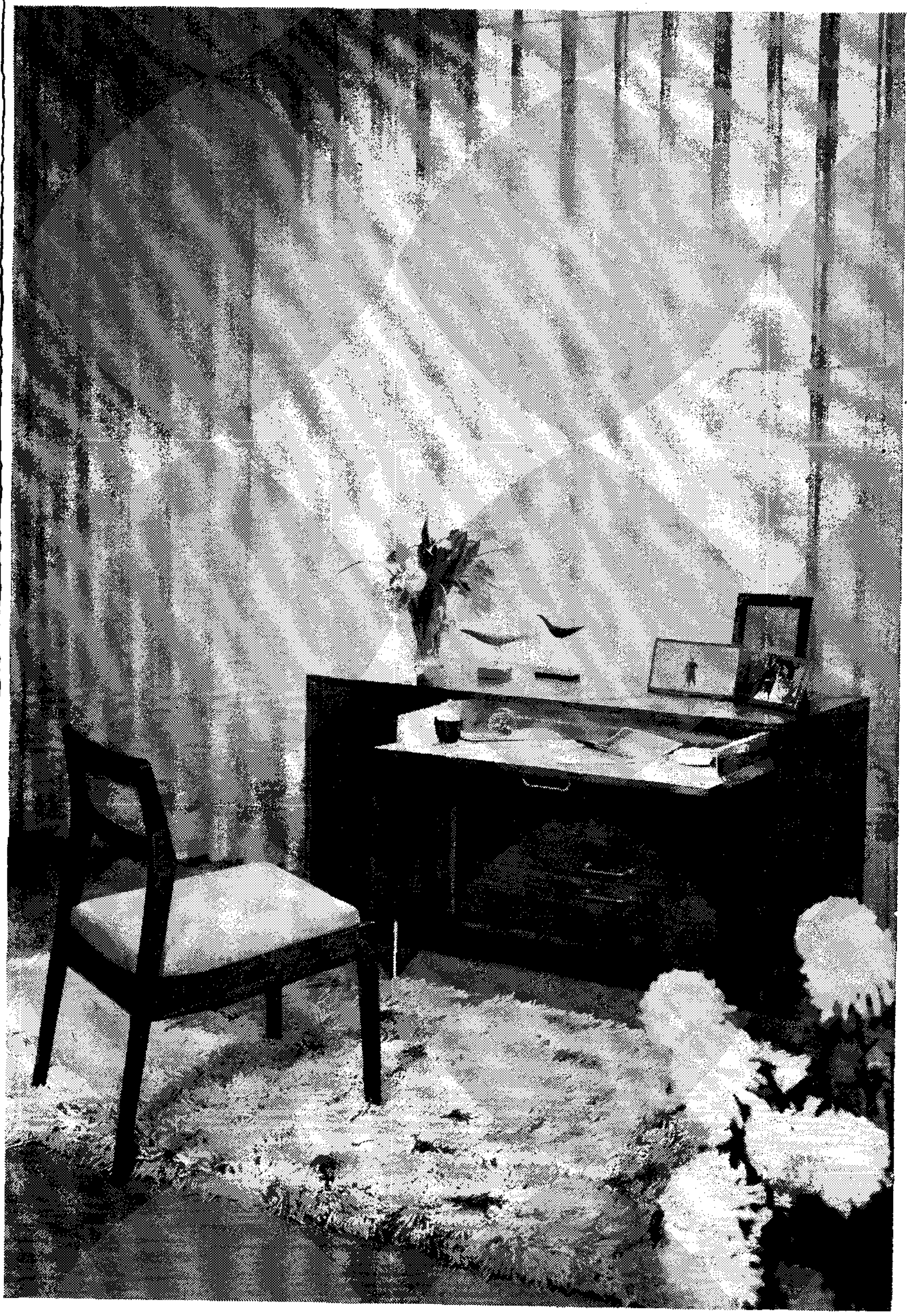

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the Japanese people despise foreigners who mistake it for the real Japan." I apologized for disturbing him, and he agreeably made light of it. "You are in the hands of a most unusual character," he said. "Anything can happen to anyone who is lucky enough to make friends with Mme. Sasaki."

Mme. Sasaki was indeed a remarkable person. She was in her sixties, but her beauty and wit when she had been a *maiko*—a young geisha—forty years earlier, were still remembered. I had met her and been taken in under her roof by accident. When Kosato and I arrived in Kyoto, quite late one evening, I found that Kosato's cousins had arranged for her to stay with them and had taken rooms for me in a Western hotel, where, they felt sure, I would be much more comfortable than in a Japanese *ryokan*. In the kindness of their hearts, they had pictured a place that certainly sounded promising; it had been built by a very rich family as a private residence in the eighteen-eighties, when the French influence was strong, but the owners had lost their money during the war, and the building had been made into a hotel. It would be like staying, they said, in the most luxurious private house. As things turned out, the place was not quite what either they or I had expected. As soon as I walked into it, I judged that the hotelkeeping venture had failed and that the management had discovered easier ways of making money. The maids, who all had the air of ready accessibility you sometimes run across in hotels at Japanese hot springs and other resorts, had half-smoked cigarettes glued to their lower lips. A noisy mixed party was going on behind the huge mahogany doors of the old first-floor drawing room, and as the manageress was signing me in, she volunteered the information that she had a reputation for giving successful parties, and that she knew many friendly ladies. After I had registered, we went into a reception room hung with faded pink brocade curtains and decorated with painted panels in the manner of Greuze and Hubert Robert, and sat on blue velvet chairs that smelled of dust to eat sweet bean cakes and drink tea for a formal five minutes before I went up to bed. I thought of moving, but it was ten o'clock and I didn't know my way about Kyoto at all; it seemed too difficult to do anything in the darkness and without Kosato to help out. The manageress escorted me to my room, and a slatternly young person, bulging out of a dark-blue sweater and black slacks, made up my bed. When she saw that the pillow

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was smeared with grease that couldn't be lightly rubbed off, she was good enough to fetch a crêpe-paper sleeve to slip over it. The combination of all these things left me in no doubt—it had been a mistake to move in, and it would be a mistake not to move out. At that moment, I remembered the name of Mr. Soko Sen, a tea master to whom I had a letter of introduction; although I knew I had no right to disturb him at half past ten at night, I could at least call him up and ask his advice. What happened when I did so surprised me, and still does. The tea ceremony—the very formal making of a vivid-green creamy froth from a powder of lightly dried young tea leaves and its equally formal drinking—is, of course, a religious rite derived from Zen Buddhist ideas, and is a sort of homage to nature. The ceremony was invented about three hundred and fifty years ago and is now practiced reverently throughout Japan and in some other countries. The Sen family is the hereditary priesthood of the rite; Mr. Soko Sen, who answered the telephone, is the fifteenth man in direct line of descent from the founder of the cult and, though his father is still very much alive, is, practically speaking, its head. While I was explaining why I had called him, I was aware of all this and of how very impertinent I was being, and I rather dreaded his reaction, especially since there was evidently some kind of party going on at his end of the line. What he said was "I'm afraid my English isn't good enough for me to understand you against this noise. I'll get my brother Mitsuhiko." Mitsuhiko Sen came to the telephone, and, feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself, I told him why I had disturbed them. "Oh, that's a terrible place," he said. "I can't let you stop there. Be ready in twenty minutes, and I'll come and get you." In twenty minutes, he arrived with a car to carry me off to Mme. Sasaki's. On the way, he pumped me for information about myself, and when we arrived, he introduced me formally and correctly, as if he had known me for years, so that I was accepted and welcomed. When he at last was about to leave, after a good half hour of introduction and persuasion, I said that I hoped I hadn't dragged him away from an amusing party. "That was nothing," he said cheerfully. "It's my brother's birthday celebration. It will go on for hours." I apologized, and he looked amused. "It really was nothing," he said, "and anyway people were so nice to me when I was in America that I'm very glad to be able to help you." He

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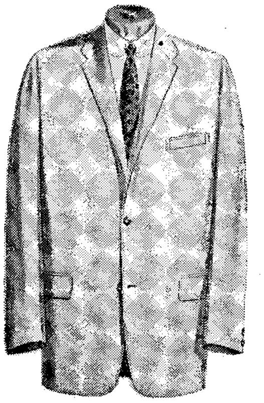

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went off into the darkness and left me with Mme. Sasaki and her granddaughter.

MY relationship with Mme. Sasaki had its ups and downs, but on the whole it was exceedingly pleasant. Actually, the only difficult time I had with her was one day when she took Kosato and me to see an art exhibition—ostensibly of ceramics, about which she knew a good deal—but even then I was able to be angry with her only very briefly. The exhibition was in Osaka, she said, which wasn't far away, but we ought to have lunch early, so that we would have plenty of time at the show. This, I later realized, was a typical Kyoto-style—or at least Sasaki-style—preparation, which would allow time to get to Osaka, go to another art exhibit there, discover it wasn't the right one, and then decide to go on to Kobe, a half hour away by taxi. Anyway, Kosato and I lunched early and were ready to go at twelve-thirty. Mme. Sasaki then came in to tell us that she had made a mistake and had dressed inappropriately for that kind of exhibition. She was wearing a very beautiful striped kimono, which looked perfect for any occasion to me, but I could see that she wanted to change it and that there was no way of talking her out of the plan. So off she went, to reappear half an hour later in a kimono of the same kind of material and with an equally good-looking and almost identical stripe. I exclaimed over its beauty, as I was expected to, and suggested that we leave. "But," said Mme. Sasaki, "I must have my lunch first." She vanished again, saying that she wouldn't be a moment. Another half hour went by, and just as I was beginning to get impatient, I heard a curious vibrating sound from downstairs—a long-drawn-out "pinng," followed by another, and then a third and a fourth, at two- or three-second intervals. "What on earth is she up to now?" I asked Kosato. She listened and, after two more "pinng"s, suddenly realized what was going on: Mme. Sasaki was striking a small metal gong to draw the attention of the Kami of her family shrine as she prayed to them to protect her during her journey. I can only assume that she told her Kami that her ultimate destination was Kobe, and not Osaka.

Kobe is only an hour from Kyoto, but naturally it took us much longer than that to get there. To begin with, we had to go to Osaka and to the Daimaru store there to see the first exhibit (every department store in Japan has an ex-

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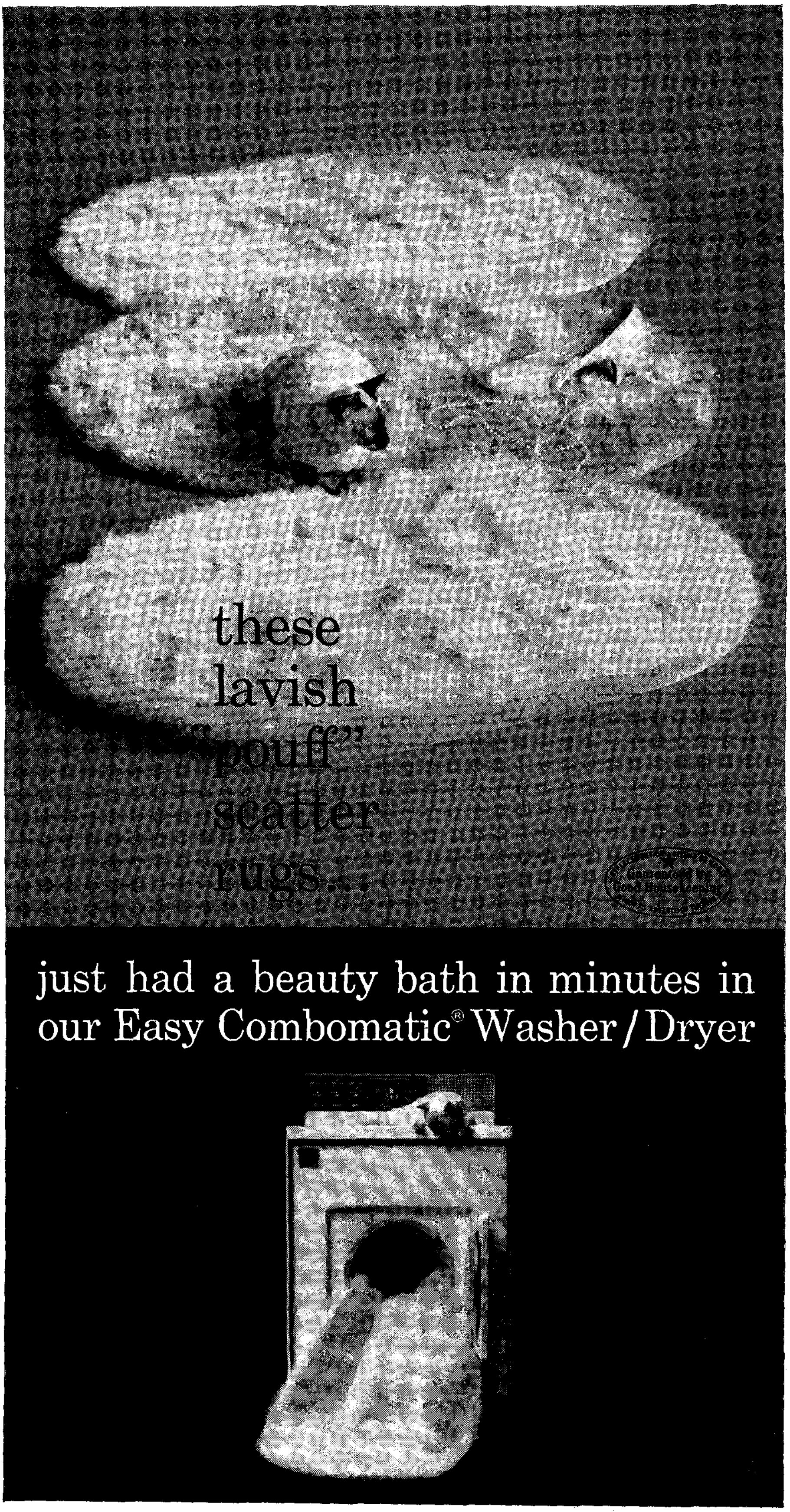
hibition section, where all kinds of things, from photographs to private art collections of the greatest importance, are put on show), and then we had to move on, after a wonderful charade of surprise and dismay, to the exhibition in Kobe, which was the one that Mme. Sasaki had wanted me to see all along. When we arrived at the Osaka store and I began to realize what the old lady had done, I was for a moment cross. The Osaka show was of country clothes, from farming districts where the winter snowfall is heavy enough to drive the people out of the fields and to their looms indoors. They were made of some of the most beautifully colored and interestingly woven silks and mixtures of silk and cotton I had ever seen, and it was suddenly clear to me that Mme. Sasaki had rightly judged me too big a fool to go to such an exhibition if she had told me in advance what it was. These clothes were the first revelation I had of how unlike Japanese export goods the genuinely Japanese things made in the countryside are.

When we ultimately got to Kobe, I found that she had again been a step ahead of me in her planning; this show wasn't of the kind of ceramics we had talked about, which I would have gone to see on my own, but of folk art, which I wouldn't have. But this time, even though I enjoyed the show, I didn't fully understand what I was looking at. I thought that Mme. Sasaki had brought me to see hand-loomed materials, hand-made pottery and furniture, and hand-woven baskets and mats because she was a believer in some William Morris-ish kind of anti-modern revival. I liked the things in an idle sort of way, but seeing them on these terms, I later realized, was only half seeing them.

I made the same sort of mistake when, a couple of days later, Mme. Sasaki took me down through the whirling Kyoto traffic and across two frightening avenues into the pottery quarter to see Mr. Kawai. Going through his Japanese doorway, I seemed to step out of the Japanese street into the fulfillment of William Morris's dream of what a house should be—a place of thick wooden beams, solid doors made of wide planks, woven rush mats, and even wheel-back chairs. I liked Mr. Kawai as much as I admired some of his strongly designed and finely glazed pottery, but I was amused—in my ignorance—by his wonderfully eccentric brand of Westernization. How extraordinary to turn one's back on all the grace and elegance of Japanese culture, I thought, in order to give reality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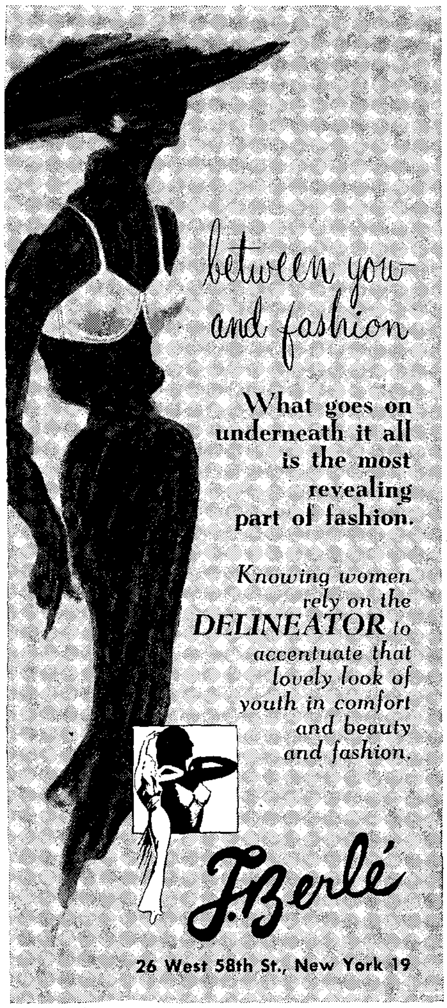

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to this fantastic, alien dream-image of a Gloucestershire Tudor farmhouse! It seemed a strangely perverse thing to do, but Mr. Kawai was such a pleasant man, so full of the most winning kind of warmhearted good spirits, that I couldn't help liking him and his unexpected house very much indeed.

But not until I met Mr. Tonomura, of Kurashiki, did I understand that what I had been seeing was not a self-conscious attempt at Westernization but something that derived as easily and naturally and continuously from the Japanese countryside as the old farmhouses of Shropshire, Normandy, and the Abruzzi derived from their countrysides. I found Mr. Tonomura, as M. Hauchecorne had said I would, in a small but extremely well-arranged museum of folk art, which at first disappointed me. But Mr. Tonomura showed me his things with pride, and then—barefooted and in clogs that clattered musically—walked back to my hotel with me to have lunch. He had not spoken English much in the past year or two, and it was rusty. "Tomorrow I take you walking," he said. "In Kurashiki are many surprises for foreigners." Kurashiki looked to be the essence of a small town anywhere, and I rather doubted whether it could contain anything splendid and important, which was what I took him to mean. Lunch was a meal with a number of silences, during which we both tried hard to bridge gaps and to break through language barriers, but with only moderate success. After one silence, Mr. Tonomura suddenly broke out with "You admire William Blake?" I considered the question, and then said that I used to like William Blake a great deal but that I didn't find that I admired him quite as much now. Mr. Tonomura said, "Explain further, please." I tried, and after a while he abruptly broke in to say, "You are wrong. Sorry. It is so. You are not right." He got to his feet and left the room, saying that he would soon come back. Waiting for him, I sat looking out at the rain—it had come on to pour—and was surprised a minute later to see him splashing off down the street under an umbrella. I wondered whether he had been so upset by my not liking Blake that he couldn't bear to finish lunch in my company. But just as I was beginning to be disturbed by this idea, he came back, bringing with him Professor Jugaku's facsimiles of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience," wrapped in a cloth to keep them from the wet. He knelt on his cushion

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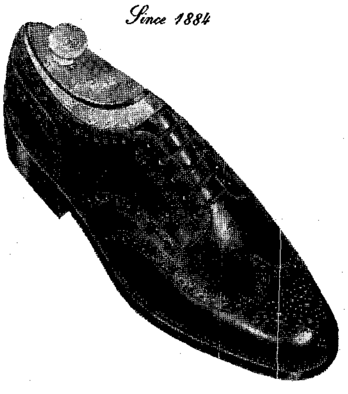

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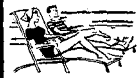

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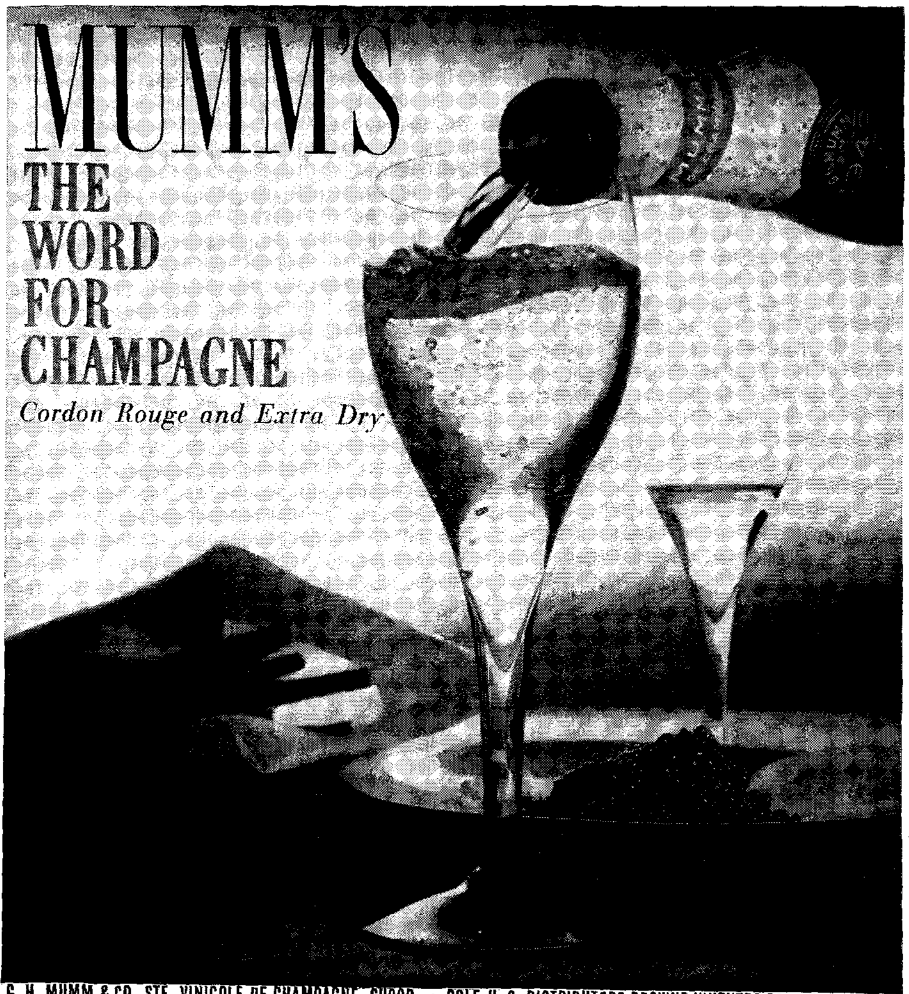
again and took them out. "There," he said, opening the "Songs of Experience." "This poem is *absolutely* good, no?" I looked at the poem that he had put before me—it was "The Sick Rose"—and for a moment it still seemed the mere mystification that I had come to consider it. And then I read it again and saw that it was indeed good in an absolute way, as Mr. Tonomura had said. I looked at him, and it became quite plain that I was going to have several surprises before I left Kurashiki.

The first surprises occurred the next day, and were related to the things in his museum, which came to life as he took me through the narrow alleys of the town and along narrow dirt roads out in the country to the places where they were made—not by self-conscious adherents to a movement or a revival but, simply and without pretension, by craftsmen and artisans whose traditions had not been blighted and destroyed by industrialism. The things in the museum, I suddenly saw, were part of the daily life of the townspeople, and craftsmanship was part of their life, too. When we had made the rounds of the workshops, Mr. Tonomura took me to houses of a kind I had never expected to see in Japan—sturdy and immensely solid and strong. Huge bent trees were incorporated in the roofs, and the ceilings were held up by tremendous beams, some of them twenty-eight inches wide and eight inches thick. A few of the interior divisions were shoji—the sliding paper walls that have given the Japanese the reputation of living in paper houses—but most of them were heavy sliding panels of wood or superbly carpentered sliding lattices. Many of the houses had floors of planks up to thirty inches wide, polished until the surface seemed like silk. The town, which had struck me as poor at first, slowly revealed itself as rich with the true wealth of security, leisure, and beauty. I had heard so much about the poverty of Japan, from both its friends and its enemies, that I could hardly believe my eyes. What I was seeing was not, certainly, industrial wealth but the kind of wealth that had nourished and made the Renaissance in Europe. Often, the people who lived in the houses would give us tea—tea-ceremony tea, as a mark of respect for Mr. Tonomura, whose place in the community as an artist and an intellectual was an honored one. We were generally given our tea in one of the best rooms, where we could sit looking into deep and elaborate courtyard gardens



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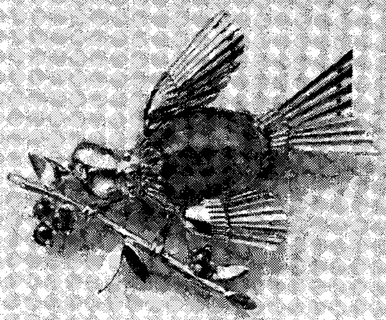

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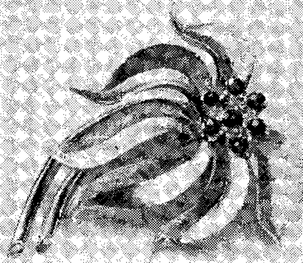

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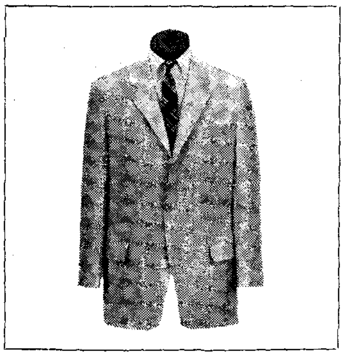

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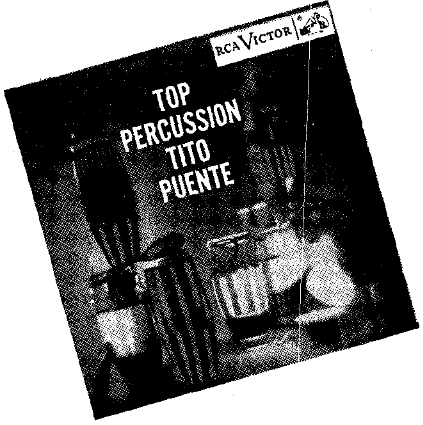
whose quiet existence I would never have even suspected if I had walked through the dirty streets outside as a stranger. Sometimes, as we sat talking to our hosts, maids would scurry about removing screens or sliding back wooden doors in their grooves; when I looked up, I would find that new vistas had been opened up, disclosing other gardens, deeper still. I admired all this, but I still had reservations. I knew that the builders of these fine city houses had been landlords and merchants—as their present owners were—and I suspected that these graces and comforts might rest on a foundation of peasants' misery. Walking home after a visit to a house where we had looked down a delightful corridor of alternate brilliantly green, sunlit gardens and shadowed rooms, I said what I thought to Mr. Tonomura, and he shook his head. "The farmers were not so rich, but they were not poor," he said. "You must go into the country. In the country, you will understand. I think you should go to Takahashi. It is not far—an hour or so by train. I will telephone this evening and see if they have rooms."

A couple of days later, he sent me off on a little branch railway line that ran up into the mountains through a twisting river valley; he would come and see me in ten days or so, he said, when he could get away from his work, which had been piling up.

WHEN I arrived in Takahashi, a cabdriver whirled me, at the breakneck pace of all Japanese cabs, through narrow streets, out over an iron bridge across a rushing jade-green river, and into the late eighteenth century, or perhaps a little further back than that. My hotel fronted on the river and stood between a wheat field and a mulberry grove, where, each morning, women in dark-blue jackets and trousers with light-blue designs on them came to gather leaves for the silkworms, which were just beginning to hatch. Later in the day, the women would hoe between the wide-spaced rows of wheat, or cut flower-starred green hay, which the men, who had been working barelegged in the rice fields, would come and collect in big bamboo baskets. This fresh-cut hay was for the black cattle I could see pulling plows or grazing, in the charge of small boys and girls, on the flat river-bottom land. The town of Takahashi was across the river; the nearest buildings to my hotel were a cluster of thatched farmhouses and barns. There were very similar clusters all over the hillside back of the hotel,

fantastico!



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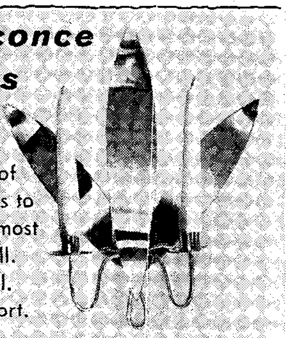

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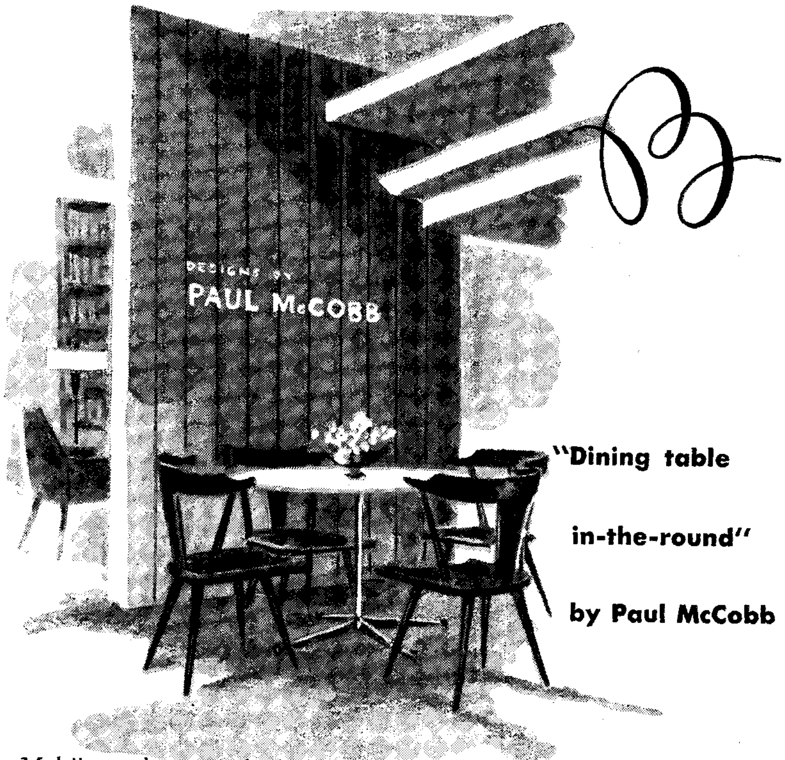
each with its bamboo grove, its persimmon and peach trees, and its grove of sacred trees, which had rooted themselves among the family tombs and so become sacrosanct. Each farm had its patch of flowers, too—sweet William, iris, and other familiar cottage flowers—and its little shrine, where two streams met, or where there was an outcrop of rock, or where some particularly venerable and splendid tree stood. Sometimes these shrines contained small Buddhas wearing bibs of bright-colored material; sometimes they were just little cairns of loose stones on which a few flowers had been placed. High on the hillside was a Buddhist temple, and in my wanderings I came to know the priest. One day, I asked him what gods or spirits these little shrines honored, and he said, "Perhaps they were nature spirits a long time ago, but now they are nature itself. We think that God is in everything and that everything around us is an aspect of God, so all the forms of nature are to be respected and worshiped." The priest and I were sitting in an arbor over which trailed and writhed a gnarled wisteria vine that must have been two hundred years old. "We worship what is," he said. "We do not bother about what is not."

My hotel was a family business, with an even stronger family atmosphere than Mme. Sasaki's. The manager, a dreamy young man whose real passion in life was architecture, had a wife and a small son, and also shared his living quarters with his parents and his grandparents. His grandparents had once kept the hotel themselves, but now they had given up everything except the not very exacting work of breeding and raising brown-and-yellow Japanese nightingales. His parents took things easy but helped out in crises and when there was a lot of extra work because of a banquet or an especially large party. They were in their sixties, and they had stepped aside when they realized that their full vigor had gone. This was no particular generosity on their part; it was the accepted thing to do, and I found that the same kind of thing had happened on most of the farms nearby. Parents had resigned their responsibilities and their dominant role early and without any conflict, partly because it was felt that the family fortunes were better off in the hands of young and active men, and partly because the Japanese obligation system requires the young men to discharge the debt of care incurred during their childhood. The latter consideration may have an ugly



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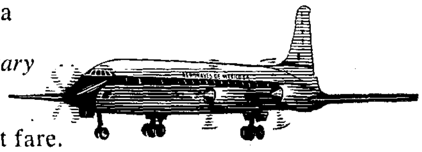

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hint of calculation about it, but in practice it is rather more a matter of recognizing what is right and proper than a matter of prudence. At any rate, I was impressed by the fact that the old people in these country families were much loved and honored, and that they looked exceedingly happy. I saw very few people in a state of senile anxiety, and solitary old people are something of a rarity anywhere in Japan. The Japanese find the idea of putting old people away in homes a repulsive one, and the practice is almost unknown. The only lonely old people I saw were those who had been unlucky enough to outlive their children or who, for one reason or another, had lost touch with their families. But their cases were exceptional and uncommon. The relationship between parent and child comes ahead of that between husband and wife; warm sentiment, friendship, and steady tranquillity are more highly prized than the peaks and valleys of emotional love, even after a century of exposure to Western literary propaganda. In Takahashi, the old order was still solidly in control, in spite of all the movies from America, France, and Italy that were shown in the local movie theatres. Boy might meet and get girl night after night on the screen, but in reality the Takahashi boys and girls made the marriages arranged for them by their parents. They submitted, and they had to; public opinion was with the system, and any couple who married for love without parental approval would have been ostracized.

THE last rags of the cherry blossoms vanished from the trees high up on the hillside. The gray, showery days, with wisps of cloud hanging on all the hilltops and in the high valleys, gave way to what the local people called the "May-bright" days, warm and clear. The wheat came into ear, and a thin film of brilliant-green sprouting rice flushed across the paddies. High-school students began to drop in after supper to try out their English, and I began to see the insides of the farmhouses. Walking the field paths, I had seen the low-eaved thatched roofs and the paper shutters, and I had thought that it was true, after all, about the straw-and-paper houses of the Japanese. But I learned that the reed thatch on these roofs lasts from forty to sixty years, and that behind the paper shutters there would be a frame of time-blackened beams that might be three hundred years old, as solidly and enduringly made as any timber house could be. The houses were

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simple but not primitive; their simplicity was the nourishing simplicity of a way of life that feeds great cultures and civilizations. I felt sure that Roman and Greek homesteads had been like them, particularly when I noticed the usual juxtaposition of the family altar and the hearth, formally rekindled every New Year's Day with flint and tinder.

Mr. Tonomura paid me a visit the day before I had to leave, and we walked up the valley along the river road. After a while, we came to a knoll that had been shaved of its hay, and we sat there looking across a ravine in which a tumbling brook turned the wooden wheel of a clacking rice mill. Across the brook was a farm—house, barn, silkworm shed, cattle shed, and granary. A woman in blue homespun working clothes came out of the house and, after picking a few strawberries from the neatly strawed bed, bowed to us and went indoors again. I told Mr. Tonomura what a ludicrous mistake I had made about Mr. Kawai's house, and said that now I could see how naturally it had grown out of Japanese life. And I went on to say how oddly disappointed I had been by the Katsura Palace in Kyoto. I had heard much about it before I came to Japan, but however well it may show up in photographs, and however often it gets into textbooks on Japanese architecture, it is nonetheless the least interesting and imaginative building of great reputation I have ever seen. Mr. Tonomura didn't answer me at once, but withdrew into himself to think about it for a while. "I am sorry," he said at last. "The Katsura Palace is not good. Many Europeans think it is, but it is not. It is too far from this." He gestured at what lay in front of us. "It is too gorgeous, too refined, too silly. It was made by people who wished to believe that life could be easy and effortless, and who were rich enough to corrupt artists and make them say that it was. The Katsura garden is a foolish lie about nature, and the palace building is a weak and sentimental lie about farmhouses. Life is hard, not easy, and good things are difficult things, always."

I looked at the intense beauty of the working landscape in front of us, created by centuries of labor, and I remembered the peculiar fraudulence of the Katsura's expensive pretense of being a farmhouse in its artificial wilderness. I felt that I understood how the emperors had become puppets and how it had been possible to abandon Kyoto as the capital so easily. It had become the home of a culture so entirely aesthetic and cerebral that it had lost touch altogether with the

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fertile ground of common things in which it had once had its roots, and had withered away. The classic symbol of Kyoto culture flashed across my mind: the stone garden of the Ryoanji Temple, so much a work of art that it has no plants in it at all—nothing but white gravel and dead rock.

The woman from the farm across the brook came out of her house and made her way over to us by a little bridge. She was carrying something, and when she approached, I could see that it was a dozen washed strawberries, gleaming on three green leaves placed on a round tray of split bamboo. They were for me. She said that she had heard I was leaving and that she would miss the sight of me wandering about. And she made me promise to come back someday.

THE next morning, as I was standing on the station platform in Takahashi, surrounded by the hotel manager's family and some of their friends, who had come to see me off, a man walked up to me and bowed. I had seen him once or twice about the streets, but we had never spoken, and I was surprised when he gave me a small packet. The train stole up behind us at that moment, so we bowed and parted with very little said. When I was sitting in the train and it was taking me off down the valley, I opened the packet and found a letter wrapped around some color slides of Takahashi. "Dear Unknown Foreigner," the letter said. "I was very glad to see that you liked this poor and isolated place where I was born, and I would like to give you these slides I have made to bring back images of the real Japan to your mind when you have gone far away." As I sat holding the letter in my hand and looking out the train window, I was not sure whether I had seen the real Japan or not, but I was surer than ever that I had been to a place that had one of the great civilizations and that, however poor it might seem to be in terms of things, was as rich in other, and perhaps more important, ways as any country I had ever been to.

—ANTHONY WEST

• •

TO HELEN, BEING WEANED

On what a strangely varied trail
Of epicurean delight,
With one despairing, bitter wail,
You start, my mite.

The lovely bottle, warm and sweet—
The liquid solace of each woe—
As soon as you have learned to eat,
Must surely go.

The puréed prunes, the beefsteak juice,
You cast upon the kitchen floor;
It's pompano and chocolate mousse
You're aiming for.

Wait, wait, my child; your time will come
For pizza pie and fruited punch,
For buttered rolls and buttered rum,
And Sunday brunch—

For picnics, dinners, suppers, teas,
The cocktail hour, the New Year's toast,
The midnight apple pie and cheese,
The weenie roast.

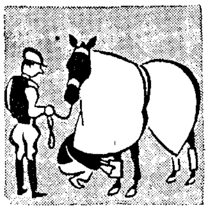
On Cracker Jack and Tootsie Roll,
On peanut butter thickly spread,
You'll nourish body, mind, and soul.
Now eat your bread,

Drink down your milk like vintage wine,
And spoon your mashed banana up,
For soon on caviar you'll dine,
On lobster sup.

—ANNA MARY WELLS

THE RACE TRACK

Previews



MANY people who went to Jamaica last weekend to see the three-year-olds running for the Wood Memorial Stakes came away convinced that Jewel's Reward, who won it, will have to improve a great deal to be one, two, or three in the Kentucky Derby next Saturday. Not only did he win by a short half length (a stunner for those who backed him at 3–10, expecting him to canter home all by himself) but he was hard pressed to beat Noureddin, who isn't quite first-class. Indeed, in the opinion of a horse-watcher who is as sharp-eyed as any I know, it was Arcaro's handling of Jewel's Reward that did the trick. On the other hand, the Wood was the colt's first start since the Flamingo Stakes in Florida early last month, and that's a long time between races. I must say that Jewel's Reward is an attractive fellow, with a fine sheen to his coat. What I didn't like was that he wore tendon bandages on both front legs—not a good sign. Pundit, who was wearing blinkers for the first time, set such a fast pace for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong that he ran out of speed and faded. And when he did, everything looked as if it would be easy as pie for Jewel's Reward. It wasn't. As for Martins Rullah, who finished third, he didn't run back to his form in the Experimental, and as for Nasco, Bold Ruler's brother, I'm afraid he won't do. If you care for statistics, it was the thirty-fourth running of the Wood, which was named in memory of Gene Wood, a pillar of the old Jamaica, and it was the ninth time Arcaro has won it. Incidentally, Ivan Parke, who trains Jewel's Reward, rode the first winner of the Wood—Backbone (no kin to the Backbone who won the Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel on Saturday).

LAST Friday's big race at Keeneland indicated that Tim Tam is certainly in top form for the Derby. Biding his time until he was well into the stretch, he whipped past the leaders and won by half a length from Nadir—more easily, according to my spies, than the chart showed. He did the seven furlongs in 1:22⅕, which set a new track record for the distance. I suppose those who

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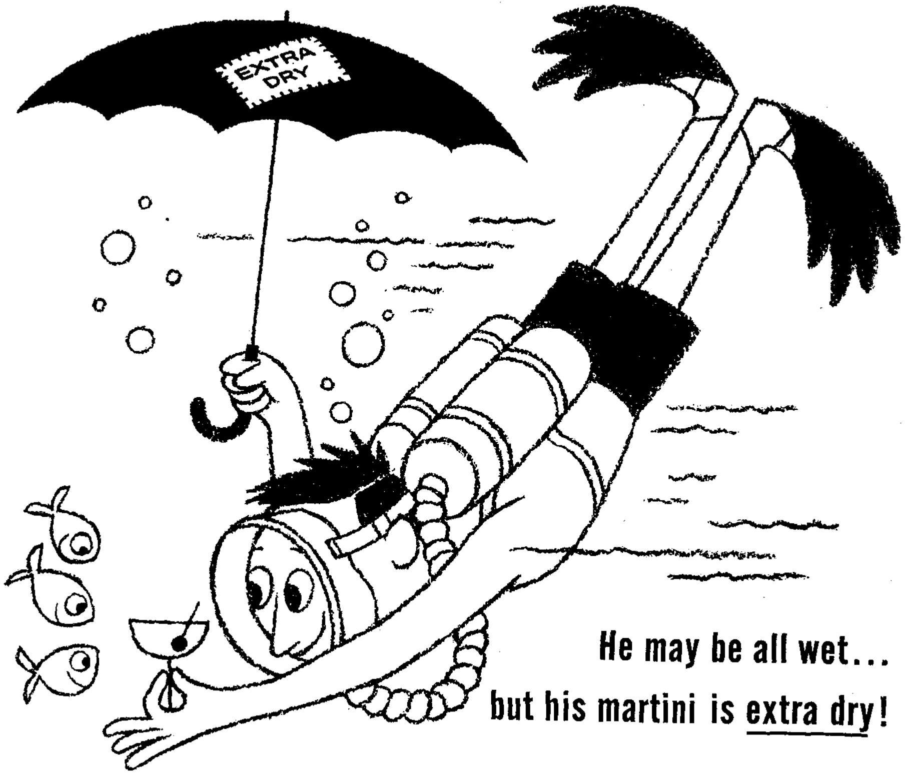

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look for signs and omens hardly need to be told that Tim Tam's stablemate Iron Liege won a similar event at Keeneland a year ago, and went on to make the big score. Nadir apparently ran one of his good races, keeping a straight course near the rails and taking the lead a furlong from home. At the end, however, he was no match for Tim Tam. . . . Silky Sullivan is the whole show at Churchill Downs. I'm told that the crowds at the track for his early-morning workouts are almost as large as the crowds were at the races on some afternoons last season.

TO get back to Jamaica, we had a special treat on Wednesday watching Idun, who I thought was the best two-year-old of 1957, gallop six furlongs between races. She has grown and filled out, and is even lovelier than she was last autumn, if you can imagine that. All sorts of things happened in the Correction Handicap that same afternoon. First off, Venomous, the favorite, reared as she went into the starting gate and tossed Arcaro out of the saddle with such force that he turned a double back somersault. He wasn't hurt, but the mare scratched her legs and was withdrawn. Then, in the race, which was a lively scramble, Searching came through on the rails to win driving. To top it all off, there was a claim of foul against her, but it wasn't allowed. Not a dull moment.

EAST INDIAN, the first of Native Dancer's children to come to the races, made his appearance at Jamaica last Saturday, and he's by far the best two-year-old I've seen in action this year. Heigh-ho! Six years earlier, to the very day, Native Dancer made *his* first start, also at Jamaica. East Indian's margin of victory wasn't as wide as his daddy's, but there was authority in the way he shook off the challenges of several well-fancied colts in the stretch. (By the way, both Native Dancer and East Indian were ridden by Guerin in their débuts, and both paid about the same small price in the mutuels.) You'd never guess from his looks that East Indian was sired by the gray whirlwind; very sleek, bay, and on the slight side, he resembles Roman, the father of his dam. But he can run.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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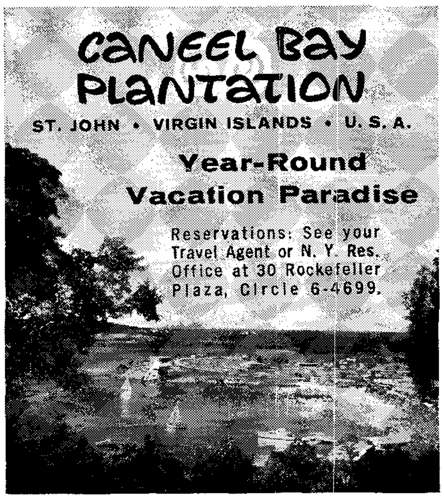

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Naughty Girls

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BRIGITTE BARDOT, a young lady as intricately contoured as a clover-leaf intersection, and Danielle Delorme, a gracile if less circular type, serve as the heroines of a brace of French films called "Mam'zelle Pigalle" and "Mitsou." While the cameras in both movies cast a bold eye upon these charmers, an effort is made to demonstrate the proposition that love in the Gallic manner is whimsical, scampish, and hilarious. I am sorry to say that no Q.E.D. can be applied to either of the endeavors. "Mam'zelle Pigalle," the movie in which Mlle. Bardot is on view, is, I'm told, the one that established her as an anatomical specimen of world renown, but if one is nosy enough to overlook the container in order to examine the thing contained, one discovers that Mlle. Bardot is something of an emotional vacuum. It is her lot in this project to portray an adolescent being reared quite stylishly by her father, who pretends to be a shipowner but is actually the proprietor of a night club. A gang of counterfeiters are using the night club as their headquarters, and while Daddy, although a former smuggler, has no part in the hanky-panky indulged in by his patrons, he nevertheless finds it advisable to light out for Switzerland when the police come around. At this point, he entrusts the welfare of his daughter to a crooner in his employ, who happens to be engaged—don't look at me; I didn't invent this script—to a lady psychoanalyst. When the crooner, played by Jean Bretonnière, sets the daughter up as a resident of his apartment, supervised by a stiff-necked butler, you may be sure that all kinds of preposterous situations arise. None of them, however, is amusing, and the pretty presence of Mlle. Bardot is not enough to atone for the dreariness of the plot.

MLLE. DELORME has better material to work with in "Mitsou," and is, most assuredly, a better actress. However, in this interpretation of a story by Colette her efforts are pretty much wasted, since the film fumbles around in all directions while straining laboriously to create a *toujours-gai* at-

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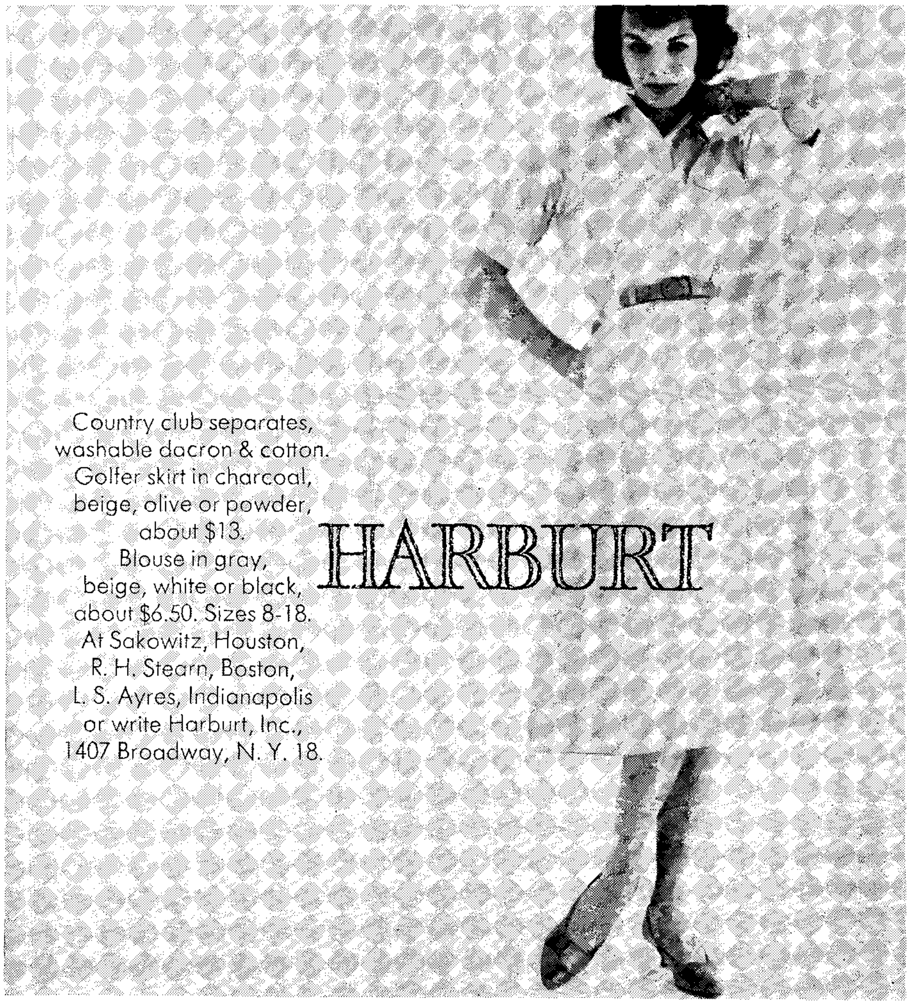

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mosphere. The plot of "Mitsou," which was directed by Jacqueline Audry and has a screenplay by Pierre LaRoche, concerns a cabaret hoofer doing her stuff in Paris during the First World War. Sponsored by an amiable protector (Fernand Gravey), she gets along fine until she encounters a young lieutenant (François Guerin) and goes mad about the boy. Regrettably, the warrior, a well-reared youth, finds her manners rather dreadful, and so our heroine appeals to her protector to shine her up socially. This the kindly fellow does, but once properly polished, of course, she says to hell with him. There is in this, as in "Mam'zelle Pigalle," a good deal of bold dialogue, but frank chatter about the physical facts of life is hardly enough to redeem either picture. Both, incidentally, are in color, and not bad to look at. —John McCarten

•

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Cecil Murrow is a student of group dynamics. He made a discovery—to develop empathy between all individuals in the audience, he would have them stand, and then he would ask, "How is your P.M.A.?" The response would be, "TERRIFIC!" If the response was not enthusiastic or loud enough, he would ask it again and, if necessary, again.

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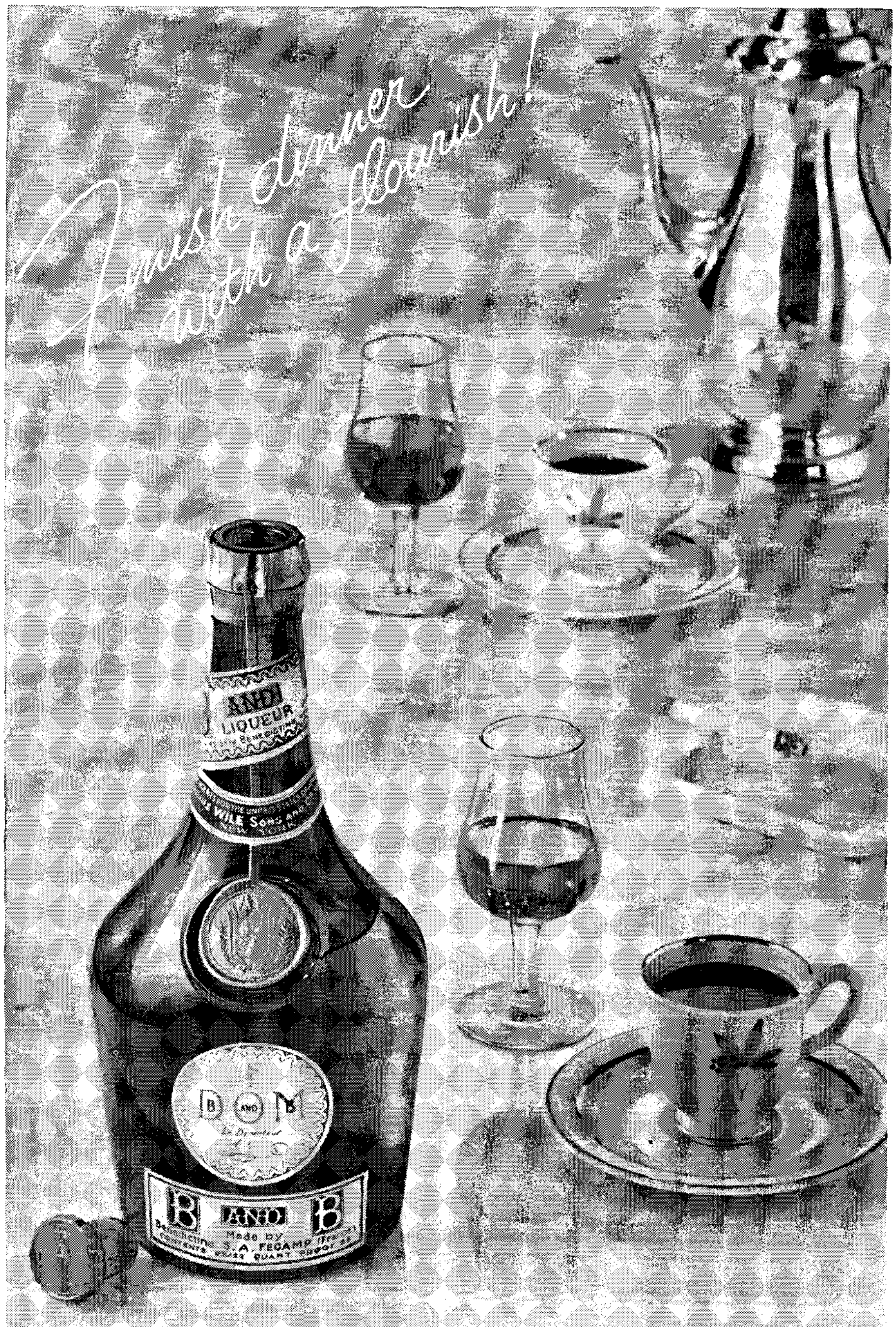
When a husband returned from work fatigued or disturbed, all his wife needed to do was ask, "How is your P.M.A.?" The answer would be, "TERRIFIC!" and the family would have a pleasant evening.

One little boy did something that displeased his mother and she said, "Johnnie, when your father gets home—you're going to be punished." Johnnie had heard about P.M.A., so when his father returned home that evening, he greeted him at the door, "Dad, how is your P.M.A. today?" The father responded, "TERRIFIC!" Obviously, no father could punish a boy that smart.

—*Success Unlimited.*

Oh, he couldn't, eh? Come out, Johnnie, and show the people your ears!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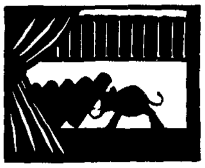
BOOKS

The Life of a That-There Poet



During the last thirty years, American scholarship has inherited the unenviable reputation, formerly held by the Germans, for overindulgence in "the sensual ease of pedantry," of producing works prodigious in their accumulation of singular facts but totally and defiantly devoid of imagination, judgment, grace, or humor.

I must confess that, when I first heard of Mr. Leslie A. Marchand's Byronic enterprise, of his travels, of the thousands of microfilms he had examined, my heart sank. Alas, I thought, since I am particularly interested in Byron, I suppose I shall have to look at it, but shall I ever be able to wade through it? I am happy to say that my fears were misplaced; the meticulous, detailed scholarship is there, all right, but Mr. Marchand has digested it, and despite an occasional ponderous phrase like "his natatorial skill," his three volumes ("Byron: A Biography," a twenty-dollar venture by Knopf) are as fascinating to read as they are informative and, as a biography of the poet, as nearly definitive as any such book can be. I have three minor criticisms, which I will make at once and have done with. It is, I know, common practice in a multivolume work to put the only index at the end of the last volume, but it is nonetheless deplorable; any reader who wishes to consult such a biography about some special point requires an index at the end of every volume. Secondly, the opening chapters, in which Mr. Marchand deals with the history of Byron's family, would be very much easier to follow if he had drawn a genealogical table—a simple and pleasant task. Lastly, though I am sure the facts are well known to scholars in the field, my layman's curiosity would like to know why the family Lovelace Papers, which were available to Miss Ethel Mayne when she did her biography of Annabella, Lady Byron, have been withdrawn from scrutiny.

The new material unearthed by Mr. Marchand does not alter our conception of Byron in any essential way, but it does help us to see him more in the round, both as a physical and as a social being. Everybody knows, for example, that Byron had a tendency to put on weight and went on a diet from time to time to get it down. I always imagined that the tendency was the normal result of an appetite for good living, but the following figures, quoted by Mr. Marchand from a ledger of the Messrs. Berry, St. James's Street, tell another story:

Date	*Weight*
Jan. 1806	194 lbs
Autumn 1806	202
July 1807	153
May 1808	155
June 1809	159¾
July 1811	137½

When a young man of eighteen years of age and five feet eight and a half inches in height weighs two hundred and two pounds, it is an indication not of overeating but of some glandular dysfunction. Since medicine in his time knew nothing of such matters, Byron was forced, if he did not wish to look grotesque, to take heroic but dangerous steps. Thus, in 1811 he was trying to live on hard biscuits and soda water; in 1816:

> A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast—a light, vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with vin de Grave, and in the evening, a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco and smoking cigars.

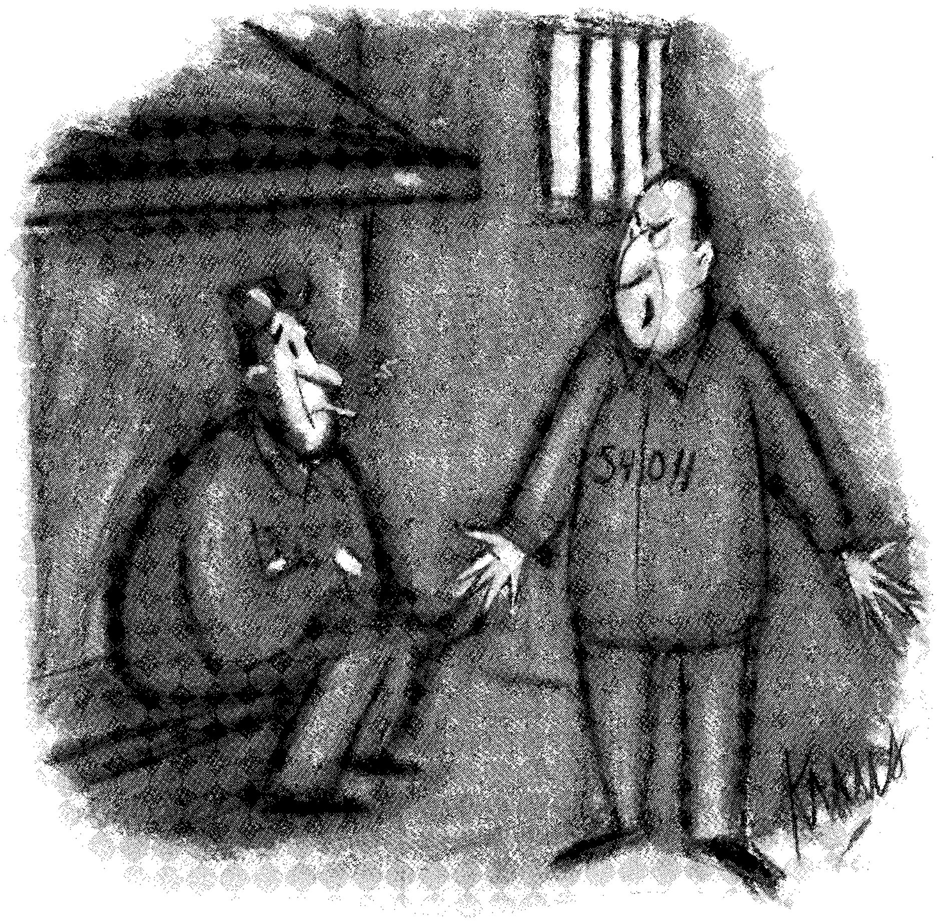
And in 1823 he was not only avoiding nourishing food but also

> had recourse almost daily to strong drastic pills, of which extract of colocynth, gamboge, scammony, &c. were the chief ingredients; and if he observed the slightest increase in the size of his wrists or waist, which he measured with scrupulous exactness every morning, he immediately sought to reduce it by taking a large dose of Epsom salts, besides the usual pills.

There is no reason to suppose that in Venice in 1818 he was eating more than the average person—he was certainly taking regular exercise—but the consequences of not dieting were alarming:

> Lord Byron [his friend Newton Hanson observed] could not have been more than 30, but he looked 40. His face had become pale, bloated, and sallow. He had grown very fat, his shoulders broad and round, and the knuckles of his hands were lost in fat.

It may well be that his early death was largely due not to any riotous ex-



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cesses but to prolonged undernourishment.

Again, it is well known that Byron was a dandy about his clothes, but the details supplied by Mr. Marchand are surprising:

> On June 20 [1812] he bought "12 Fine white Quilting Waistcoats;" on July 1 "A spfine [superfine] Olive Court dress Coat lined Completely thro wh White Silk, 20 Elegantly Cut & Highly polished Steele buttons, A very rich Embroidered Court dress Waistcoat [and] A pair rich black Silk Breeches." In August and September he added dozens of other items, bringing the total bill on September 18 to £243.10s.

And his military wardrobe for Greece must have taken some packing:

> Two Braided Plaid Jackets, 4 pair of Trowsers, Red Cloth Jacket braided with Black, Red Cloth Jacket trimmed with Gold Lace, Four Full Dress Uniform Coats trimmed with Gold Lace, Two Pair blue Trowsers trimmed with Gold Lace . . . 2 Helmets with Gilt Ornaments (Homeric helmets, gilt with an overtowering plume, under which . . . were his coat of arms and the motto '*Crede Byron*'), Six Pair of Gold Lace Epaulets, One Pair of Silver Lace Epaulets, 5 Gold Lace Sword Knots, and various guns and equipment including ten swords and a sword stick.

It is curious, and sympathetic, to learn that this dandyism was intermittent, for when Lady Blessington met Byron in Genoa, she noted that his clothes were outmoded in cut and no longer fitted him because of his reduction in weight, for he didn't want to spend money on new clothes till the old ones were worn out.

Until I read Mr. Marchand, I had never realized that one of Byron's most marked characteristics was a very "un-Byronic" obsession with a clock routine. If his hours were bohemian—rising at two in the afternoon and retiring at three in the morning—their regulation was bourgeois, as, indeed, is essential to any writer who hopes to leave a substantial body of work. He got up, breakfasted, dawdled over his toilet, took a horseback ride, spent the early evening in social life, but then, at midnight, back to work or letters.

Acute psychologist though he was, Stendhal misunderstood Byron when he wrote:

> His vanity, however, frequently induced him to lose sight of the end, in his attention to the means. Love was sacrificed; an affair of the heart would have interfered with his daily exercise on horseback.

Routine, in an intelligent man, is a sign not of vanity but of ambition.

Unless some surreptitious copy of the burnt "Memoirs" should miracu-

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lously turn up, it is unlikely that we shall ever know more about Byron's private life than we know now. On the ground that "the circumstantial evidence in Byron's letters can not be ignored, and . . . certain aspects of his life and correspondence can not be explained sensibly in any other terms," Mr. Marchand believes that he actually committed incest with his half sister Augusta.

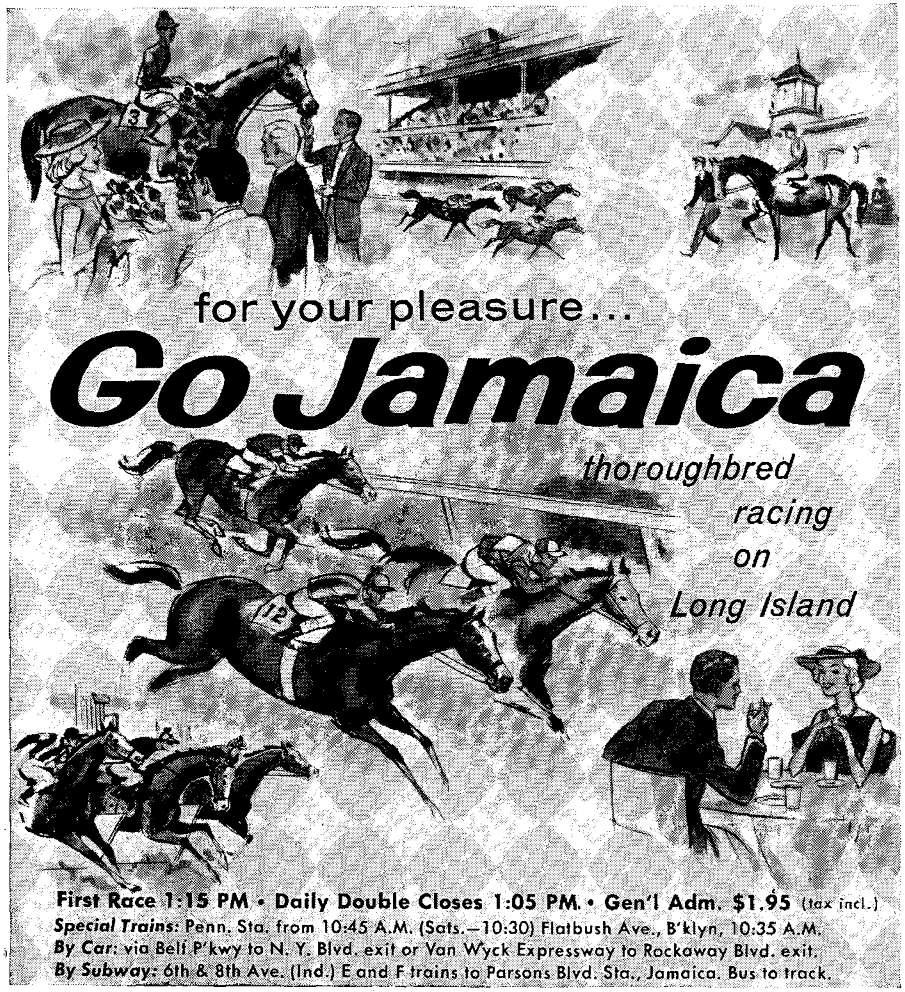
About the nature of his feelings, there can, I think, be no doubt, but the assumption of incestuous acts raises as many problems as it solves. Admittedly, Byron was unreticent about himself, but if he was guilty, is it credible that his correspondence with even so broadminded a person as Lady Melbourne and his poems openly addressed to Augusta should have been so frank? Is it credible that he should have risked his marriage by deliberately encouraging a friendship between Augusta and Annabella? It is to be remarked that in the case of the poems he wrote to boys—though here again it is impossible to know the exact nature of his relation with them—he always tried, rather clumsily, to cover his tracks.

Moreover, what we do know about his sexual relations with women and his own comments on the subject make it clear that he belonged to that not uncommon type of male for whom sexual passion is incompatible with equality in friendship or understanding. He hated to see a woman eat, he hated to share a bed with one, and the following reflections are typical:

> . . . a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting.

> . . . a man and woman can make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex, but *then* with this condition that they never have made or are to make love with each other. . . . Indeed I rather look on love as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break in order to keep the world a-going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

In a man of such a temperament, I find the relaxed intimacy of the letters to Augusta, to whom he writes as if she were the only woman who really understood him, difficult to reconcile with an overtly sexual relationship. But, of course, there is no telling. In any case, Augusta was not the immediate cause of Lady Byron's sudden demand for a separation. Though I cannot put as



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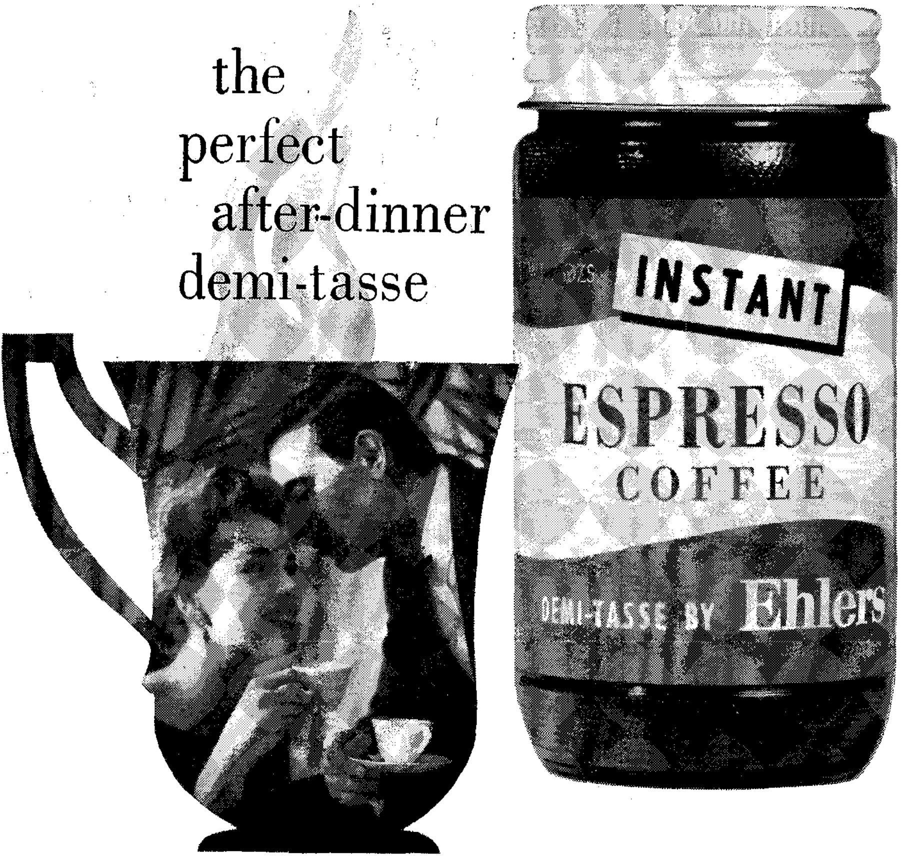

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much faith in the pertinence of the anonymous "Don Leon" poems as Professor Wilson Knight does, I am pretty sure that he is correct in his assertion that Annabella's revelation to her solicitor, Dr. Lushington, in her quarters in Mivart's Hotel, on February 22, 1816, after she had separated from her husband, concerned not intercourse within a prohibited degree but intercourse in a prohibited mode, an act that, even between a man and a woman, was still a capital offense. Given the violently aggressive feelings toward her that Byron displayed from the day of their marriage, it seems psychologically only too likely that he would do such a thing in order to humiliate her, just as it appears probable that Teresa Guiccioli's husband inflicted a similar indignity upon her when she returned to him after Byron's death.

The real mystery in Byron's life is not scandalous; the inexplicable fact is that he married Annabella at all. His motive was certainly not money; whatever his faults, Byron was not, like his father, a sponger on women, and had he been fortune-hunting, he could have done much better. To escape Caroline Lamb, Lady Oxford, and the life of a literary lion, he had only to leave England on a tour. In many of his affairs, Byron was, like his hero Don Juan, the passive partner who took what was offered, but it cannot be said that Annabella ran after him. Even if he thought it was time that he overcame his horror of marriage and settled down, why choose the very type of woman with whom he knew he had least sympathy, a bluestocking with no light conversation?

One can only suppose that Byron was tempted into such an insane act by sheer pride, the wish to prove that he, like God, could do the impossible. Needless to say, he couldn't. The nearer the wedding drew, the "less impatient" he became; on the wedding morning, he did not put on his wedding suit when he got up; for a wedding ring he used his mother's, which had been dug up in the garden and was too big for the bride's finger; in the coach on the way to the estate at Halnaby, he talked of a separation; on arrival, he had her on the sofa before dinner; when they retired, he couldn't stand it and left their bed in the middle of the night; and during the three hundred and seventy-eight days they lived together, his behavior toward her, after making all allowances for exaggeration in her accounts, was clearly outrageous to the point of insanity. And yet, badly treated as she was, it is im-

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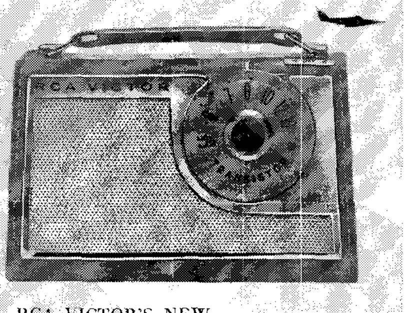

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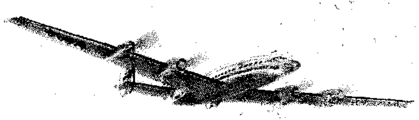

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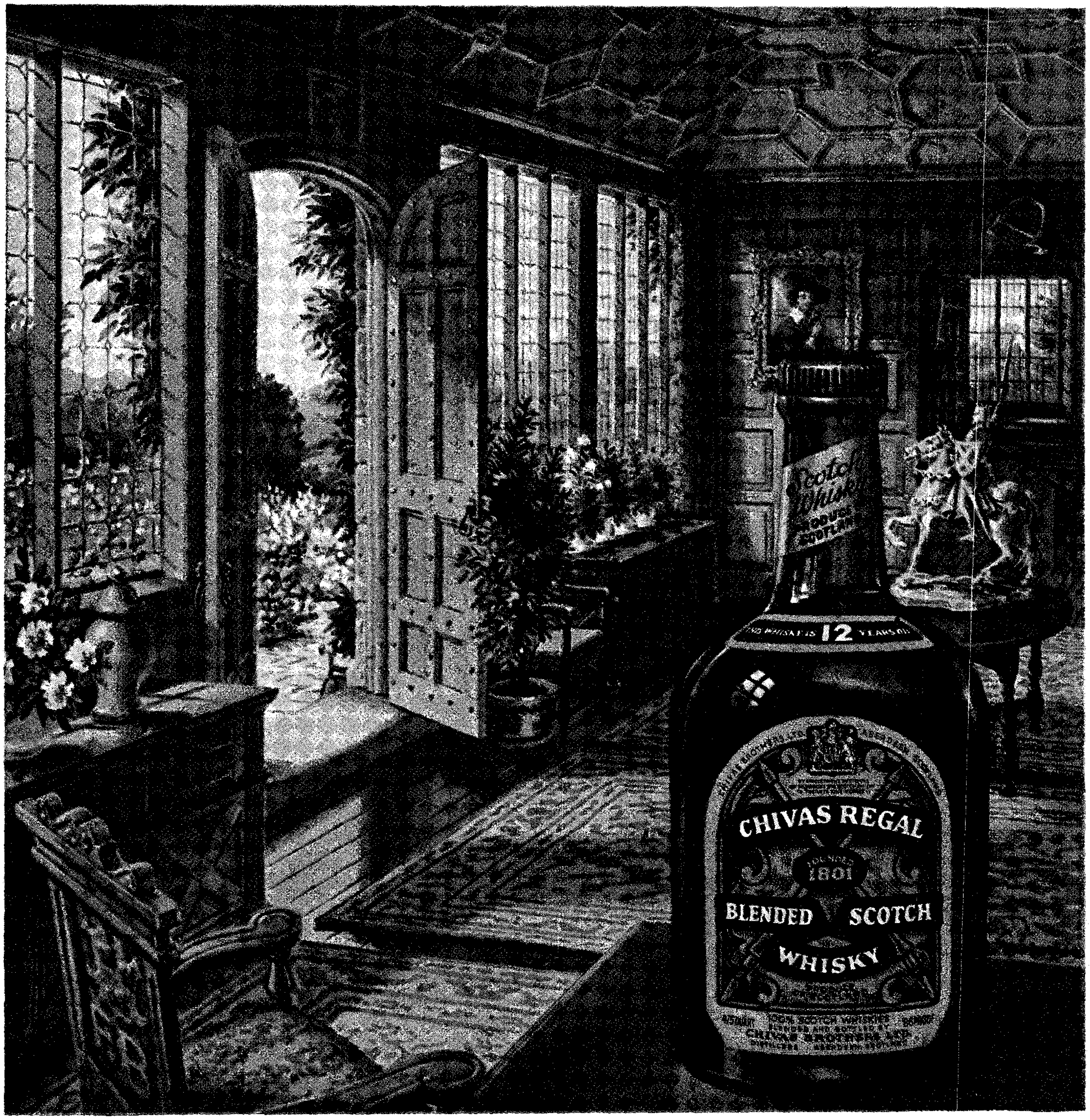
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possible in the end to feel very much sympathy for her. Her intention to reform her future husband, which she confided to her diary, may be excused as adolescent vanity, but one cannot pardon her subtle and prolonged spiritual bullying of Augusta after the separation; cruelty and prurient curiosity masquerading as the desire to do moral good are signs of a thoroughly nasty nature.

Teresa Guiccioli was in many ways a silly woman, yet how nice and how much wiser in her understanding of a human relationship she seems by comparison. But then Teresa had one tremendous advantage; since she was a Catholic with a husband still living, Byron knew he could not be trapped into marrying her.

Mr. Marchand's account of Byron's treatment of Claire Clairmont and their daughter Allegra is detailed and impartial. Once he had made his initial, disastrous mistake of having an affair with Claire at all—but when was Byron ever capable of saying no to an insistent female?—it is difficult to see how he could have acted otherwise. A modern psychologist might argue that it is always better to give the custody of a child to its mother, however neurotic, than to a bachelor father, but neither Byron nor anyone who knew both him and Claire saw it that way. Even Shelley, who felt the greatest pity for Claire and did not share Byron's conventional views about education, never advised entrusting Allegra to her. What was Byron to do? He knew that his own household was no home for a child. At the same time, he wanted to do the best he could for her, which meant that he did not intend her "to perish of Starvation, and green fruit, or be taught to believe that there is no Deity." He did not put her in a convent simply to be rid of her; given her circumstances, his plans for her future seem very sensible:

> I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity.

Unless one has a strong predilection for another faith, which Byron did not, it is obviously best that someone who is destined to live in a Catholic country should be brought up a Catholic. As it

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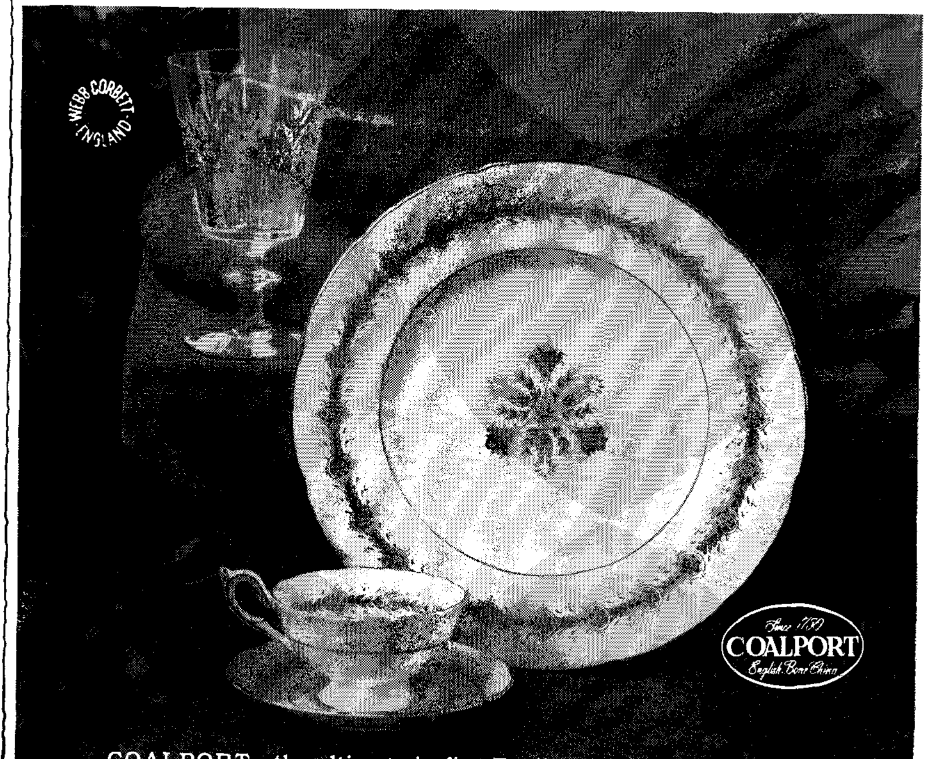

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happened, Allegra died when she was five; poor thing, perhaps it was just as well.

In keeping with Byron's attitude to women was the need to be top, to come first, that is so apparent in his social life. "To be the first man," he wrote when he was twenty-five, "not the Dictator—not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in talent and truth—is next to the Divinity." The natural ambition of a talented man was complicated and reinforced by a number of factors. He was (like his father's first wife, his wife, his daughter, his half sister, his half sister's mother, and his natural daughter) an only child, he had a clubfoot, and he became a peer by accident. It is difficult for us today to imagine the religious awe inspired by a lord in Byron's time, or the vast difference between being a lord and being the relative of one. If the grandson of the fifth Lord Byron (the Wicked Lord) had not been killed at the siege of Calvi, Byron would have been regarded as a member of the middle classes, and a poor one at that. Suddenly, he became a semidivine being, whom schoolmasters and college tutors would hardly dare to discipline, the absolute master of an estate, for whom, when he was financially embarrassed, credit would always be forthcoming. Even though he was only ten when this happened, and enjoyed the education at Harrow and Cambridge proper to his station, the memory of the squalor of his early childhood prevented him from ever really feeling at ease with those whose social equal he had become.

When, after the publication of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," Byron was the social lion of London, Lord Holland observed:

> It was *not* from his birth that Lord Byron had taken the station he held in society, for till his talents became known, he was, in spite of his birth, in any thing but good society, and *but* for his talents would never, perhaps, have been in any better.

None of his close men friends, such as John Hobhouse and Thomas Moore, was a member of the aristocracy, but at the same time he was very conscious of his rank. When he was invited to join in an official procession in Constantinople and found that he was to walk behind the First Secretary of the British Embassy, he left the party in a huff, and near the end of his life he made a revealing comment on himself to Lady Blessington:

> I am so little fastidious in the selection, or rather want of selection, of associates,

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that the most stupid men satisfy me quite as well, nay, perhaps better than the most brilliant. . . . The effort of letting myself down to them costs me nothing, though my pride is hurt that they do not seem more sensible of the condescension.

For such a character, the life of an expatriate must always have a strong appeal. In England he could only be one lord among many, most of them richer and grander than he; in Venice he could be *milord inglese*, who owned the only live horses in the city and could afford a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal. And, according to his friends, he much exaggerated the scandal caused by his separation from Lady Byron. He was not, as he said, hissed in the House of Lords or insulted in the streets, nor was the *Examiner* the only newspaper to defend him. He was even reëlected, after the event, to a grand club. But if the scandal did not make departure from England necessary, it provided a convenient excuse, which he never regretted and but for which he would probably never have written "Don Juan." In his excursions into politics, his defense of the rebellious Luddite mill-workers, his involvement with the Italian revolutionaries, his expedition to Greece, he displayed the same desire to be conspicuous, to be at once the isolated rebel and the leader of noble birth. When Hobhouse was sent to jail for writing a pamphlet in favor of political reform, Byron took fright at the political company he had been keeping:

> Mr. H[obhouse], I hear, will stand for Westminster: I shall be glad to hear of his standing any where except in the pillory, which, from the company he must have lately kept (I always except Burdett, and Douglas K., and the genteel part of the reformers), was perhaps to be apprehended. . . . I am out of all patience to see my friends sacrifice themselves for a pack of blackguards, who disgust one with their Cause, although I have always been a friend to and a Voter for reform. . . . If we must have a tyrant, let him at least be a gentleman who has been bred to the

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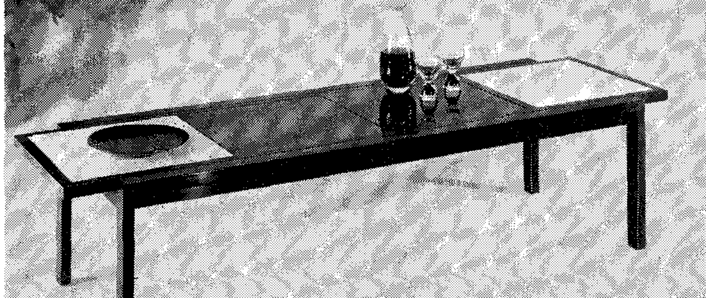
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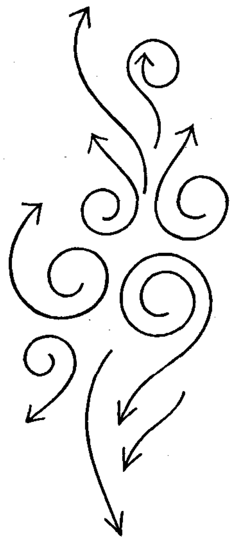

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business, and let us fall by the axe and not by the butcher's cleaver.

The report of the police spy Torelli, assigned to watch Byron because of his association with the Italian revolutionaries, was, if malicious, not without its grain of truth:

> Lord Byron has finally decided to leave for Genoa. It is said that he is already sated or tired of his Favorite, the Guiccioli. He has, however, expressed his intention of not remaining in Genoa, but of going on to Athens in order to make himself adored by the Greeks.

But if, as Colonel Stanhope, of the London Greek Committee, told Hobhouse, Byron did little in Greece but shoot pistols and ride and drink punch with one of the artillerymen, he really did manage to help the cause of Greek independence, firstly by dying there, and secondly by his support of Mavrokordatos, the president of the first Greek National Assembly, in the internal struggle in Greece during the war with Turkey. In Mr. Marchand's judgment:

> The Legislative gradually won the ascendancy [over Mavrokordatos' opponent, Kolokotrones, and the Executive] largely because of the expectation of the English loan, the first installments of which arrived after Byron's death. But during the whole period of his stay at Missolonghi the government was stalemated in all its activities by these factional quarrels, half military and half political, complicated by personal enmities and intrigues. It may be said, however, that Byron's part in getting the deputies started for England, as well as his efforts to get the loan launched and his aid to the fleet and to Mavrokordatos, who was favored by the constitutional party, did in the long run have a far-reaching effect on the progress of the Revolution. Certainly he judged rightly in not going to Eastern Greece in 1823. He would only have lost the personal prestige which eventually made his name a unifying force in Greece.

Moreover, if his political activities were largely theatre, his feelings were human and genuine. He shocked some of his Italian revolutionary friends by taking into his house a mortally wounded soldier of the Papal Legate in Ravenna, and he made great efforts, with some success, to secure decent treatment for both Greek and Turkish prisoners of war.

Mr. Marchand deliberately—and, I think, rightly—abstains from passing any judgment on Byron's poetry. He records all the known facts of date and circumstance of composition; he tells us what Byron thought about his own poetry and that of others; and he stops there, assuming that since his poems are easily available, we can read and judge

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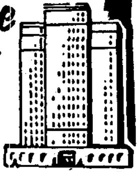

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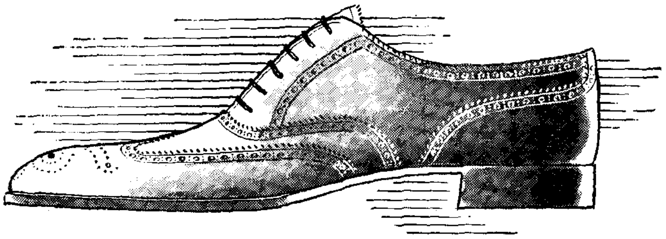
them for ourselves. Incidentally, I think Mr. Marchand might have devoted a few pages to the historical and political backgrounds of Italy and Greece in the early nineteenth century, because they are unfamiliar to the average reader. It is clear, however, that though he writes as a biographer, not as a literary critic, he knows Byron's poetry very well. For example, I am grateful to him for drawing my attention to an early poem I had overlooked, "To a Lady Who . . . Appointed a Night in December to Meet Him in the Garden":

Why should you weep like Lydia Languish
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent
(Since Shakespeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion),
To form the place of assignation.
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation.

This, as Mr. Marchand observes, anticipates in a startling way the style of Byron's mature and important works. One notices that the octosyllabics give him the opportunity for speed and feminine rhymes, his particular forte, which the end-stopped heroic couplets of "English Bards" and "Hints from Horace" deny him. The tune of the Dryden and Pope couplet is too much in his ear to allow him to find his own. (There are only three couplets with feminine rhymes in the first, and only one in the second.)

If Byron's genuine poems—"Beppo," "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgment"—are all satirical, it is not the satire of Dryden and Pope; in spirit (I am not speaking of literary influences) it is akin, rather, to the poetry of Skelton and D. H. Lawrence. In currently fashionable terms, one is the work of an insider, the other of an outsider. Neo-classical satire presupposes that the City of Man owes allegiance to certain eternal laws that are known to human reason and conscience; its purpose is to demonstrate that the individual or institution attacked violates these laws out of presumption, malice, or stupidity. Satire of the Byronic kind presupposes no such



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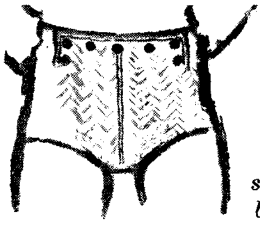

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fixed laws. It is the weapon of the rebel who refuses to accept conventional laws and pieties as binding or worthy of respect. Instead of speaking in the name of the well-educated and sensible people, it speaks in the name of the individual whose innocence of vision has not been corrupted by education and social convention. Where Pope, so to speak, says, "The Emperor is wearing a celluloid collar," Byron says, "The Emperor has no clothes." The strict and regular formality of the couplet, therefore, will never do for this variety of satire; the sort of verse it needs is what may be termed, though not pejoratively, doggerel—verse, that is to say, in which the element of chance in language seems to predominate over the element of fate and choice.

If William Stewart Rose had arrived in Venice in September, 1817, with nothing but the magnesia and the red tooth powder Byron's publisher, John Murray, had sent him, Byron would probably be considered today a very minor poet. It is true that since he could read Italian well, he might have discovered the latent possibilities of the mock-heroic *ottava rima* for himself, but the fact is that he did not realize the importance of Berni or Pulci as exponents of the *ottava rima* till Rose had given him John Frere's "The Monks and the Giants." If he had never realized it and therefore never written "Don Juan," "Beppo," and "The Vision of Judgment," what would be left? A few charming lyrics, though none of them quite as good as the best of Moore; "Darkness," a fine piece of blank verse, marred by some false sentiment; one or two amusing occasional pieces, like "Lines to Mr. Hodgson" and the "Epistles" to and from Mr. Murray; half a dozen stanzas from "Childe Harold;" half a dozen lines from "Cain"—and that's about all. I can think of no other poet in the world whose work demonstrates so clearly the creative role played by form.

Thus the failure of "Childe Harold" is due, first and foremost, to Byron's disastrous choice of the Spenserian stanza. The only poet, in my opinion, who has ever succeeded in using it since Spenser was Tennyson, in "The Lotos-Eaters," and nothing could be further from Byron's cast of mind than its slow, visionary quality. One is not surprised to learn that when Leigh Hunt lent him "The Faerie Queene," he hated it. As long as he tried to write Poetry with a capital "P," to express deep emotion and profound thoughts, his work deserves that epithet he most dreaded, *una seccatura*, for he possessed neither

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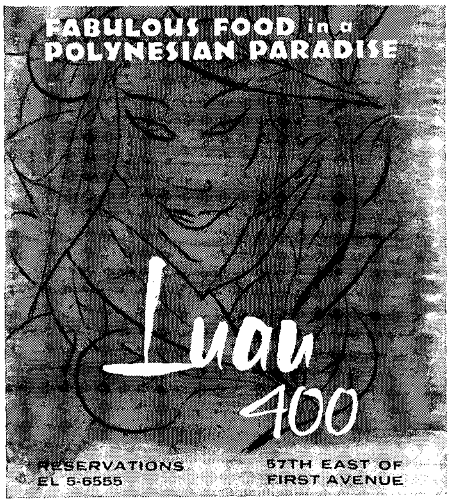
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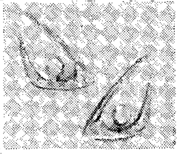

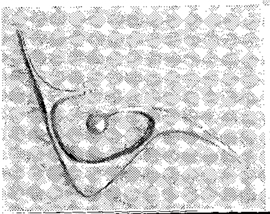

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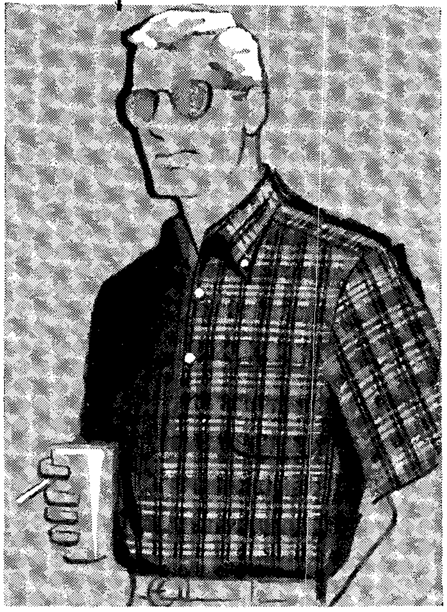

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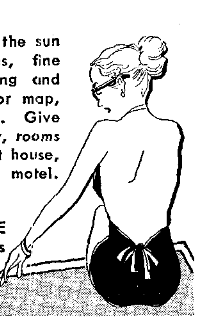

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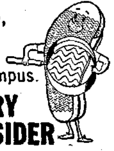


the imaginative vision nor the sensitivity for language that "serious" poetry demands. Lady Byron, of all people, put her finger on his great defect as a poet:

> He is the absolute monarch of words, and uses them, as Bonaparte did lives, for conquest, without more regard to their intrinsic value.

Given his production up till that time, he showed better judgment than his public when he wrote to Moore, in 1817:

> If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation.

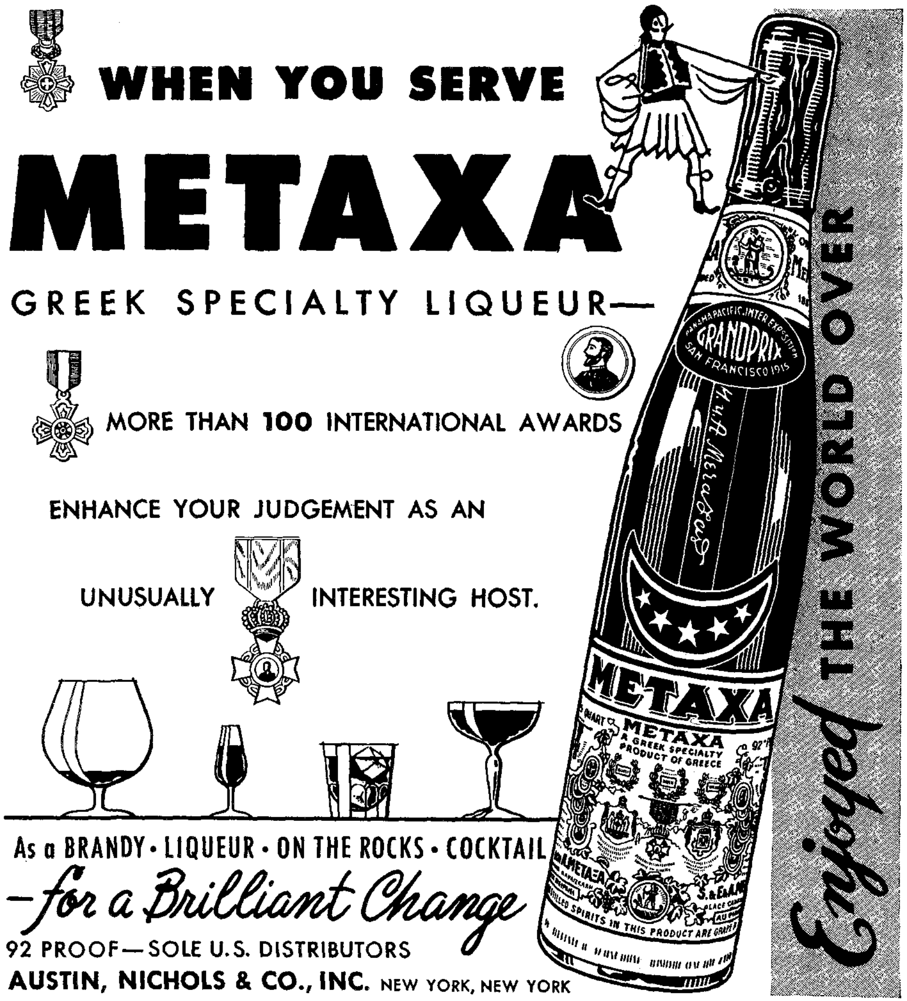
Soon after this letter, he discovered *ottava rima;* as he foretold, it was not all over with him, but, as he had not foreseen, his vocation was to be literature. The authentic poet in him, the master of detached irreverence, was released. An authentic and original work nearly always shocks its first readers, and it is fascinating to notice the reactions of Byron's contemporaries to his new manner:

> Beppo is just imported but not perused. The greater the levity of Lord Byron's Compositions, the more I imagine him to suffer from the turbid state of his mind. (*Lady Byron*)
>
> Frere particularly observed that the world had now given up the foolish notion that you were to be identified with your sombre heroes, and had acknowledged with what great success and good keeping you had portrayed a grand imaginary being. But the same admiration cannot be bestowed upon, and will not be due to the Rake Juan.... All the idle stories about your Venetian life will be more than confirmed. (*Hobhouse*)
>
> Dear *Adorable* Lord Byron, *don't* make a mere *coarse* old libertine of yourself.... When you don't feel quite up to a spirit of benevolence . . . throw away your pen, my love, and take a little *calomel.* (*Harriette Wilson, who soon offered to come and pimp for him*)
>
> I would rather have the fame of Childe Harold for THREE YEARS than an IMMORTALITY of Don Juan. (*Teresa Guiccioli*)

Some of his friends, among them Hobhouse, admired parts of "Don Juan," but the only person who seems to have realized how utterly different in kind it was from all Byron's previous work was John Lockhart:

> Stick to Don Juan; it is the only sincere thing you have ever written . . . out of all sight the best of your works; it is by far the most spirited, the most straightforward, the most interesting, and the most poetical . . . the great charm of its style is, that it is not much like the style of any other poem in the world.

And Byron himself knew it. Normally, he was not given to praising his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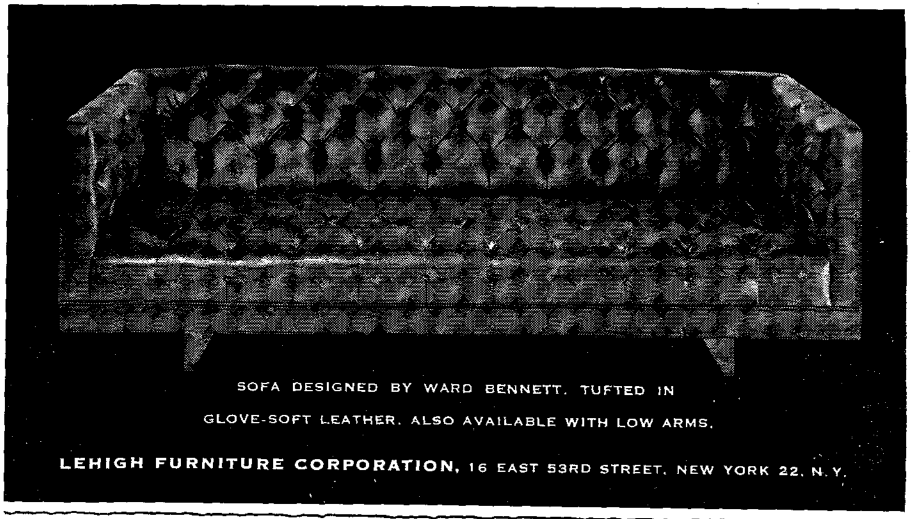
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own work, but of "Don Juan" he was openly proud:

> Of the fate of the "pome" I am quite uncertain, and do not anticipate much brilliancy from your silence. But I do not care. I am as sure as the Archbishop of Granada that I never wrote better, and I wish you all better taste.
>
> As to "Don Juan," confess, confess—you dog and be candid—that it is the sublime of *that there* sort of writing—it may be bawdy but is it not good English? It may be profligate, but is it not *life*, is it not *the thing*? Could any man have written it who has not lived in the world?—and tooled in a post-chaise?—in a hackney coach?—in a gondola?—against a wall? in a court carriage?—in a vis-à-vis?—on a table?—and under it?

There is an element of swank in this description, for the poem is far less bawdy than he makes it sound. Only a small part of the experience upon which Byron drew in writing it was amorous. As a libertine, his Don Juan, who sleeps with only four women, and then either because they take the initiative or because they happen to be around, makes a poor showing beside the Don Giovanni of the opera's "Catalogue Aria" or even Byron himself, with his two hundred Venetian girls. In fact, Don Juan, who never behaves badly or loses his social savoir-faire, is a dummy, not a hero, a peg upon which Byron can hang his reflections about the world. For this reason, the poem was never finished, and could not ever be finished except by the author's death. Byron might have gone on with the poem as he intended, showing Don Juan as a *cavalier servente* in Italy, a cause for divorce in England, and a sentimental "Werther-faced man" in Germany, but since he is a purely passive object of experience with no history of his own, any end devised for him would have been arbitrary.

What Byron means by "life"—which explains why he could never appreciate Wordsworth or Keats—is the motion of life, the *passage* of events and thoughts. His visual descriptions of scenery or architecture are not particularly vivid, nor are his portrayals of states of mind particularly profound, but at the description of things in motion and the way in which the mind wanders from one thought to another he is a great master.

Unlike most poets, he must be read very rapidly, as if the words were single frames in a movie film; stop on a word or a line and the poetry vanishes—the feeling seems superficial, the rhyme forced, the grammar all over the place—but read at the proper pace, it gives a conviction of watching the real thing, which many profounder writers

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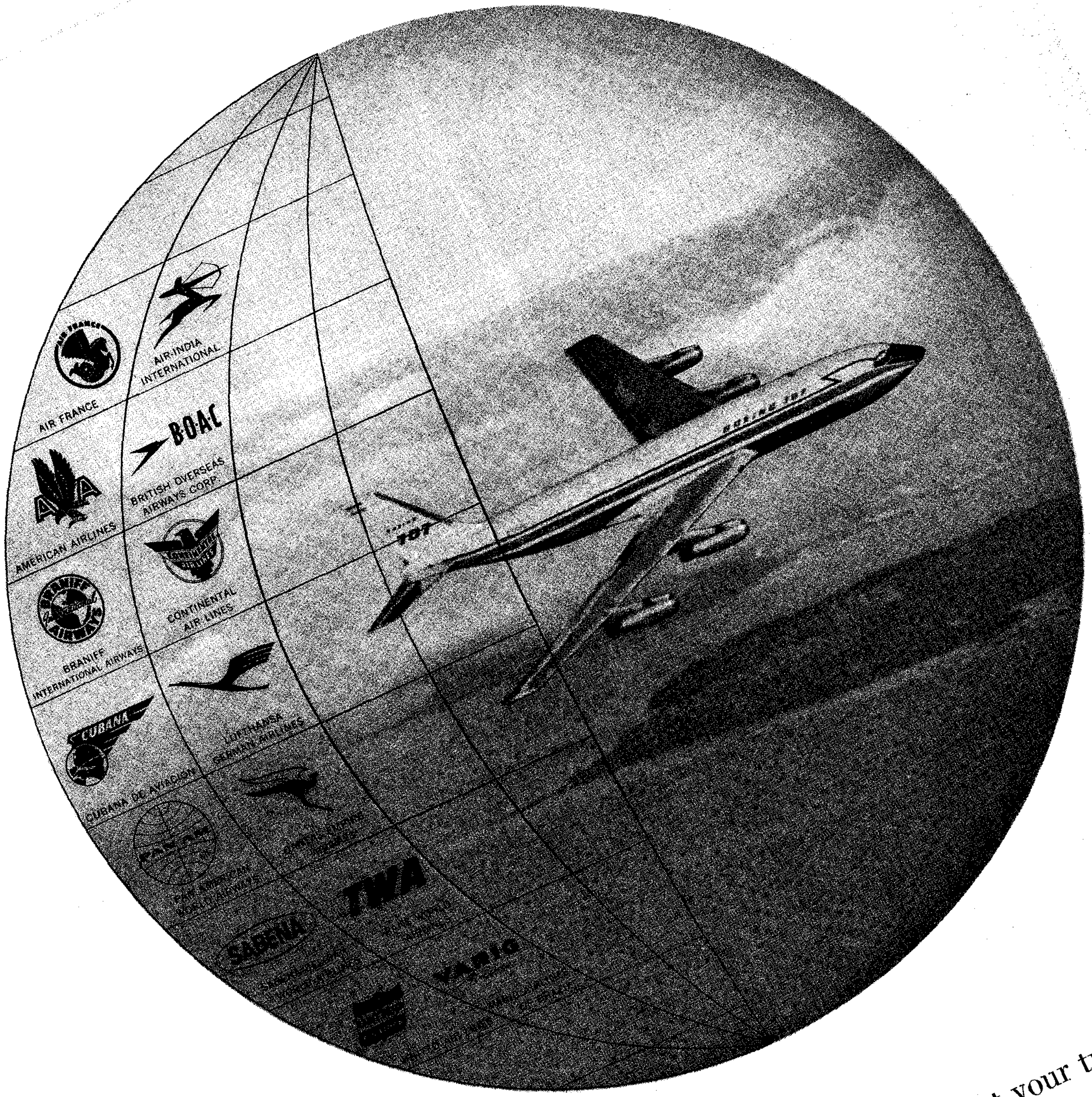
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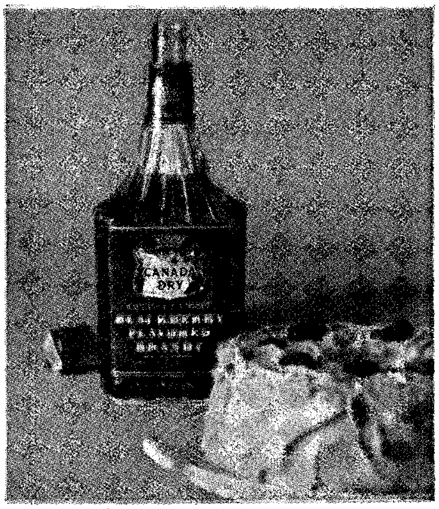
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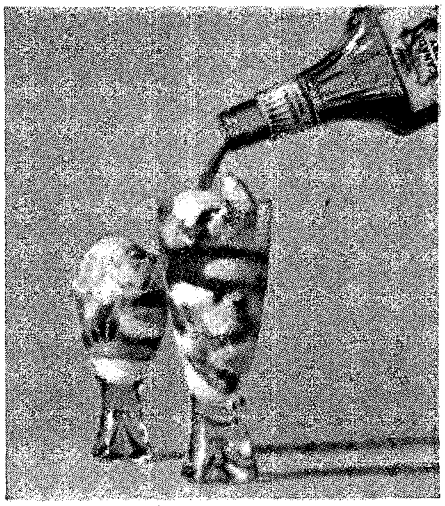

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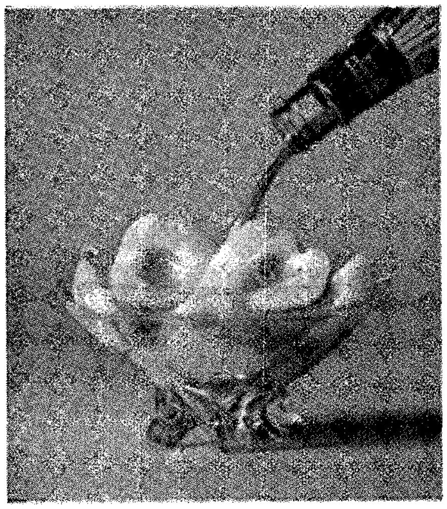

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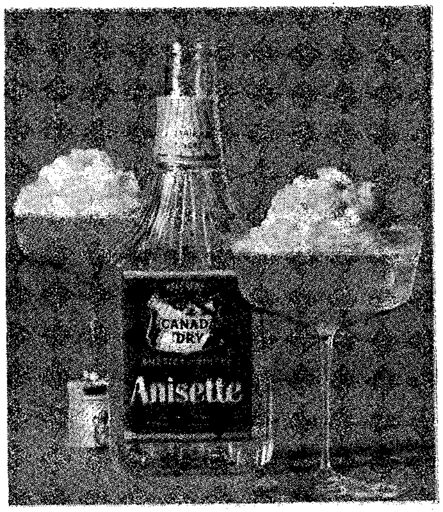
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fail to inspire, for though motion is not the only characteristic of life, it is an essential one.

If Byron was sometimes slipshod in his handling of the language, he was a stickler for factual accuracy: "I don't care one lump of sugar," he once wrote, "for my poetry; but for my *costume*, and my *correctness* . . . I will combat lustily," and, on another occasion, "I hate things *all fiction*. . . . There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar." He was furious when the poem "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem" was attributed to him: "How the devil should I write about *Jerusalem*, never having been yet there?" And he pounced, with justice, on Wordsworth's lines about Greece:

> Rivers, fertile plains, and sounding shores,
> Under a cope of variegated sky.

The rivers, he said, are dry half the year, the plains are barren, and the shores as "still" and "tideless" as the Mediterranean can make them; the sky is anything but variegated, being for months and months "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." The material of his poems is always drawn from events that actually happened, either to himself or to people he knew, and he took great trouble to get his technical facts, such as sea terms, correct.

When he stopped work on "Don Juan," he had by no means exhausted his experience. Reading through Mr. Marchand's biography, one comes across story after story that seems a natural for the poem: Caroline Lamb, for example, surrounded by little girls in white, burning effigies of Byron's picture and casting into the flames copies of his letters because she could not bear to part with the originals; Byron himself, at Shelley's cremation, getting acutely sunburned, and Teresa preserving a piece of skin when he peeled; Teresa forbidding an amateur performance of "Othello" because she couldn't speak English and wasn't going to have anybody else play Desdemona. And if Byron's shade is still interested in writing, there are plenty of posthumous incidents to make use of. The Greeks got his lungs as a relique and then lost them; at his funeral, noble carriage after noble carriage lumbered by empty, because the aristocracy felt they must show some respect to a fellow-peer but did not dare seem to show approval of his politics or his private life; Fletcher, his valet, started a macaroni factory and failed; Teresa married a French marquis, who used to introduce her as "*La Marquise de Boissy, ma femme, an-*

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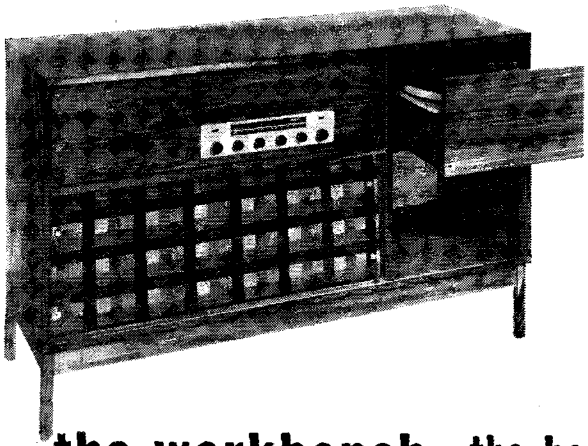

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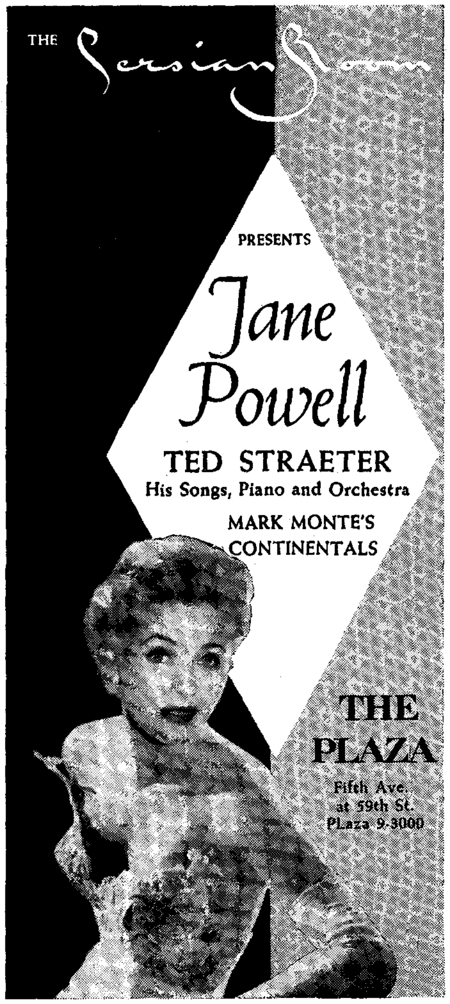

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cienne maîtresse de Bryon," and, after his death, devoted herself to spiritualism, talking with the spirits of both Byron and her first husband. What stanzas they could all provide! How suitable, too, for a *that-there* poet that the room in which his "Memoirs" were burned should now be called the Byron Room, and how perfect the scene John Buchan sets in "Memory Hold-the-Door" as he and Henry James examine the archives of Lady Lovelace:

> . . . during a summer weekend, Henry James and I waded through masses of ancient indecency, and duly wrote an opinion. . . . My colleague never turned a hair. His only words for some special vileness were "singular"—"most curious"—"nauseating, perhaps, but how quite inexpressibly significant."

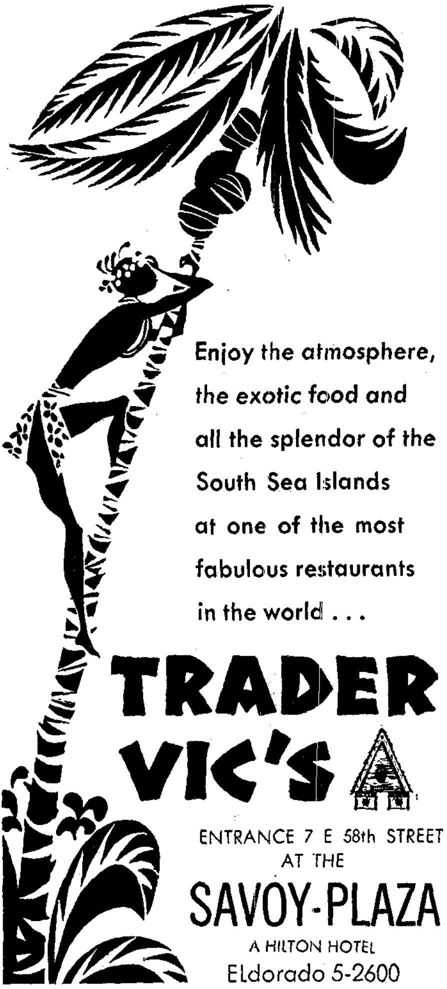
—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A DANGEROUS INNOCENCE, by Victoria Lincoln (Rinehart). This curious tale of seventeenth-century Massachusetts describes the exact manner in which a mendacious story, told by a very young and perhaps frightened wife, brings about the ruin and death of two people and indirectly causes the death of a third. The book deals mainly with the progress and result of a witch scare, but the most interesting question left in the reader's mind is whether or not the young wife, Ann Evesham, acted out of character when she invented a string of carefully convincing accusations in order to rid her house of an inconvenient old servant. Mrs. Evesham tells her story herself, and Miss Lincoln's clearest hint that we are listening to the voice of a monster occurs almost at the end of the book, where Ann speaks of an execution she has just witnessed in terms too objective and too appreciative and too satisfied to sound comfortable, especially when we remember her relationship with the man she has just seen die. Earlier in the story, Ann is recognized as a bad lot by the jailer of the prison in which her first victim is being held for trial. The jailer, beguiled by her sweetness, changes his mind and decides she actually is the gentle girl she appears to be, though he remains in fear of her, but many readers will be convinced that what Miss Lincoln has shown us in her portrait of Ann are the shifting faces and the deranged mind of one who really was a witch, and got away with it.

BLACK GRAPES, by Livia de Stefani (Criterion). A morose story, writ-



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ten with dark conviction, about a well-to-do, domineering businessman, Casimiro Badalamenti, and his mistress, Concetta. Casimiro, a native of a very small Italian town called Giardinello, lives with Concetta in her native town, Cinisi. The inhabitants of Giardinello, a farming town, are not friendly with the inhabitants of Cinisi, which is on the sea, although the two communities are only twelve miles apart. Casimiro has several children by Concetta, but he puts them all in different foster homes a day or so after they are born. The eldest child is almost ten years old when Casimiro marries Concetta, who is now elderly and has become an alcoholic. He snatches the children from their foster parents as brutally as he snatched them from their mother when they were born, returns to Giardinello, and settles down, in the conviction that a common family roof will automatically shelter a solid family life. Not all the children are pleased at being taken from the homes they have been reared in, and the events that develop among the Badalamentis have the shape of tragedy—though nothing of its impact.

SPLENDID IN ASHES, by Josephine Pinckney (Viking). At the age of sixty-seven, after spending the best part of his life away from home, John Augustus Grimshawe comes back to his city, Charleston, not to reopen his great house in triumph, as he had hoped to do, but in a coffin. During his long absence, he has grown to be Charleston's favorite legend, and his death causes waves of reminiscence and conjecture that carry us, amused but unsurprised, to the final scene, in which he shocks his friends and relatives for the last time. The style is conversational—cozy, detached, and polished.

GENERAL

AN END TO VALOR: THE LAST DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Philip Van Doren Stern (Houghton Mifflin). From Andrew Johnson's incoherent oratory at Lincoln's second inauguration, on March 4, 1865, through the surrender of the "shirtless, hatless, and barefooted" Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House, on April 9th, to John Wilkes Booth's moment of shameful glory at Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14th. Many, if not all, of the melancholy events of that memorable spring are, of course, only too

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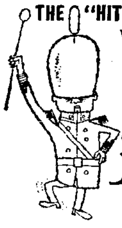
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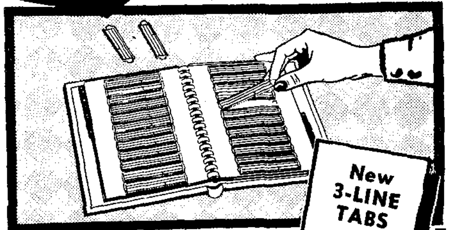

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familiar, but Mr. Stern reviews them with such a sense of excitement, such a feeling for the significance of set pieces (Mrs. Lincoln upbraiding her husband in public; the death of A. P. Hill at the hands of a Union straggler; Captain R. M. Sims, of Longstreet's staff, fashioning a flag of truce from a red-bordered towel), and such command of his enormous cast that he holds our almost breathless attention to the last. A thoroughly able job. Photographs, contemporary drawings, and an end-paper map.

AL SMITH AND HIS AMERICA, by Oscar Handlin (Little, Brown). The triumph and tragedy of Alfred Emanuel Smith. Today, we are perhaps more likely to remember the tragedy—the religious bigotry that robbed Smith of a fair chance at the Presidency in 1928, and the years of decline, when, denied a second chance to run (and deeply distrustful of the old friend who got the nomination), Smith wandered over to the opposition camp and began fighting for practically everything he had been against in a lifetime in politics. This book—an excellent one—also displays the triumph; it restores Smith to his rightful place in the story of popular government in America, showing us again the sincere young man who managed to adorn Tammany Hall, the peerless administrator who brought New York State up to date, the politician who had a sense of the popular will that amounted to genius, and the orator with a passion for amateur theatricals who did so much for the local vernacular.

THE FRENCH NATION: FROM NAPOLEON TO PÉTAIN, by D. W. Brogan (Harper). Mr. Brogan is a Scot who apparently knows pretty nearly everything there is to know about France, and in this book he filters his vast knowledge through a breakneck, off-the-cuff style for a delightfully erudite romp that takes in a typically mercurial segment of French history. In its frenzy, his writing sometimes seems deceptively sketchy, but the facts and the pertinencies are all there. Startling historical repetitions of France's stubborn refusal to solve her costly basic problems before lunging ahead into new ones emerge from the author's sympathetic examination; for instance, there is this description of French colonial campaigns in Algeria during the mid-nineteenth century: "Year after year, the war continued. At the beginning, the French were

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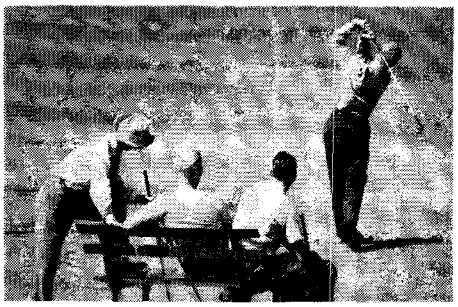

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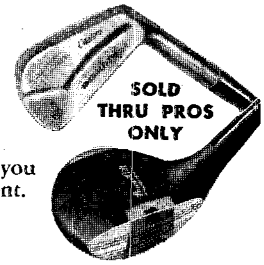

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pinned into Algiers and ports like Bône. . . . The war seemed endless and expensive."

Lonely Command, by A. A. Hoehling (Yoseloff). The career of the Emden, a German light cruiser that prowled the shipping lanes of the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific in the early months of the First World War—a career that was short but so successful that it won the grudging admiration of even the Allied press. By November 9, 1914, when the Emden was cornered off the Cocos Islands by the Australian heavy cruiser Sydney and destroyed in a day-long battle, it had captured or sunk (while chivalrously saving all hands) twenty-four British, French, Russian, and Japanese merchantmen, had sunk a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer, and had effectively raided two Anglo-Indian ports. Mr. Hoehling, an American journalist who saw active service with the Navy throughout the Second World War, is an honest and able writer, and his celebration of the Emden and its punctilious commander, Captain Karl von Müller, is a first-rate documentary. Photographs.

Child of the Revolution, by Wolfgang Leonhard, translated from the German by C. M. Woodhouse (Regnery). The personal story of a Communist who broke with the Soviet Communists and fled westward. The author is a German whose mother, herself a Communist, took him to Russia in 1936, when he was thirteen. Shortly thereafter, in one of Stalin's purges, his mother was imprisoned as an enemy of the regime, and the boy was sent to a children's home, where he was educated in the Communist discipline. The indoctrination took—young Leonhard even came to approve of the arbitrary treatment of his mother—and he became a member of the Komsomol, attended the élite Comintern School, and then, at the age of twenty-three, was chosen as one of a small group of Germans who were sent back home in 1945 to construct the East German Democratic Republic. In 1949, Leonhard quit an important job in the East German administration and secretly made his way to Belgrade; later he went to West Germany, and he is now in England. What sets this story apart from the usual chronicles of desertion to the West is that the author is still a Marxist Socialist; it was not ideology but the dogmatism, the burgeon-

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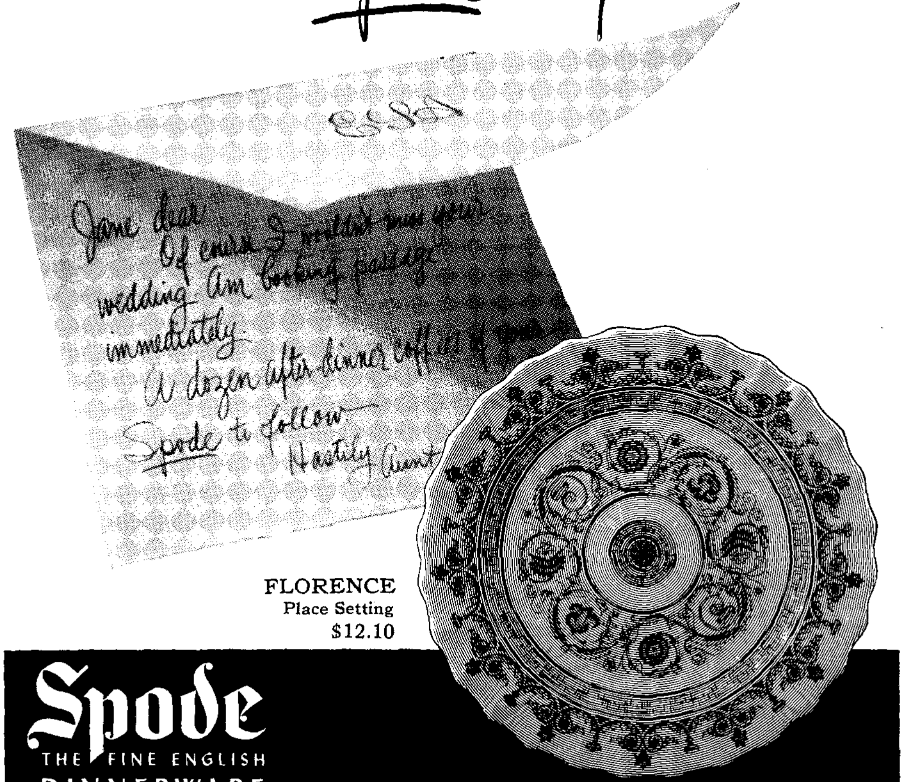
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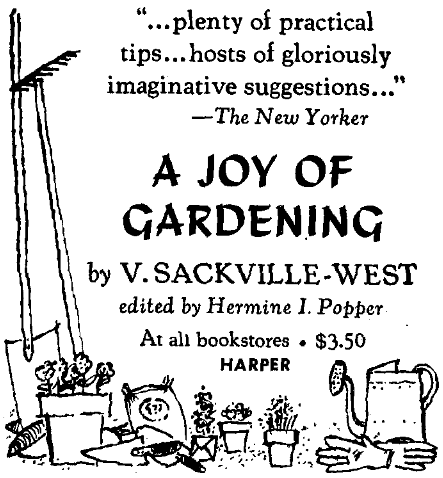

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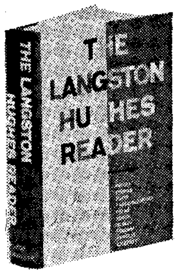

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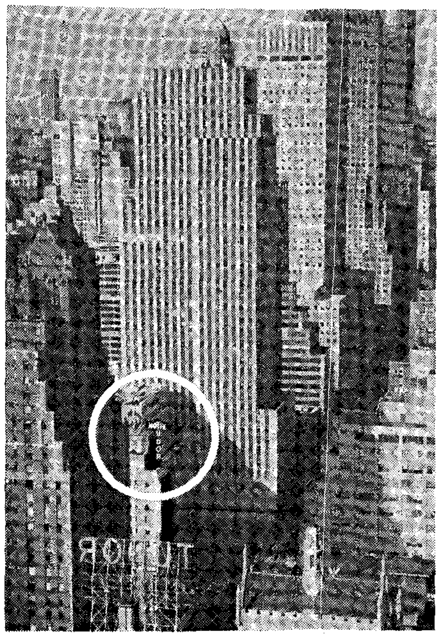
ing bureaucracy, and the class distinctions of the Soviet state, together with Stalin's refusal to let the Communists of the satellite countries find their own roads to Socialism, that brought him to his decision. The book shows the great rift in the Communist front as seen from the inside, and is more valuable than a dozen run-of-the-mill *mea culpas* from ex-Communists.

THE CAT WITH TWO FACES, by Gordon Young (Coward-McCann). The Cat was the nickname of Mathilde Carré, a perplexing French spy who became famous in intelligence circles during the Second World War. When she was good, she was a brave and brilliant underground leader. When she was bad, she betrayed nearly a hundred of her fellow-*résistants* and helped the Germans send false information to the English, who had not discovered her change of allegiance. According to her story, she intended to rejoin the Allies, and for that reason persuaded the Germans to send her to England. The English, however, cautiously declined her services and kept her in jail until a French court could try her after the war. Those of her underground colleagues who have survived the concentration camps to which her betrayal sent them recall her courage and kindness, and the German sergeant she worked for bears her no ill will for having subsequently ratted on him, but while everybody has a theory about her, nobody pretends to explain her behavior. She is at present in retirement after spending a number of years in a French jail, and she granted Mr. Young, who is Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* (and who has done a first-class journalistic job in tracking down all that is known about this legendary heroine/villainess), a brief interview. He came away from it just as baffled—and just as fascinated—as all the people who were ever mixed up with her.

HENRY JAMES AND H. G. WELLS: A RECORD OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP, THEIR DEBATE ON THE ART OF FICTION, AND THEIR QUARREL, edited and with an introduction by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray (University of Illinois Press). This book is made up of letters that James and Wells wrote each other between 1898 and 1915, plus some of their criticism and bits of Wells' autobiography to round out the story. When James first met Wells, the elder writ-



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er discerned great abilities in the younger, and they remained friends even after it was clear to both that Wells was not using those abilities to write the kind of fiction that James admired. In 1914, James published a piece about younger novelists in which he was moderately critical of Wells' books, and Wells retaliated with an inept parody of James's style, in which were embedded a mass of personal insults that James found unforgivable. The editors of this book try to be fair to both men, but Wells nevertheless cuts a distressing figure; James was an old man when Wells attacked him—he died the following year—and he had been kind to Wells in his stuffy, earnest fashion. The aesthetic differences between them were, and are, too great for really useful debate—James thought the novel was a specialized art form, and Wells thought it was pretty much anything a novelist chose to call a novel.

Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain 1764-76, by Arthur M. Schlesinger (Knopf). A scholarly report on how the American newspapers behaved in the decade before the Revolutionary War, from the passage of the Sugar Act to the Declaration of Independence. There were about thirty of them, mostly four-page, tabloid-size weeklies, and they were edited, with only three or four exceptions, by men who favored the patriot cause, italics for emphasis, and liberal employment of the exclamation point. Mr. Schlesinger is the first to explain in full detail how these peppery gazettes spread the Whig Party line from Falmouth to Charleston and, acting as an informal propaganda machine, persuaded most Americans that the fight they were making was just.

The Langston Hughes Reader (Braziller). A five-hundred-page sampling of the work of Langston Hughes—poetry, autobiography, fiction, essays, and drama. Since Mr. Hughes is a Negro who writes mostly about Negroes, seeing some thirty years of his work spread out before you is like attending an unusually subtle tolerance lecture—perhaps the last thing Mr. Hughes had in mind—for what is most striking about his book is that his American Negroes are remarkably unexotic and unalien, and, in fact, more like everybody else than most Americans realize.

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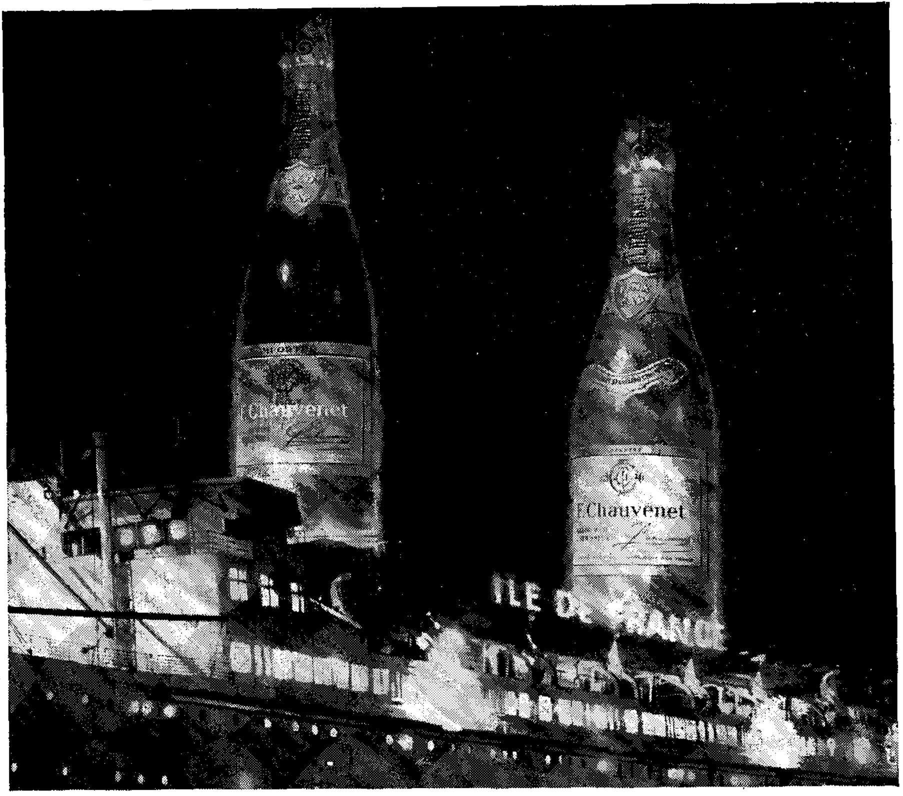

F. CHAUVENET

RED CAP sparkling red wine **PINK CAP** sparkling rosé brut

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ACQUIRING A GREEN THUMB

"We must cultivate our garden," wrote Voltaire—meaning we must make the most of the resources at our disposal.

We like the garden metaphor, because we believe that one way of improving your lot is to invest, to become part owner of some great American corporation. And you go about it in much the same way that you cultivate a garden.

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Investing is much the same—the first plans and purchases, the periodic weeding out, the careful diversification. The important thing is *action,* doing instead of dreaming. Make a plan and then make a start—without delay.

The moral: If you want to rest in a bed of roses, you have to do more than just read seed catalogues.

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volume to the author's recent photographic elucidation of Asia. It is a measure of Dr. Hürlimann's aplomb that he includes such familiar marvels as the Acropolis, the leaning tower at Pisa, and Mont-Saint-Michel, but confidence in his admirable eye is not misplaced, for he sees the familiar, as he does the strange, in a way that it has seldom been seen before. The book contains nearly three hundred uncrowded plates, nine in color and the rest in monochrome. As always, the captions are crisp, literate, and enormously informative. Raymond Mortimer contributes a fifteen-page introduction that is at once a capsule history of European architecture, an appreciation of the function of photography, and an incitement to visual travel. Ten dollars.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN YACHTING, photographs by Morris Rosenfeld, text by William H. Taylor and Stanley Rosenfeld (Appleton-Century-Crofts). For well over fifty years, Morris Rosenfeld has been training his camera lens on the yachting scene in this country, and he is now the acknowledged master in his field. This book, a large and handsome one, is an album that tells, in picture and text, the story of the development of the sport in America, from its beginnings, around 1840, to the present day, when it is estimated that there are over five million pleasure boats in American waters. Quite naturally, the bulk of the book is concerned with the great era of American yachting—the age of the magnificent steam yachts, and of the breathtaking and graceful Class J sloops that so successfully defended the America's Cup. The captions and the textual comment are very nicely done. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

•

C. B. S. announced yesterday that Mr. Dann would become vice president in charge of network programs, New York. He takes over a title formerly held by Harry G. Ommerle, who has been promoted to vice president in charge of network programs, a title that has been vacant for several years.

Hubbell Robinson Jr., executive vice president in charge of network programs, said that Mr. Ommerle would be responsible for all program activities "on both coasts." Both Mr. Dann and Alfred J. Scalpone, vice president in charge of network programs, Hollywood, will report to Mr. Ommerle, who in turn reports to Mr. Robinson.—*The Times.*

It's a nice industry. No Indians, all chiefs.

She deserves to eat out

—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

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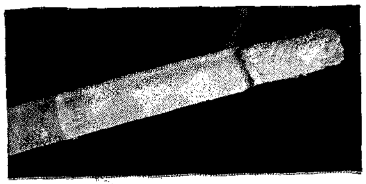
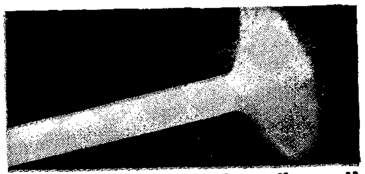


A long, white ash—the kind Marlboro has—is always a sign of good tobacco and a real mild smoke.



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